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An Illu… Weekly
Founded A… …enj. Franklin

MAY 8, 1920

5c. THE COPY
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Wilbur Hall — Alfred Noyes — Hugh MacNair Kahler — Rebecca Hooper Eastman
Irvin S. Cobb — Perceval Gibbon — William Hamilton Osborne — Kennett Harris

"MAMMY'S BEAU"

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KINGS' HOSTS

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"After That My Pardner Got Drilled and Caught. But I Got Away With Four Posses Closing In on Me"

SOUTH of Market Street and just off the Embarcadero there lies in the city of San Francisco a region of crazy, faded buildings that through some freakish caprice of the winds was spared by the great fire of 1906. The earthquake that preceded and brought on the fire did violence enough, in truth, to this already unfashionable neighborhood, seizing it four-cornerwise and racking and twisting it until no single edifice or part thereof retained either plumb, level or symmetry. Always squat and squalid, the misshapen old dens were left untouched by the hand of the reconstructor later; they became more than ever down at heel and shamefaced.

Abandoned to their fate, the crippled structures now lean drunkenly one against the other and look out on the bustle in the rebuilt city beyond them through bleary eyes of windows under shabby roofs pulled low, their cornices sagging, their clapboards stained and rotting, their ground floors sunken below the new sidewalk level at crazy angles, their whole appearance that of a line of unkempt loafers along some unwholesome curb muttering together against the busy passer-by and sullen in the face of industry. Seafolk are transients there. A few old-timers, refusing to be moved, conduct their businesses of wreck salvaging, heavy moving, trading in nautical junk, iron founding or furnishing stevedores for the four-mile fringe of docks to the eastward and common sailors for its ships; and, for the rest, the buildings house queer, silent, crabbed old men of closed pasts and unknown presents, while the few vacant lots, scarred still from the fire, are graveyards for massive rusted anchors, great lengths of chain, rotting ships' boats and the salvaged vital parts of heaven knows what ancient craft repaired or refitted in the long ago, or broken up on unfriendly coasts, with dim names and these obsolete engines or boilers alone remaining to keep them in men's minds.

Along the uneven sidewalks and broken pavements of this area there moved one day a man who looked on all its wretchedness and tottering age with sharp distaste.

He was a large man, of forty or thereabouts, who had undoubtedly been powerful and lithe in his youth but who was now beginning to take on weight that slowed him down physically—perhaps mentally. There was clear contrast between him and the neighborhood through which he went—a trifle uncertainly and as one on unfamiliar ground—for whereas it was confined, squalid and intensely urban, he had the look of a man accustomed to wide spaces. Not only his broad hat and loose, serviceable clothes and the boots he wore but his tanned face, his quick eyes, small under straight brows, and his long stride made him seem alien. As he walked forward searching for his destination with a slight frown he gave a glance now and again to his surroundings, and it was quite evident that their character impressed him as incompatible in some way with his errand.

This, as a matter of fact, was exactly what was in his mind. Presently he pulled up on the edge of the sidewalk, closely scrutinizing a low, weather-beaten, ramshackle two-story building which bore along its front a faded sign:

The Bells of Shandon.

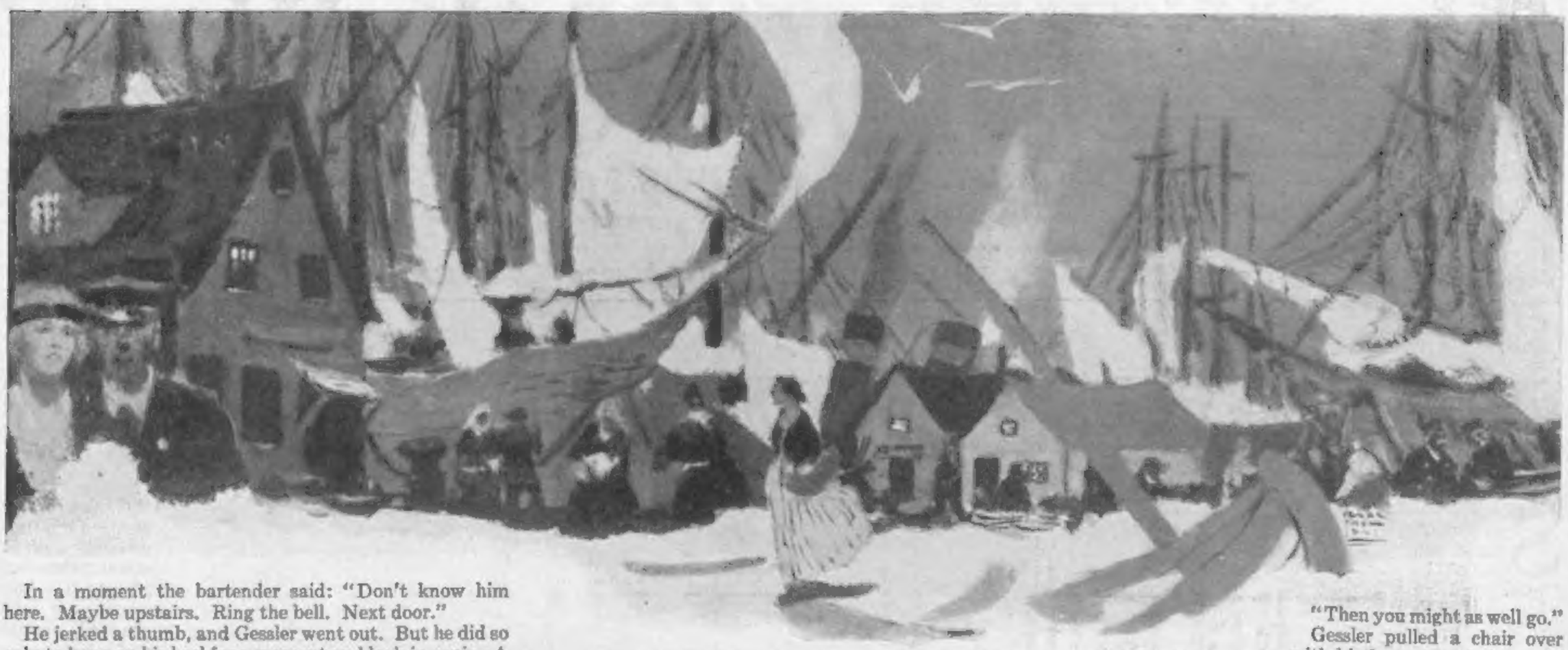
Gessler spoke half aloud:

"McCune in a sailors' roost on the water front! It doesn't seem possible. But he chose a good hide-out."

Carelessly he looked up and then down the street. Half a block distant in each direction he saw his unobtrusive allies moving casually along, watching him without appearing to do so. Satisfied, he proceeded to cross to the swinging doors that masked the principal entrance to the little hostelry and that were approached by two descending steps. Gessler pushed them inward and found himself in an unbelievably dirty groggery, round the two or three tables and along the battered dark bar of which were men whose shoulders and dress proclaimed them fo'c'sle hands, stevedores and wharf rats. They eyed him unfriendlily. Gessler spoke from the end of the bar—his voice slow and hoarse:

"I'm looking for a man named Barnes. Anybody know him?"

The bartender took a bottle from the bar, turned in leisurely fashion and stored it behind him before he answered. At the same time the customers covered their small glasses with their hands or else drank off their potations hastily. The visitor smiled a little, understandingly, for he had dealt with illicit sellers of liquor in his own country—dealt with them in several capacities. But his smile was so tight and close and secret that no one observed it.



Just Off the Embarcadero There Lies a Region of Crazy, Faded Buildings That Was Spared by the Great Fire

In a moment the bartender said: "Don't know him here. Maybe upstairs. Ring the bell. Next door."

He jerked a thumb, and Gessler went out. But he did so only to hang on his heel for a moment and look in again. A thin dark man was hurriedly retreating by a rear entrance, the others covering his exit. Gessler smiled. But he made no comment; only turned to the street, walked on a few steps to the second entrance and reached down for the bell push. This door obviously led to a stairway—across its glassed upper half was drawn a thick curtain, faded and stiff with grime. Gessler waited, rang again, then abruptly stopped and tried the door knob. It turned and the door opened.

Here he made a curious movement. Instead of pushing the door wide with his right hand and stepping down into the sunken entrance way he extended his left arm to the door and slid his right hand inside his coat, hooking the thumb in his belt. Once inside and mounting the dark and creaking stairs, he unbuttoned his coat. While he moved upward without hesitation he was alert—ready. But nothing happened.

The first door he encountered was inhospitable; while he was knocking at a second he saw appear at the end of the hallway the thin dark individual who had left the barroom so precipitately. Before Gessler could address him the door he had rapped at opened and a man stood in it eying the visitor truculently.

"Who you looking for?" he demanded.

"A man called Barnes. I come from a friend of his."

"What friend?"

"Henry Radcliff."

"Radcliff? Nevada?"

"Kearney County—yes."

"Come in—and look out for yourself!"

Smiling again, Gessler entered. The room was like any number of thousands—a cramped and musty alcove in which were a frowsy bed, a dilapidated chair and a sorry washstand surmounted by a bowl, once white, and a ewer with broken lip. On one wall was a torn lithograph showing a hunter with a setter dog at the edge of a small wood—advertising some shells and cartridges; a single window gave toward the rear of an empty building thirty feet distant; and on the floor were shreds and remnants of matting and a small and filthy foot rug. Gessler got only a fleeting impression of all this; he was concentrating on the man who occupied it.

This was an ill-favored individual in the best possible light. He was small, weazened, scraggily bearded; with those blue eyes that almost share with white the absence of color; incredibly quick in movement and continually moving like some bedraggled little bird that has become accustomed to dodging the sparrow hawks of his hedge and yet that expects momentarily to fall victim at last. His clothes hung rather baggily upon him, though they were neat enough. He had stood back for his caller to enter. Now he leaned against a corner of the bedstead, his hands in his coat pockets, where their ceaseless movement was masked but not concealed.

"What about it?" he began without introduction other than the slamming of the flimsy door.

Gessler remained standing, his feet wide apart and his eyes level with the face of the little man.

"I came from Radcliff to offer you a deal," he said.

"I might have known that blanked bloodhound would find me! How'd he do it?"

"That I don't know. Some convict, I believe."

"I never had any luck. Well, what's the proposition?"

"That's for you to say. I don't need to tell you, I suppose, that we've got men on your trail—have had ever since you left the penitentiary in Joliet. If you don't deal ——"

"Oh, I can see all that! Radcliff would get twenty-five thousand for turning me up, or we can divide. What does he want?"

"Well, he wants more than the amount of the reward, McCune."

"Barnes," the other corrected sharply.

"My mistake—Barnes."

"Sing your little song."

"I haven't learned to sing."

"Then you might as well go."

Gessler pulled a chair over with his foot and sat down, always keeping his eye on his host, always with his back to the wall.

"Oh, come now, man," he protested; "this isn't the way to go about it! You know where you cached the bullion—we don't. But you can't get it away, you see."

"You won't get a decent word if you don't use careful language. Call it the property, say."

"That is better. Suppose then, Mr. Barnes, that we go at it this way: Give me a map or a description of the—the location of the property. We will dispose of it for you and deliver to you one-third."

The little man started up and uttered an unthinkable blasphemy. Gessler frowned.

"What's the matter?"

"You take that offer back and tell Radcliff to ——"

"What do you want?" Gessler interrupted.

"The stuff can lie where it is and rot before your crooks'll gyp me out of all of it. I'll tell you that much."

"All right; if you can't trust us come down there with me. The sheriff will not recognize you. Dig up the property, divide it yourself and skip. Is that better?"

"Not a hell of a sight. I'm going to travel my own trail—and Radcliff won't get two-thirds of the profits."

"How much, then?"

"Fifty-fifty would do."

"You are asking a good deal for a very little," Gessler observed.

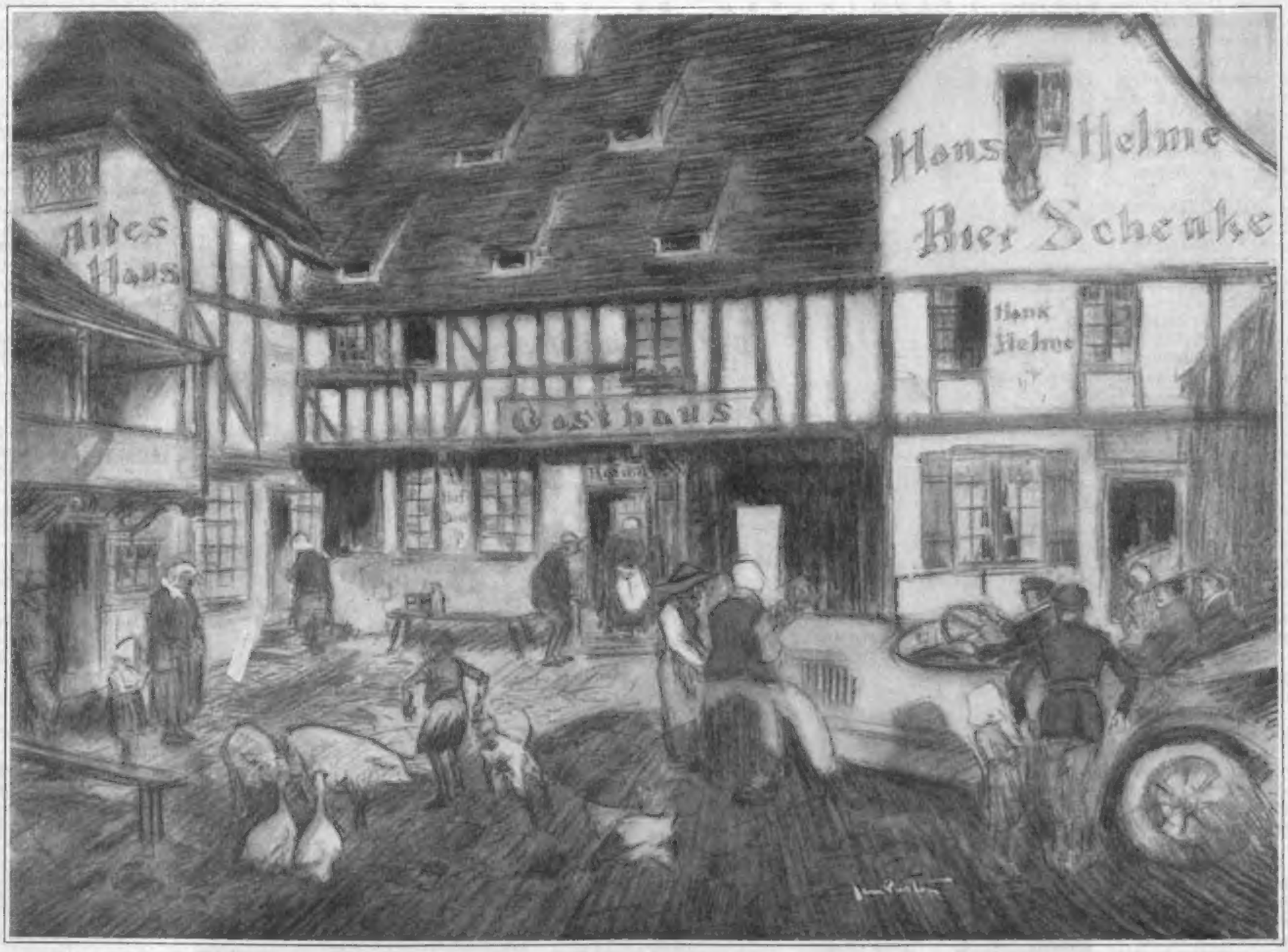
The little man had been surly—on the defensive. Now he straightened and his small eyes blazed dangerously.

"You say I do, eh?" he cried, his mouth working. "What do you know about it, you full-bellied cow lawyer, you? I

(Continued on Page 127)

He Could Not Shake Off the Depression That Began to Grow on Him. He Was Getting Tired, for Barnes Had Kept Him Steadily at the Wheel for Ten Days Now

The Wine Beyond the World



And Now Finally They Had Arrived at Rosenheim, the Goal of Their Quest

By ALFRED NOYES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AT THE ancient German village of Rosenheim, in those incredible years before 1914—for this is not a tale of war—there was an old half-timbered inn as beautiful as a fairy tale and almost as true. It had gabled roofs, a host who resembled Hans Sachs, and it was famous for a wine so unimaginably mellow that it could only be described as a bottled sunset. It was unimaginably mellow in more ways than one, for it was the most costly wine in the world. For many years it had been reserved for the private use of the Emperor. The Emperor himself could afford to drink only one glass of it annually, and a very small glass at that—a mere thimbleful, hardly enough to spice the palate of a Black Forest gnome. It was known as the "Kaiser wine," and the sacramental fame of it was rolled upon the tongues of all the connoisseurs of the Rhineland. It was the unattainable dream, the vintage of the purple distance, the wine beyond the world.

If the Emperor drank only one glass a year, the twelve cobwebbed bottles of this nectar that still remained in the cellars of the ancient inn at Rosenheim, at the date when my story commences, might very well last him for a lifetime; but it was necessary to prevent mad poets and rich merchants and jolly bishops and other golden-banded bees of Bacchus from sipping, so a fancy price had been set upon it, very much as they set a fantastic figure upon a prize winner at a dog show, and the price was fixed at three thousand marks a bottle.

It was rumored in Rosenheim, the tiny clustering village whose elfin beehives and gardens and thatched roofs and rambling outside staircases all climbed and pointed to the inn as the center of their being, that the Emperor had desired to buy the entire stock of the precious vintage outright; but his annual visit to drink his single glass of wine was so glorious a rubric in the local calendar that all Rosenheim viewed the suggestion with dismay. The inhabitants drew up a petition, the resident artist illuminated it, the burgomaster himself presented it to His Majesty, and His Majesty graciously agreed to continue the ceremonial tradition *in secula seculorum*. After all, it should be the pride and privilege of emperors to give the common people as much innocent pleasure as majesty found convenient; and he knew that when he drank his annual glass of that divine beverage his people tasted it vicariously, and the mellow fire that flowed through the imperial veins rejoiced them all by proxy.

It was also rumored among the beehives and the thatched roofs that the artist who had illuminated the successful petition to the Emperor had been allowed to smell the next cork that was drawn; and that, taking advantage of his position, as these lawless fellows often will, he had thrust the cork into his mouth and sucked it. This is not regarded among connoisseurs as the best way of forming an opinion upon either the body or the bouquet of a wine; but the effect upon the artist, the ecstatic expression of his countenance, was almost as great a tribute to the excellence of the wine as the punctual return of the Emperor. Indeed, the artist had become almost a legendary figure in Rosenheim. It was told by villagers who remembered him that for nearly a week after his misbehavior he had acted like a man intoxicated with joy; and that on being questioned regarding the flavor of the crimson driblets that he had secured he quivered with renewed ecstasy from head to foot, flung up his hands and murmured "*Nunc Dimittis.*" At the end of a week, in fact, he did actually depart; and he had never been seen in Rosenheim again, either because he preferred to dwell with his memories, or because among some envious spirits there had been some talk of punishing him for *Majestätsbeleidigung*. After his departure, however, it was agreed that even if he had sucked an entire ruby drop from the cork it had not been wasted upon him, for the delight of the Emperor in his annual glass was necessarily expressed with a certain ceremonial dignity and restraint; and if it had not been for the emotion of a low-born artist nobody else could ever have imagined the wonder of that wine.

Now on a certain summer's day there arrived at that famous hostelry, in a large gray touring car, a Mr. and Mrs. Roland Gayley, of Newport, Rhode Island. They were a young bride and bridegroom, who were leaving the hours of their honeymoon behind them like a winding golden road through Europe. Mr. Roland Gayley was one of those tall young sons of the New World who have the outward appearance of a Greek god, the wealth of a Crœsus and the happy-go-lucky temperament of a D'Artagnan. His bride was one of those daughters of the New World who have beaten the Frenchwoman with her own weapons. She was a consummate artist in the tilt of a hat and in what one regrets to say she described as the slinkiness of a gown. Physically, too, she was a goddess—Diana at breakfast, Hebe at lunch and Aphrodite in the evening. There was just the happy difference between their tastes that makes for harmony.

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THE SENSIBLE YEAR

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

JOHN WEBSCOTT was undressing for dinner. The intelligence that long distance desired speech with him, through the medium of the telephone in the Farrells' flat downstairs, found him at the halfway stage of the evening ceremony, his last year's trousers already stretched in the patent creasing press, his right foot in the act of seeking passage through those appertaining to year before last. Esther, summoning him from the doorway, manifested the excitement natural in the extraordinary circumstances.

"Do hurry—it must be Kenneth of course." She unfastened the strings and buttons of an enveloping apron and approached their common mirror to adjust the strand of dark hair which had slipped its moorings and hung moistly aslant across her forehead and cheek. John Webscott, masculinely unable to do more than one thing at a time, hung suspended above the trousers of year before last, his mind engaged in computing the tolls for a day message from Chicago. Esther admonished him once more, informed by the glass of his delay. He arrayed himself and descended, pursued closely by Esther, his interrupted calculations resuming their affronted course.

It would cost ten dollars at least. It might even run to fifteen. He remembered a rule to the effect that the charge was fixed for any period up to three minutes, and his first care as he reached the instrument in the Farrells' hallway was to lay his gun-metal watch on the stand. As long as Kenneth stood committed to the price of one hundred and eighty seconds' speech it was ordinary discretion to make sure that none of them should be wasted.

He listened to prefatory clicks and clipped signals between intervening operators. Then the wires smoothed into reassuring silence and Kenneth's unmistakable voice streamed over the miles, touched, even in its artificial reproduction, with the buoyant assurance which John Webscott condemned.

"That you, John? I thought I'd catch you at dinner. Had a lot of trouble getting you. Why under the sun don't you have a phone of your own? I've been calling Central all kinds of a lady liar for an hour or more."

"Don't need any phone," snapped John Webscott. "Don't waste your time—what's the matter?"

Kenneth's chuckle came over the wire. "Same old spendthrift, eh? Well, I guess the company has a percentage coming, seeing that you don't give 'em your business. Is Esther anywhere in reach? I want her to be in on this too."

"Right here," barked John. "Go on, man. What is it?"

Again Kenneth's chuckle consumed several numbered and metered moments.

"It's Shirley. Edith and I want to leave her with you two for a year, if you'll take her. You see, John, I've got to run down to Peru or lose a pot of money. Edith's bound she'll go along to protect me from ——"

"Don't try to be funny over the phone," John interrupted. "You want us to take Shirley—when?"

A suppressed ejaculation reminded him that Esther had gained her first insight into the mystery. His own excitement quickened as her voice echoed it. To have Shirley—for a year! He could actually hear the pulses in his eardrums. His dream—his and Esther's—their denied child hunger affronted by the spectacle of Kenneth and Edith, incorrigible irresponsibles, with a child who was a dragging weight on their restless feet! He caught his breath in a stabbing pang of wistfulness.

"I hate to ask you, old boy, but we're at our wits' ends about it. I've got to go and Edith won't hear of my going without her. We can't possibly take the kid down there and we don't want to stick her in some dreary boarding school. I know it's nervy to put it up to you and Esther, but—of course I'd have to stand every penny of the expense, but even so ——"

"Wait a second." John Webscott covered the transmitter with his palm and condensed the news for Esther. He saw his own thought kindle in her eye.

"It's—it's our duty, John." Esther looked severely virtuous. "It's our chance to give that child—we haven't any right to refuse, for Shirley's own sake. A year! Why, in a year we could teach her ——"

"My idea, too. Ken and Edith haven't spoiled her yet. We could put some sense into her—and Ken says he'll pay all expenses of course."

Her gesture ended the discussion. He returned to Kenneth.

"Esther says yes, and so do I," he announced. "When ——"

"That's bully! Thank Esther for us, will you? I was sure we could count on you. Blood's a bit thicker than beer, eh? Edith and I'll feel absolutely easy about her now. About the money end of it, I've figured it up roughly. Shirley sets me back about two thousand a year. She'd probably cost me twenty-five hundred this year. You've got to let me pay that much at least. You and Esther are doing enough without having any money losses to face."

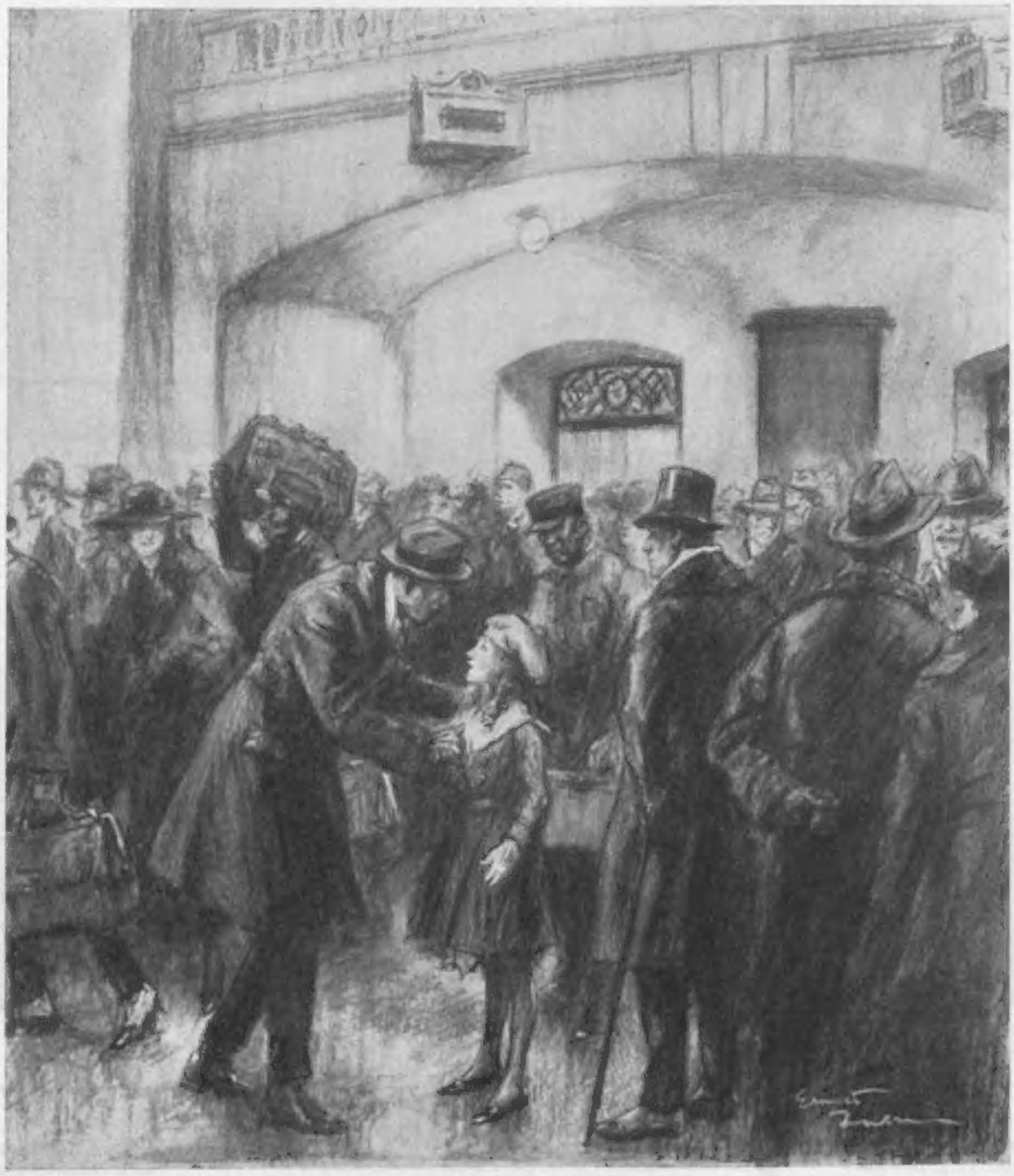
John Webscott gulped. Two thousand! Twenty-five hundred! His year's pay for the support of a baby, a child of ten or so! When he and Esther were putting their fifteen a week into the savings and loan with the regularity of pay day itself! For an instant the outrage done upon his holiest principles blinded him to his own position in the circumstances. Premeditated murder of money! Cold-blooded assassination of values! The thing couldn't be done by any other process. On the lip of shocked protest he realized that Kenneth proposed now to fling this blasphemous sum straight into John Webscott's pocket. He gulped again, but his voice was strained as he answered.

"We'll take Shirley on any terms you like. The main thing is to have her. When shall I meet her?"

He detected, he thought, a hint of relief in his brother's tone, an expansion of Kenneth's normal good nature.

"I'll put her on the train this afternoon. She'll arrive at eight-five to-morrow night. Edith and I start for Frisco at nine to-night—sailing next Wednesday. I don't know how to thank you, John—or Esther either."

"Never mind that. I'll meet her. Say good-by to Edith for us." John Webscott's eye marked the dwindling dregs of the third minute. He interrupted his brother's suggestion that Esther come to the wire with an abrupt "Time's up, Ken. Write the rest of it. So long!"



"I'm Quite All Right Now, Thank You. Uncle Johnny, This is Mr. Payne. He Was Going to See That I Got Home if We Missed You"

Resolutely he pressed the receiver down on the hook as if to silence Kenneth's extravagant verbosity by the muffling weight of his hand. He rose, turning slowly to meet his wife's eyes. There was a glow in them—a strange soft warmth which somehow took him back across a gulf of years to a breathless moment in the park while he waited for the message of Esther's glance to phrase itself in words. His throat ached as the forgotten magic repossessed him. He and Esther were agreed that their marriage had been the most sensible feature of two passionately sensible existences; and yet—it wasn't the eminent wisdom of that momentous step which came into Webscott's thought now, but the wholly irrelevant reflection that Esther had been awfully pretty—then.

She moved toward the door into the common entryway. He followed her, his mind beginning to arrange and codify the elements of the upheaval. With an effort he thrust the consideration of a doubled income into the background. It was disposed of with one instant decision—they'd save it, every penny of it. The dominant fact was the miracle of a child almost his own—a plastic soul in his hands for the making or marring. He was not given weakly to the government of emotions, but as he climbed the bare varnished stairs at Esther's heels—heels visibly worn down so that her cotton-clad ankles canted a little—he experienced a pervading and unreasoned thrill.

A need of speech brought him into the kitchen, where the fumes of simmering beef stew enveloped him agreeably

as he talked. Over her deferred process of dishing up, Esther was similarly stirred to a loquacity he vaguely marked as foreign to their common habit. Again a spontaneous mental reaction reminded him of the early days, when there had been so much to say while he changed his clothes and Esther put the final touches on their supper. Subconscious association flung an arm about her shirt-waisted shoulders and brought his lips lightly against her reddened cheek. They had somehow stopped such demonstrations long ago. After all, kisses and common sense weren't overly congenial, and he and Esther had always been sensible people.

The word seemed to be in the beef-scented humid air. As Esther, after a brief acquiescence in the caress, moved away with the steaming dish of stew she voiced the thought which had eluded his own groping phrase.

"It'll be a wonderful blessing for a child brought up as Shirley's been," she declared. "Whatever happens to her afterward she'll have had one absolutely sensible year."

He nodded, the instant of sentiment departed.

"One sensible year," he echoed. "Ken and Edith won't ever be able to take that away from her. It might be the making of her, Esther."

His wife, returning, regarded him with the resigned reproof of established connubiality.

"John! Here's supper ready and you're wearing your best coat! Please hurry before the stew gets cold."

As he completed the interrupted task of undressing for dinner it occurred to John Webscott that Shirley's sensible year had begun.

II

THE interval between five, when the Universal Confectionery Company's offices closed, and eight-five, when Shirley was due at the Grand Central, presented a problem in itself. John Webscott's work, as always, was abreast of the moment. Nothing lay in reserve for fortuitous overtime. He waited at his desk, however, needlessly rechecking his cost computations on marshmallows, and observing with a severe satisfaction that the factory had at last discovered some method of overcoming the diminution of profit to which earlier calculations of his had invited attention.

John Webscott's work afforded him a lively pleasure, wholly apart from his weekly pay check. He loved the task of detecting wastage in any remote process of the factory or office. He had an infallible nose for the first insignificant leak of profit, and it pleased him to feel that the company got an excellent bargain in his employment. A rise in pay would have stirred conflicting emotions. He would have liked the extra income, but his professional instinct would have regretted the inevitable increase in overhead to be applied to every gumdrop thenceforward emerging from the shipping room.

The relentless efficiency of the office itself soothed and pleased him—the sharp unanimous attack in the morning, the military discipline governing the noon hour, the even punctuality of the five-o'clock exodus. His own delay, this evening, annoyed his sense of the proprieties, and the discovery that Mr. Forbush was also transgressing the rule against overtime added to his vague disapproval. The door of the inner office stood ajar and he could clearly hear the conversation, Forbush's heavy authoritative tone over-riding the eager loquacity of an outsider—a man from an advertising agency. John Webscott had conceived a strong antipathy toward this latter individual, based partly on his profession and perhaps a little more on his personality and attire.

It was impossible to Webscott's habit not to include young Mr. Payton's clothing in his mental computations concerning the commodity which that brisk gentleman dispensed. Advertising, in Webscott's view, was an invention designed solely for the purpose of multiplying the overhead he chiefly abhorred. He had always taken pleasure in the fact that the Universal avoided such dubious investments and held steadfastly to its anonymous dealing in carload lots. But as an exponent of advertising Payton added to the intrinsic defects of his stock in trade by presenting the appearance of an amiable young millionaire with an amateur passion for printer's ink. The clothes he wore would have to be paid for, Webscott reflected sourly, out of somebody's advertising appropriation. He was thankful that not a button or thread of them came from the Universal's exchequer.

This evening Payton was urging some visionary scheme involving package goods—a wild idea of entering into competition in what trade parlance referred to as jitney stuff—small packets of sweets to be vended at news stands and cigar counters for five cents each. John Webscott listened contemptuously at first, until his ear detected a diminishing hostility in Forbush's answers.

Incredulously he found himself an eavesdropper on a proceeding almost criminal. Limo Squares! The Universal Confectionery Company stooping from its massive dignity to scramble for nickels with such a device as that upon its banners! John Webscott ached to intervene as it became manifest that Forbush was yielding to the voice of the tempter. Only an abiding sense of the decencies restrained him. He could not bring himself to intrude on the interview—a deep-seated respect for the authority of the general manager forbade the idea. He listened in mounting horror as the thing proceeded to the point of practical agreement. Still the knowledge that his red-ink calculations would effectually condemn the mad folly of the proposal consoled him. He slipped out of the office noiselessly before Forbush and Payton could discover him.

The Injustice of It All Left Him Faintly Sick. He Had Done His Duty, and His Thanks Were Abuse and a Plain Threat of Dismissal

The catastrophe monopolized his thought as he combined economy and exercise with the task of time killing by walking the fifty-odd squares between office and terminal. He almost forgot Shirley in his stunned sense of disaster. The thing must be stopped, of course. He must prevent it, with figures incapable of fiction.

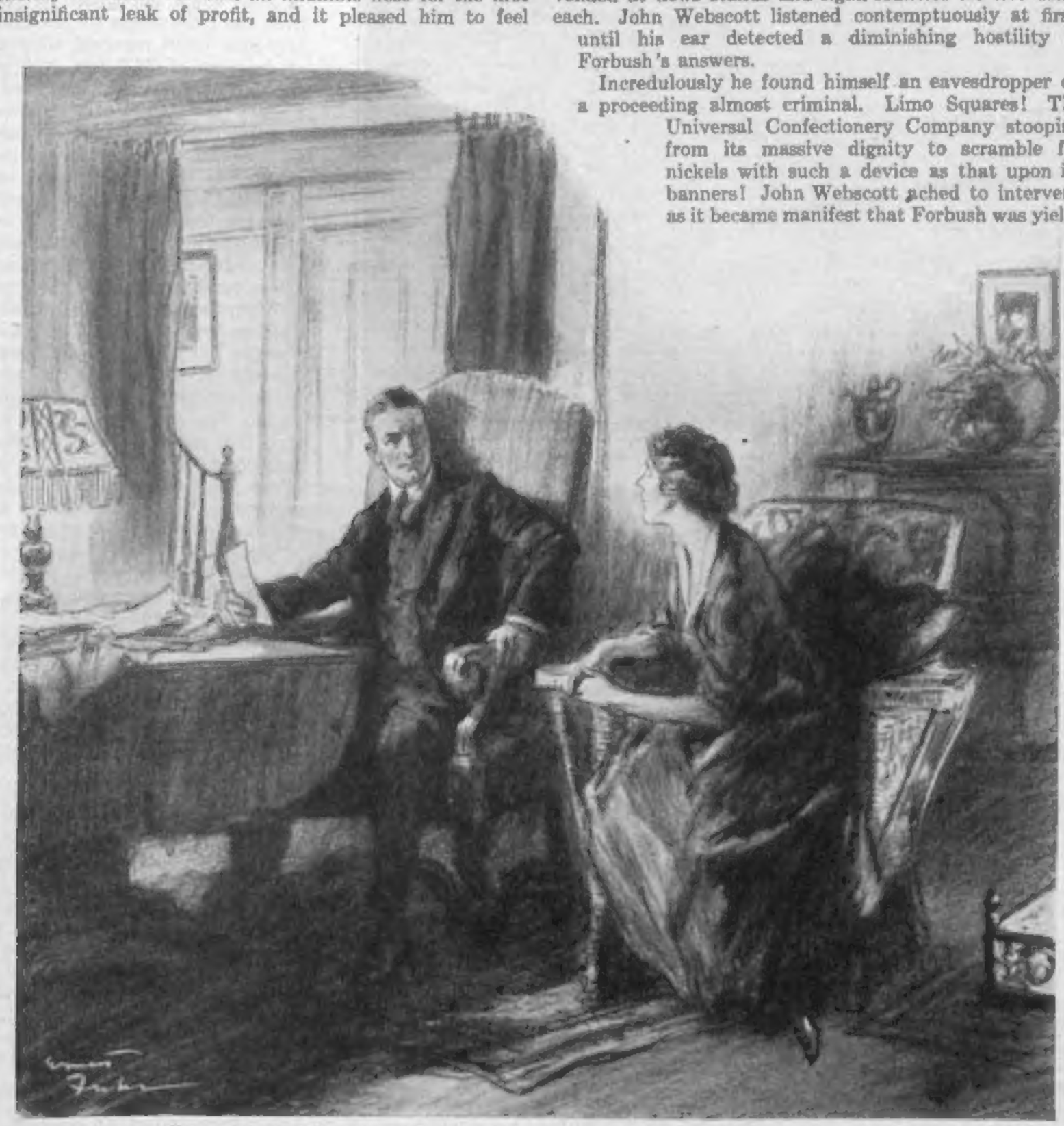
He was twenty minutes ahead of time when he took up his station behind a sagging rope stretched between portable iron spindles before Track Twenty-one, on which, according to the blackboard, the Million-Dollar Limited would presently discharge its cargo. The gateway stood open and unattended, giving a view of the long incline to the tracks. It did not even occur to Webscott to avail himself of this opportunity to trespass. It was as instinctive for him to respect the hinted prohibition of the rope as it was to arrive ahead of time. He moved his feet to resist the chill of the concrete floor and turned up the collar of his overcoat against the cavelike cold of the September night.

A gateman presently blocked the entrance, a dismal personage with drooping melancholy mustache, who eyed Webscott suspiciously. The inspection made Webscott nervous, in spite of his clarity of conscience. He turned one shoulder toward it and sought diversion in the straggling groups of men and women who now joined him behind the barrier.

They irritated him, woke a sullen distrustful hostility. They belonged, patently, to a different order, which he disapproved and detested, without envy—men with pink barbered cheeks, expensively simple clothes, genial voices, an air of careful and deliberate self-indulgence. Women more obnoxious still—Webscott glowered at their finery, annoyed by high-pitched artificial voices and a pervading medley of insidious scents. He winked as a flicker of mauve and crimson marked the twinkle of an earring in the pallid light. Parasites, these, strangers to spinning and toil, but putting Solomon badly to the blush in their arrayal. The men were bad enough, but they probably went through the motions of earning what they wasted. The women were spenders and nothing else. The sight of them revived his disapproval of the train Kenneth had chosen.

These people were here because it was an extra-fare train. Their kind made such thin-disguised piracies possible and profitable—trains on which one paid not only a

(Continued on Page 173)



"You Know I Always Used to Think That It Was Cleverness That Made Men Rich"

FOOD, FUN AND FLUNKIES

By HARRY R. O'BRIEN

IN A CERTAIN county-seat town of 6000 souls in a prosperous agricultural region of Kentucky there are but two houses in town that are not homes of at least two families. In some as high as six families are living, I am informed by the county agricultural agent. On five of the main roads leading out from that town, within a radius of less than ten miles, there are at least twenty-seven vacant farmhouses—standing idle, with no one living in them.

On one rural route in an Iowa county there are eleven vacant houses. Within a radius of ten miles in another Iowa county there are two dozen houses and farms vacant. I am told of a locality in Indiana where within a mile and a half there are five vacant houses.

On a main-traveled road in Southern Michigan a canvass taken recently showed that the average age of all farmers along the way was forty-nine years. The young farmer was not. Not any more. He had disappeared.

In days gone by as fine maple sirup as was ever boiled used to come from an Indiana county. But it is, alas, a thing of the past. For the farmers who used to find time to tap the trees and boil the sirup could not get any help this year and so did not have time to bother with side lines such as this. So somebody's pancakes will have sirupless days before long.

An Iowa farmer of whom I know paid a farm hand sixty-five dollars a month all last winter, when he had no work to be done, just to keep him against the day when there would be work. In addition to wages he gave him his milk, his firewood, a garden, use of an automobile and his house rent free. This spring, when plowing came on, the hand cleared out and went to work in a coal mine at about five dollars a day. The farmer's son, a student at Iowa State College, had to give up his college work, come home and go to work on the farm in order that the crops might be put out.

When an Ohio farmer who had thirteen dairy cows from which he sold milk for Cincinnati consumption saw his boys go off to town to work for forty-five and sixty dollars a week, he sold off five cows and kept just what he could milk himself along with his other work.

For similar reasons an Illinois farmer who last year fed 100 hogs of his own raising is raising and feeding but fifty this year. Likewise a Missouri man who fed 100 steers in times gone by will have to cut the number down to about forty this year. And a Kansas farmer who had thirty acres of wheat and a hand to help him last summer will harvest twenty acres this summer by his lonesome.

The Famine in Farm Hands

LAST fall C. A. Bingham, secretary of the Michigan State Farm Bureau, was making a talk in a Northern Michigan community. After he finished, a Polish farmer came up and began relating his experiences. I heard Mr. Bingham tell the story at a meeting of the Illinois Agricultural Association in January.

"I know not how we going to get along here much longer," said the farmer. "I have three boys. All three of them work for me. Then two of those boys go to city to get a job. Then last fall other boy and me get work done. Then young boy, he say to me, 'Dad, there is no much work here and I go to the city and get a job and next spring come back.'

"But in spring I get the letter from the boy and he say, 'Dad, I make fifty dollars a week. What I do?' I say to him, 'You make fifty dollars a week, you stay there. We, all together, cannot make fifty dollars a month up here.' Last week I get another letter from that boy and he say, 'Father, I get seventy-five dollars a week.'"

Here the old fellow reached over and slapped Mr. Bingham on the back.

"Who the hell going to work this land when I done? How them city fellows going to eat then?" he exclaimed.

Now these stories of vacant farmhouses and no farm help and of farmers' sons going off to town to get wages far beyond what can be earned in the country are not unusual ones. They are typical—typical of conditions that exist to-day in literally hundreds of the leading agricultural counties of the land.

In New York a report from Cornell University is to the effect that there are round 24,000 vacant farmhouses in the state. An employment agency in New York reported in March that it knew of a shortage of 8000 hands in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. There may be as high as 50,000 fewer men on the farms of Iowa to-day than before the war. In Kansas, where before the war there averaged 1.3 men on each farm, it is estimated that to-day there are but 1.1 men.

Figures equivalent to these can be produced from every farming state in the country if anyone takes the trouble to gather them. A well-known farmer, president of a national farm organization, candidate for governor in his state, declared recently in a public speech that there is a shortage of 500,000 farm hands in the United States. Add shortage of tenant farmers to this and he is far too low. To get at another angle, December estimates from the United States Department of Agriculture were that there were 11,719,000 acres less of winter wheat planted in the fall of 1919 than the year before. This is a decrease of round twenty-five per cent for the entire country. Now spring reports show that winterkilling, sand storms and the Hessian fly in various places have still further reduced the crop prospects.

A January report was that the number of hogs in the United States had fallen off 1,675,000 head, some 8.7 per cent. There has been a similar decline in the number of beef cattle, horses, mules and sheep. February figures from Iowa showed that the state had suffered a loss of 433,000 hogs, 28,000 milk cows and 86,000 beef cattle. Illinois had 50,000 less beef cattle and 401,000 less hogs. Missouri shows decreases also. Kansas reports thirty per cent less hogs.

Though these decreases may seem fairly small, other reports from everywhere are almost universally to the effect that there has been a great decrease in breeding animals. This is especially true with hogs, on such a wide scale that by another year there may be as high as twenty-five per cent less swine available for shipping to market.

Alarmed Citizens

TO VIEW things from yet another angle, population figures from the 1920 census for the first fifty-nine cities reported showed an increase of 22.9 per cent in population. At Mason City, Iowa, county seat of Cerro Gordo County, one of the best agricultural counties in America, the increase was 78.7 per cent—by no means the highest reported, either. The greatest increase seems to have come in the middle-sized and smaller towns located in the main agricultural regions of the country.

When the figures from the rural districts begin to come in they will show in like measure a decrease. Already predictions have been made by census officials at Washington that to-day as high as sixty-five per cent of the population of the United States live in towns. Others place the percentage even higher. Taking into account that census figures class smaller towns as rural, possibly not more than one-quarter of our people are actually on farms to-day. Yet in 1910 some 53.6 per cent were engaged in agriculture; and seventy per cent in 1880.

"Who the hell going to work this land when I done? How them city fellows going to eat then?"

In every city and town in America, with but few exceptions, the city is overcrowded with people. Houses are at a premium. Cleveland needs 30,000 houses. There are 50,000 homeless in Milwaukee. Indianapolis needs 5000 houses. Chicago has the greatest house famine in history. New York City has a condition akin to war, with threatened clashes between landlords and tenants.

Rents have ascended to the clouds. Families have doubled up, living two and three under one roof. City authorities are overwhelmed with the task of securing places for the people to live. Commissioners are being appointed.

Committees of worthy, alarmed, leading citizens are eating lunch daily with the mayor and the chamber of commerce and the bankers and the building-and-loan men—all stewing and fuming and scratching their brains to solve the question of how folks on Twenty-seventh Street are going to find a place to sleep, while outside the dining room seventeen chauffeurs sit and idle away their time, waiting until their bosses dine on filet mignon and strawberry tarts—at sixty-five cents a tart.

These various things I mention may seem rambling, of no significance, of no importance and of no connection

to those of you who read Perhaps you may not see the connection between twenty-seven vacant houses in a Kentucky county and an increase in population of 52.2 per cent in Muncie, Indiana; and a meeting in Des Moines, Iowa, to consider building immediately several hundred temporary stucco apartment houses; and that the farmers of Lincoln County, Missouri, are feeding fifty per cent less cattle this spring and thirty-seven per cent less hogs.

You may see no connection at all between the facts of a woman going into a grocery and after buying a ten-cent cake of soap asking that it be delivered, though she was going right home herself; of a man I know who when he went to visit a certain rich man recently found half a dozen footmen who bowed him from the front door to the drawing-room when he might have found the way himself, of a woman whom I know about who keeps a chauffeur to run a $565 flivver—and the price you'll have to pay next winter for pork chops, woolen shirts and smoking tobacco.

Well, there is a connection between all of these, and a mighty significant thing it all is too. If some of you don't see the significance and want to find out, just read on. You are right now in the same fix with the tomcat that was just about ready to touch his inquisitive nose against a live wire. You are going to be full of information in a minute.

To begin by generalizing, this country is facing a nation-wide shortage of farm labor to-day. Literally by the thousands farms are being vacated by tenants, and in some instances even by farm owners. What farm help remains is often the floating, inefficient kind, asking exorbitant wages. Farm owners, minus help because there is no help to be had in competition with prices paid in cities, are cutting down the size of crops grown and the amount of livestock—as I have already given evidence. This means that ere another year food will be less abundant than now. There is a likelihood of even higher prices.

The Plaint of the Farmers

OPPOSED to these facts are the stories that the census figures are already presaging and that fill our newspapers daily: Our cities overcrowded, wages gone beyond all reason, labor restless and constantly demanding more and more, prices of food, shoes, clothes sky high—you who read this know more than I do about it—expensive cuts of meat sold out and brisket and soup bone spurned. Movies filled. Theaters sold out in advance, night after night. Speaking a week ahead to get a lower on a train. Hotels filled with drummers and bummers, sleeping in sample rooms and on cots. A world mad after expensive luxuries. Families vying with each other to see which can have the most servants or the most costly automobile or the highest-paid private secretary.

And the whole dog-gone boodle of 'em hollering about the high cost of things and trying to blame the farmer for it when as a matter of fact he is a victim of circumstances, is doing the best he can and is in worse shape in many ways than the people in cities.

All of which presents a situation of the most alarming aspect when viewed on a nation-wide scale, in the light of experience and in the light of what is ahead, in case some stop is not put to it all. This is not my own opinion. It is the summary of what men think, from farmers in Kentucky and railway conductors in Ohio to deans of agricultural colleges, officers of national farm organizations, directors of Federal Reserve Banks and state governors, among others. I could quote from these by the yard as to the circumstances in which this country stands

All that I want to do is to make you city folks who read this see that it is you who are as much to blame as the farmer who milks the cows at five o'clock in the morning, feeds the hogs and steers before breakfast, plows the corn in the forenoon, reaps wheat in the afternoon, digs the potatoes after supper and then goes to town after dark to buy his groceries

Comes to town, only to find that you city folks who must have your daylight saving have closed up shop and store an hour early, after an eight-hour day, and have gone to the movies or out to the golf links or have had your chauffeur drive you in your new $4978 Beverley-Belvidere speedster over to Anoka-on-the-Bingham to dine on a three-dollar-a-plate table d'hôte dinner, where you cuss out the farmer for charging such outlandish prices and then tip the waiter $2.17, that being the amount of change left after you have paid your bill, allowing for the war tax for the cabaret music and the à la modes and so on.

I want to tell you that it is no joke, the circumstances in which the farmers find themselves. The farmers of the country are actually facing a more serious labor shortage than they were during the two summers of wartime, when farm boys by the million were in service.

I came to this conclusion after traveling several thousand miles over the Corn Belt in the past few months, attending farmers' meetings from township affairs to big national gatherings. I talked with farmers as I met them in town and country from Iowa to Ohio and from Michigan to Kentucky and from a good many other parts of the country too. In addition, in search of further information, I have followed farm journals and newspapers from many sections.

The longer I go the more I am convinced of several things in addition to a conviction that the farmer is up against it on the labor proposition and that no matter what he would like he cannot help himself when he reduces crops and livestock feeding.

I am convinced that he is getting pretty much disgusted, the farmer is, with the strikes and idleness and luxury spending of city nonproducers of food, whether they drive rivets in shops or golf balls on the links.

Also during the war, when pork and wheat were needed to feed the boys across the seas, the women and children and old men by the tens of thousands went out into the fields and worked. I saw them doing it in a dozen states in the summer of 1918. But women shocking wheat or plowing corn to feed a soldier son or brother is quite a different affair from doing the same to feed a city plumber who is on strike to get $1.25-an-hour wages or a bank clerk who is working but eight hours a day. Believe me, there is quite a difference

Some more detailed information in regard to this farm-labor shortage and the situation as it exists over the land may be of more than passing interest.

The Hired Hand Almost Extinct

A LOT of people may have wondered why Congress was all set to pass a universal military-training bill and then suddenly dropped the thing as though it were a hot coal. The farmers had been heard from, and they were opposed to it. Now the farmers have just one big reason why they are so in opposition. They see in it a scheme to take their boys off the farm right at the age and time of year when these boys are most needed on the farm.

"The hired hand has gone the way of the buffalo," I heard a farmer declare in a meeting last winter in telling how he could not get help.

But the hired hand did not go the way of the buffalo. At any rate, knowing that the hired hand had gone somewhere, I set out on his trail. And I found him. Going into some of the factories of the Middle Western cities I found the erstwhile farm hand screwing nuts onto bolts or sandpapering the end of a shaft or running a machine that was cutting holes in sheet iron—getting twice as much wages as he had ever obtained in the country, and doing his durnedest to forget that he had once hoed potatoes or slopped hogs. But it's the other side of the story I want to give more details about.

Along in January the country was startled one morning by a story given out from Washington by the Post-Office

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THE WASTED HEADLINE

"You've Heard, I Guess, That a Worm Will Turn, and That's What I've Done—I've Turned. And if You Open Your Mouth to Me Again I'll Smash You—You White-Livered Yellow Cur Dog!"

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VETERANS of the newspaper game whose memories of active affairs in print shops run back for so far as two decades should have no trouble in fixing chronologically the period when there befell the thing of which I mean to tell. For the time of it was the time when yellow journalism, having passed its pumpkin-colored apogee, was by slow gradations fading to a saffronish aspect. Mind you, I'm not claiming that it yet was not very yellow in spots, for in spots it was—and to a somewhat lesser degree still is—but generally speaking the severity of the visitation had abated, as though a patient, having been afflicted for a spell with acute jaundice, might now be said to be suffering merely from biliousness.

It still, though, was in the day of the signed statement; the day of the studhorse headline; the day when the more private a man's affairs might be the more public they were made; the day when to-day's exclusive exposé would be to-morrow's libel suit and day after to-morrow's compromise out of court.

Oldsters of the craft will remember how the plague started, and how as a sort of journalistic liver complaint it spread through the country so that newspapers both great and small caught it and broke out with red ink, like a malignant rash, and with weird displays of pictures and type, like a madness. There were certain papers in certain cities which remained immune, for the owners of these papers being conservative men or having conservative clientèles—which came to the same thing—took steps to quarantine against it, so to speak, and thus escaped catching the disease. But The Daily Beam did not have to catch it; it was born with it, the lusty child of a craze for sensation and a plague for freakishness. And Jason Q. Wendover, its owner, was its Allah; and Ben Ali Crisp, its city editor, was his prophet.

Behind his back his staff called him Ben Alibi; to his face they called him Chief. Ask any man who broke into big-town newspaper work along about the time, say, of the Spanish-American War if he recalls Chief Crisp; and then sit back and prepare to hear tales of journalistic audacity, of journalistic enterprise and of journalistic canniness, all of them smeared and drippy with the very essence of yellowness. If he knew how to suck eggs and spew the yolks abroad he likewise knew how to hide the shells afterward, a gift which made him all the more valuable to The Daily Beam and to its proprietor, as shall develop.

There was the time when the exposures about the treatment of the prisoners confined in the State Home for Wayward Girls at Wilfordshire first came out. Other papers were content to print page-long accounts of the testimony offered before the commission of legislative investigators to whom the inmates one after another described how they had been triced up to their cell gratings with their arms drawn tautly above their heads and their feet barely touching the floor; and how for lesser breaches of discipline they had been balled and chained or ducked in ice-water baths or locked up for solitary confinement in sound-proof cubicles. It made good reading. Charges of cruelty in reformatory institutions always have made and always will make good reading. But the inspiration of Ben Ali Crisp carried him beyond the mere publishing of the testimony and the mere interviewing of the superintendent and the accused keepers. Any city editor worth his salt knew enough to send good reporters to the hearing and with spread and layout to play up what copy the reporters sent back from the town of Wilfordshire. What did Crisp do?

Here's what: One morning he had Lily Simmons report to him at eight o'clock instead of nine, which was her regular hour for coming on duty. To quote the sporting desk, Lily Simmons was his one best bet as a woman special writer. She weighed about ninety pounds, was a stringy little budget of nerves and nerviness, and she drew down ninety dollars a week for the work she did, and in three years' time wrecked her health doing it. Under the pen name of Nita Dare she wrote heart-interest specials about murderers and visiting royalties and socially prominent divorcees and other popular idols of the hour. Under the guidance of the seemingly slack but none the less rigid discipline of the trade she followed she went down in submarines and up in balloons and came back to the shop and wrote adjective-laden accounts of her sensations and her emotions. To prove the perils of working girls in a great city she once had stood on a certain corner after dark and kept tally—for subsequent publication—of the number of men who accosted her between eight-thirty and eleven P. M. And by common consent she was the most gifted sob sister of her hectic journalistic generation.

At eight o'clock this day, pursuant to orders, she came. Crisp was waiting for her. He took her into a disused cuddy room back of the art department, where old drawings, photographers' supplies and such like things were stored. Out of one coat pocket he hauled a pair of handcuffs and out of the other a clothesline. On Lily's bony little wrists he locked the cuffs, ran the rope through the middle link of the chain connecting them, passed the rope over a stout hook set high in the wall and drew her up until her arms were stretched straight above her head and her heels cleared the floor. Then he made the rope fast against slipping and went out and locked the door behind him, leaving her there on tiptoe with her face against the plastering. He left her there until four o'clock in the afternoon. When he let her down she was in a dead faint, but came to in ample time to do six columns of regular Edgar Allan Poeish agony stuff, which under the screaming six-column caption "How it Feels to be Strung Up for Eight Hours at Wilfordshire, by Nita Dare," ran in next day's editions of the Beam and made the town sit up and take notice for a week.

Then—so the reminiscent veteran will probably tell you—there was the famous headline which Crisp wrote once upon a time. Only a headline it was, but it started a laugh which laughed a distinguished young profligate right out of the United States. Long after Mr. Chauncey Chilvers had hidden his diminished head in Paris, then the favorite refuge of the discredited wealthy American waster, and long after the girl he had expected to marry had married somebody else and divorced that somebody else and married again, folks still were grinning over what Crisp did on the day when one of his reporters brought in the tale. It had to do with a gorgeous reception at the home of the fiancée's parents in Park Avenue, with the appearance of the prospective bridegroom in a condition which might charitably be described as confused; with his attempts, under the guidance of a shocked but sympathetic second man, to ascend a flight of steps to the gentlemen's cloakroom on the second floor; with his abrupt somersaulting descent from the top step back down again to the main hallway of the mansion at the very moment when the young woman and her father had issued from the drawing-room to welcome certain guests of the utmost social and financial importance; and with the final upshot, which was the summary expulsion of the disheveled and incoherent offender into outer darkness.

The yarn, as written, was exactly the sort of grist which suited the Beam's news hoppers. So Crisp put it in wide measure on the front page and over it he ran in inch-deep Italics the top caption: How to Lose a Rich Bride.

And immediately below this he framed a sort of combination of headline, decoration and illustration which was copied from coast to coast, becoming in time a headlining classic. It was like this:

IT'S
AS EASY
AS FALLING
DOWNSTAIRS!!!

The heavy black types supplied part of the picture; the tumbling manikin did the rest.

Then there was the time when the Beam was pushing its campaign against alleged inefficiency in the police department, taking text for its most vehement preachments from the failure of the force to capture the notorious "Doctor" Sidney Magrue, proved murderer and fugitive, going at large with a fat price on his head and his photograph and printed description stuck up in every station house. Crisp hired a stock actor to make himself up as this badly wanted person. Thus disguised, the actor spent a whole day strolling about populous parts of town, occasionally inquiring a direction from a patrolman on post and actually winding up at dusk by walking into headquarters and making inquiry at the Lost Property Bureau touching on a fictitious missing hand bag. The tale of the experience being printed in full in next day's Beam resulted in three things—enhanced reputation for the Beam, a raise in salary for Crisp and the loss of a lifelong job for Inspector Malachi Prendergast, head of the detective bureau.

There is a sequel to the tale of this coup which sometime will bear telling, but not here; it's too long.

Crisp was like that. He saw the news and he raised it. If a rival paper saw the raise, matching enterprise against audacity, he went the other fellow one better. There were risks to be taken of course—risks of damage actions, risks of personal reprisal on the part of some hot-headed citizen who figured that in the Beam's desire to print not necessarily what was true but what was interesting he had sustained an injustice which only might be alleviated by the blackening of eyes and the bloodying up of noses. But for such contingencies Crisp, like a wise general who never plans an offensive but he shapes along with it his defensive, was usually prepared. It was to this forearming instinct that he owed the play upon his middle name—the lengthening of Ali into Alibi—which the men in the city room employed in speaking of him when he was safely out of their hearing.

For example:

One day a solid-looking individual with the air about him of nursing a grievance almost as large as he was walked into the Beam building and asked that he might see the city editor. He was told to go up to the third floor and inquire for Mr. Crisp. Aboard a creaky elevator he ascended to the third floor, and having traversed a corridor that was heavy with the distinctive smell of every newspaper shop—a perfume compounded of old paper smells, fresh ink smells, stale paste smells and photography chemical smells of any age at all—he came at the far end of the corridor to an anteroom where a square-jawed attendant took down his name and inquired what his business might be.

Now had this gentleman—Gillespie was the name he gave—been one of several common enough types that came to the Beam; had he been a crank seeking publicity for the exploitation of his pet fad, or an unfaithful servant desirous of peddling unsavory details of his master's or his mistress' private life for a price, or one of those unattached mercenaries of the newspaper game known as a tipster, he would have been bidden to take a seat upon a hard and uncomfortable bench and wait his turn. But Mr. Gillespie, it seemed, had come to demand redress and correction of a gross error deeply affecting him personally, which had appeared in the columns of yesterday's Beam, and for such as he there was a standing rule designed by the owners with a view to proving how zealous was the Beam to render fairness to all. Hesitating only long enough to make up his own mind that the caller was the sort not apt to turn physically violent, the attendant summoned an office boy from within and promptly the gentleman was escorted through the city room, on past the copy desk and the battery of desks of the rewrite men, to where on a raised platform like a schoolmaster's dais and behind a wide flat-topped desk that was bristly with steel spindles sat a prematurely grizzled man of forty or thereabouts.

At the stranger's approach this man rose in greeting.

"Are you the man in charge?" demanded Mr. Gillespie, mounting the rostrum.

"Well," said the other, "I imagine I'm the man you wish to see. I'm the city editor—Crisp is my name. And your name is ——"

"Gillespie—James G. Gillespie, of Gillespie & Swope, wholesale carpets. Here's my card."

"Sit down, Mr. Gillespie, please." Crisp waved to a chair which his personal office boy had shoved forward. "Now then, how can I serve you?" His manner was cordial but businesslike, in contrast to Mr. Gillespie's, which was businesslike enough but stiff to the point of hostility.

"Well," stated Gillespie, "you can begin by correcting this outrageous misstatement of facts which appeared in the last edition of your sheet yesterday afternoon." And he laid on the desk before Mr. Crisp a crumpled clipping. "My partner says I ought to sue you people for libel. My wife, who is ill in bed as a result of this thing, says I ought to horsewhip somebody for it. But I decided that before I took any steps I'd come here to you and personally insist on an immediate retraction of this infamous error."

"Quite right, Mr. Gillespie. You did the right thing. I'm glad you did come, though I'm sorry that such an errand should bring you. Pardon me one moment." He glanced briefly at the clipping. "Now then," he went on, "suppose you tell me the real circumstances in this affair? It says here—but suppose you tell me your side first?"

Mr. Gillespie told him at length and with heat. By his way of telling it there had been an incredible perversion of the truth. He had been put in an entirely false light; he had been held up to ridicule; he had been wounded in his general reputation; he had been embarrassed, humiliated, chagrined—and so on and so forth for five minutes.

When he had done Mr. Crisp spoke, and in his tones, his look and his bearing was a real distress hardly repressed.

"Mr. Gillespie," he said, "first and foremost and before everything else we have two great aims in getting out this paper—to fight the battles of the people and to tell the truth. The truth hurts people sometimes—we can't help that! We have our duty before us. But when meaning to do the right thing, as we always aim to do, we print something which turns out to be untrue it hurts us as a newspaper and it hurts me—personally—more than it possibly can hurt anyone else. I want you to believe me when I tell you this. And right here and now, before your eyes, I intend to make proper amends for unintentionally wounding you."

"How are you going to go about doing that?"

"Just one moment, please, and I'll show you." He hailed the head copy reader. "Flynn, look through yesterday's schedule and see what reporter turned in the story that ran in the final under the heading Rich Merchant Figures Strangely in Raid on Gay Road House."

Flynn ran practiced fingers through a sheaf of scribbled sheets. Then, "Overton wrote that story, Mr. Crisp," he answered.

"Overton, eh?" Mr. Crisp's accent was ominous. "Boy, tell Mr. Overton to come here."

The boy vanished behind a rack of lockers at the opposite side of the big room. Immediately from some recess back of the lockers there appeared a small shabby man with white hair and a bleak, pale face. He was in his shirt sleeves. He wore a frayed collar of an old-fashioned cut, a little rusty black tie and on his lower arms calico sleeve protectors. His stubby fingers were stained with ink marks. Everything about him—his pigeon-toed, embarrassed step as he approached his superior, his uneasy light-blue eye, the fumbling hand that he lifted to a stubby white mustache—seemed to advertise that here was a typical example of the well-meaning but unsuccessful underling. He offered a striking contrast to the smart-appearing younger men scattered about the city room, who raised their heads from what they were doing to follow him with their eyes as he crossed the floor.

"You wanted me, Mr. Crisp?" said he, halting on the farther side of the city editor's desk.

"Yes, I wanted you." Mr. Crisp's voice was grim, with an undertone of menace in it. He shoved the clipping in his hand almost into Overton's face. "You wrote this—this thing?"

"Yes, sir, I wrote it, but ——"

"Never mind the buts. Never mind offering any explanations or any excuses. You admit you wrote it—that's sufficient. Well then, do you know what you've done? You've done this gentleman here a great injustice—he's convinced me of it. You've injured one of the most prominent and respected citizens in this whole city. You've made his family unhappy. And in injuring him you've injured the Beam. Well then, you know the rule on this paper about this sort of thing."

"Yes, but Mr. Crisp," pleaded the stricken offender, "you know how hard I try to be careful about details. You know I've never made a slip before. And I thought I got my information from reliable sources."

"You thought? What business had you thinking? How often have you heard me say that the Beam wants proof behind every statement it prints—cold, hard proof; not what somebody thinks. Overton, you're done here. I'm sorry for you—but as I said just now you know the rule about carelessness. You can't stay in this shop another hour. Here"—he scribbled a line on a scrap of paper—"hand this to the cashier on your way out. It's an order for what salary is coming to you. And now please get your hat and coat and leave here and don't you ever come back."

On Lily's Bony Little Wrists He Locked the Cuffs and Ran the Rope Through the Middle Link of the Chain Connecting Them

There was final judgment in the way he said it. He had been judge, jury and accuser before; now his mien was that of the executioner performing a disagreeable but necessary task conscientiously—and relentlessly. The condemned one bowed his abashed head as though realizing the futility of any appeal, any plea in extenuation or any plea for pardon. Without another word he turned away, a pitiable shrunken little figure of failure and regret and humiliation, and went back to the corner whence he had emerged. Half a minute later, with his hat on his head and his coat on his back, he reappeared and with his eyes fixed on the floor in front of him passed out solitary and aloof in his disgrace.

Mr. Crisp turned to Mr. Gillespie.

(Continued on Page 88)

Common Sense About Germany

By WILL IRWIN

THE trials of the great are reflected in the troubles of the small. Now the present chronicler, having received the news of the reactionary coup while witnessing a decidedly unreactionary riot in Cologne, had to rush back to Paris in order to see whether a perfectly good article on Germany, being typed at the moment, could be saved to print. At first it seemed that it could not. As I read it over, in view of the first reaction of the news, it seemed to me as dead as though written in 1913. I was not alone in my condition of complete stupefaction. I noted that the British, the Belgian, the Italian and the French official statements all began ostentatiously, "While the coup was no surprise to us ——"

The next day's news, however, showed that the German people, spite of the defection of the army, were not taking it lying down. So, pending my return to-morrow to find Ebert's capital, wherever that may be, I have determined to send on my few remarks of a week or so ago, with just this little preface to the reader:

By the time these lines come to print America will doubtless know what element is winning in Germany. The Junkers seem to have shot their bolt early—very early. Perhaps they were reckoning upon a situation that I have mentioned in an earlier article on Germany—the fact that it takes time for people to recover from the habit of kings, and that time works for the republic. Perhaps they saw the possibility of a red revolution during the food crisis in the spring, and determined to anticipate it. And perhaps it was only the boys having their sport—an irresponsible outburst of the insolent, reckless, wrong-headed younger set, not generally backed by the elder statesmen of reaction, who are equally wrong-headed but wiser. At any rate, in the weeks that intervene the reader should know. If reaction wins, therefore, read the remarks that follow in the most invidious light. Consider that Germany's deliberate planning for a place in the sun and for a new assault on the surrounding nations has passed from a remote possibility to a probability, and that a combination with Russia will be numbered among the plans of the revived Junker Empire. Consider that the plan of the French military party for a permanent foothold on the left bank of the Rhine, or at least a neutral state in that region, must have some justification in American eyes. If, on the other hand, the republican spirit in Germany has proved the stronger, consider that all these dangers begin to fade away into the background. With this warning I send the contribution as written.

Propaganda in the News

THIS is the age of propaganda. The trouble with public information a century ago was that we had too few tongues. The trouble to-day is that we have too many—three-quarters of them lying. Propaganda, which once confined itself to the editorial columns, now uses almost exclusively the news. All this is mostly the fault of the Germans; and perhaps it is poetic justice that the process is now turning to the manifest disadvantage of Germany.

Paris and London all winter have been full of rumors, reports and preconceived notions about the state and prospects of the old enemy. Inspection of home newspapers shows that we get fuller and less prejudiced news from Germany and Austria. But still the editorial pages of these American newspapers would indicate to me that some of the same misapprehensions are abroad at home. So it has occurred to me that the best method of establishing the truth about our late unpleasant enemy is to take these general statements and match them up with facts tempered by common sense.

This is just now—the first week of March—perhaps the most common general statement of the Parisian café politician, the London club statesman:

"Germany doesn't know she is beaten."

The blowing and mouthings of certain reactionary Berlin journalists have done much to increase this feeling. One of the most unfortunate flaws in the international communication of ideas is the carrying power of a single sensational article. One journalist spits out a vitriolic paragraph. That, being sensational, is carried over the wires to the people at whom it is aimed. The voices of the rest of the newspapers, in rebuttal, in derision, or their mere silent scorn, often do not carry at all. We had an excellent example of that during the peace conference. The Echo de Paris is reactionary, militaristic. It hated on principle Wilson and his ideas; it lost no opportunity to attack him. Now day by day quotations from this organ of reaction went back to the United States. Often indeed quotations from the moderate newspapers, of quite different tenor, went back also. But the sayings of the Echo were so sensational that they were noticed and remembered when the remarks of the other newspapers were passed over or forgotten.

Just so, at present two or three Berlinese newspapers, edited by and for the reactionary class, are keeping up courage and giving vent to their emotions by howling daily: "Germany won the war." And so, too, a certain number of Germans in public and private life are saying the same thing, both among themselves and to visitors from the outer world. Again we have to deal here with the carrying power of the sensational statement. Fifty other Germans may show by sad silence or by direct statement that they know Germany lost the war. But this one violent and sensational remark lingers in the mind of the auditor.

As pugilists of a certain kind, beaten in fair fight, always fly to the alibi and proclaim that they were doped, that the referee was fixed, that the other fellow held—just so a few people on the losing side of any war declare to the very gates of death that they won. Even since this war I have heard old Southerners affirm with tears in their eyes that the South soundly thrashed the North, that she had to come to terms only because her resources gave out. I learn from the French that there are still people in the provinces who declare—on what grounds I cannot imagine—that France really won the disastrous war of 1870. Certain people seem able to keep up their pride and go on with life on no other terms than this.

A Confession of Defeat

NO, I VENTURE from my own slender observation, backed by that of outsiders who have lived in the country ever since the armistice, that Germany as a whole knows she was beaten. When the first list of war criminals came through to Berlin, when the Government, backed by public opinion, made it plain that they would not hand over Hindenburg, Ludendorff and the other popular figures—Berlin in general feared reprisals such as a renewal of the blockade or the occupation of Frankfort. "Well," they all said to me, "we are the losers and they can work their will on us." The German diplomat and commissioner, treating with the Entente, has of late, it is true, shown a bit of the old Prussian disposition toward roaring insolence. But that is only their cunning little diplomatic habit.

German Military Reserve in Berlin

Peters Street, Leipzig, During a Fair

As a matter of fact, one thing which holds Germany back at present is a lack of morale, of will to go on, due to this realization that they are beaten, that they are despised of the world.

Outside of the old governing class, the militarists of the ancient régime, all Germans high and low will in the course of any conversation on the present quandary stop somewhere and say, "Poor old Germany!" The general disposition is not truculent. It is to lie down and weep. In itself this is a confession of the sense of defeat.

There is a corollary to the false general statement which I have quoted above. You hear it most often in Entente military circles. It runs about as follows:

"Our great mistake was in not finishing off the German Army when we had it going. We let the German infantry retire with its arms, with its colors flying; we should have gone on, even to Berlin, and crushed them."

Here I must rake up for a few paragraphs the passé subject of the military operations of the war, and tell what happened in Marshal Foch's supreme military council

An Experimental Trip With a Motor Plow

A Former Tank Among the Farm Machinery

An Exhibition of Farm Implements at Magdeburg—Small Motor Mower

during the week ending November 11, 1918. At that moment Foch's masterful strategy of the limited objective had punctured and made rotten the German battle line in so many places that it was like a rope gnawed by rats, ready to break at the first real strain. Our American Army, after its initial trouble with transports, had swept the Argonne, relieved the Meuse, and, advancing to Sedan, had put under intensive fire one of the great railroad arteries which supplied Metz and the German armies of the East.

Forty or fifty miles eastward, on the other side of Metz, but beyond reach of its guns, General Mangin—his famous Tenth French Army reënforced by a larger and much fresher American Army—was waiting to go over the top through the Passes of Lorraine. If ever a military movement promised success on paper, this did. The German force on that front was greatly outnumbered in men, overwhelmingly outnumbered in artillery. They had only sixty-six batteries in the sector, every one spotted and covered, ready for the moment of action, by two or three batteries of allied artillery. Nor could the Germans have been much reënforced, with either men or guns. Our troops were to have gone over the top in the main attack on November fifteenth. Already there had been preliminary actions. Against the harassing but entirely soluble resistance of machine guns, the French and American forces stood theoretically to take within two or three weeks the other main line of railroad supplying the eastern armies and Metz, to cut off that fortress, and in the general disorganization of transport to take perhaps a million prisoners. The German withdrawal might have become a rout.

Factors That Brought the Armistice

ALL this was plain and probable enough. And the American advice in the council of war was for refusing terms and going on with it. Really, since we came into the war so late, since we had lost men so much less heavily than our associates, I suppose this was necessary. We could not afford to take the lead in downing arms. Another party argued that military affairs are always uncertain, that when an enemy stops and offers satisfactory terms it is best to take them. All, of course, were thinking about the question of throwing good lives after bad. Short of miraculous luck, this movement, it was calculated, would cost 250,000 casualties.

There spoke finally an adviser of General Foch, who, probably less known to the public than many other generals, has one of the longest, coolest military heads in Europe. If we slipped up on crushing the German Army now, he said, they might fall back and reorganize on the Meuse line in Belgium, say; or the Rhine line in Germany. Their armistice terms refused, they would realize that this was a fight to a finish. This thought might put into the German Army, especially if it developed the fresh new zeal of a republican revolutionary army, the morale that had been lacking for the past few weeks; that might mean another year's campaign, and a nasty one. Were the gentlemen present certain that the morale of the allied nations, now that Germany had offered to accept the terms of a loser, would stand the strain of another year? Finally, what about the weather?

Everyone understood what he meant by that. It was now the second week of November. In every past year of the war heavy rains, usually with snow, had by late November clogged and stopped all aggressive military operations, because the transport and heavy artillery could not move. It was now open fighting and pursuit, in which transport is everything. The varieties of mud differ in different districts of Northern France and Belgium. But each in its special way is uncommonly slippery and sticky. With a run of bad weather the great assault across Lorraine might have resolved itself into a battle with mud. Let that happen, and the bird might escape. Then there might come a desperate stand, as I have shown above.

Possibly another thought, unexpressed in council, was in the minds of Marshal Foch and of his French delegates. To make this drive they must shoot up a good part of Lorraine. They expected, and justly, to get back Alsace-Lorraine. They hesitated to destroy billions of francs' worth of their own property; they hesitated, further, to irritate the inhabitants of Lorraine.

But that weather consideration, together with the natural humane thought of the 250,000 casualties, probably turned the scale in the mind of Marshal Foch. Somewhat reluctantly he made his decision—an armistice, provided the Germans would accept his very stiff terms, calculated to render the German Army incompetent for harm. And the Germans did accept, rather eagerly. As it turned out, 1918 brought a remarkably clement autumn. We might have fought well into January. But no one could have prophesied that!

The German Alibi

THE subsequent peace terms were, according to every opinion worth consideration, as heavy as Germany could be expected to carry. In only one respect could they have been made heavier: The Allies might have taken a little more German territory. The imperialists of some of the surrounding nations wanted to do that, thereby creating a new series of greater Alsace-Lorraines with the shoe on the other foot, and permanently endangering the peace of Europe. Perhaps, with Allied troops holding Berlin, the imperialists might have had their way.

But in my humble opinion, even though our arms had penetrated far beyond the Rhine, Germany would have known she was licked no more than at present. For the old-time militarist and Pan-German who is still yelping "Germany won the war" argues thus:

"Germany was not really defeated in arms. There was a temporary setback in July and August, it is true, but we could have held on forever. But the swine-houndish Social Democrats, inspired by the propaganda speeches of the unspeakable President Wilson, stabbed us in the back. This foolishness got to the army, which lost its morale. The military collapse followed. We won in arms, but lost because of these traitors who are now ruining Germany." Now to finish off the whole German Army and occupy Berlin would not have killed this kind of talk. Just as much would it have been used as an alibi.

Probably most of the German people know better. I saw something while in Berlin of a certain university professor very high in scholarly standing, a liberal in his opinions. He was filling two chairs, one in southern Germany, one in central; so twice a week during the war he had to make a long railroad journey. Always he talked with the soldiers, passing to and from the front.

"From shortly after the Marne up to 1917 they knew that Germany could not win, and told me so," he said. "After Russia collapsed, in the summer of 1917, they began to have some hope that a miracle would save us. After it penetrated to them that America was really throwing her force into the war they lost hope again. When the spring drive against the Channel failed, the soldier in the ranks said that the last chance was gone."

Germany was beaten not by being stabbed in the back but by arms and resources. Probably, as the professor says, the people know that, have known it for a long time. Probably many of those now howling for effect "We won the war" know it, too, in their hearts.

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The Salesman and the Star

By Rebecca Hooper Eastman

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON C. DEXTER

EDDIE HINES, crack salesman for the Millennium motor car, employed a direct method which consisted of three simple gestures with pauses between. First, lifting the eyebrows as high as was muscularly possible; second, a nonchalant shrug of the right shoulder, and third, a plutocratic wave of the left hand. Of course if Eddie was selling to a lady he let fall a few velvety undertones about Egyptian velours upholsteries with Etruscan values; and in dealing with his own sex he whispered reverently of dry disks, spiral bevel gears and tubular propeller shafts. The sparse amount of Spanish and French which Eddie had picked up served to make him chummy with any foreigner who stepped in, because with foreigners, as with Americans, he left the crux of the selling to the hypnotic gesture of the left hand. And a wave of the hand, like a kiss, is almost the same in all languages. Nobody had ever shaken Eddie's poise because nobody ever got a chance. Eddie Hines, in short, had mastered one of the most valuable lessons in the world—namely, that you can get away with almost anything if you look wise and let the other man talk.

Before proceeding to what threatened to be Eddie's Waterloo it must be granted that this is not a difficult year to sell cars anywhere. It was especially easy in the Millennium showrooms. Situated on the Rue de la Paix of automobiles, the Millennium had the showiest, most silent salon of Motor Row, which, as everybody knows, is on Broadway just north of the heart of the theatrical center of the whole country. Moving-picture stars and successful playwrights gravitated toward the shop quite as naturally as they dropped into the Claridge for lunch. It was never necessary to demonstrate the Millennium; Eddie shrugged his shoulder in its direction and it was sold. In spite of the fact that it was a good year for everybody, other salesmen considered Eddie Hines almost superhuman, and Eddie agreed with them.

And then came the delicious spring day when violets and lilies of the valley bloomed—in florists' trays—on every busy corner, and people smiled just for the joy of the smiling, and the door of the Millennium motor car showroom opened to let in the wonderful soft spring air, and with it Mae De Lorne.

It being half past one Miss De Lorne, who had just breakfasted, was out to get the air and buy a few little notions, like a car and a platinum bag. Though she didn't wear her well-known havoc-making two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar smile, there was not a man on the floor who didn't instantly recognize her and begin to plan what friend he would tell about it afterward.

Quite leisurely Eddie Hines sauntered toward her. Eddie never rushed at a customer as if she was a fence he wanted to hurdle. Let the customers do the walking! As he took six languid steps toward Mae De Lorne his apparently indifferent eye grasped every detail of her, from the Russian-sable sport coat—on which, alas! she had brutally pinned a bunch of arbutus—and the long ruby earrings, which fell from her invisible ears and lay on the sable collar, to her bewitching suède-clad feet and the saucy twist of straw which rested just above her eyebrows and spelled to anyone who knew hats: "Only a hundred and fifty!"

Miss De Lorne approached Eddie across the marble floor with businesslike staccato steps.

"Have you got a little bubble with a hood on the back and the chauffeur miles ahead out in the rain?"

She had named the most expensive car in the shop, and Eddie brought into play his first gesture, if raising one's eyebrows can be said to be a gesture.

"The omelet?" asked Mae. For the car was painted a brilliant Japanese yellow. By way of assent Eddie dropped his eyebrows. "No," declared Miss De Lorne; "if I rode round in that I should feel as if I was continually in mourning for a canary."

Though it was time for her to look respectfully into Eddie's eyes her gaze instead darted about in lightning appraisal of the other cars.

"Have You Got a Little Bubble With a Hood on the Back and the Chauffeur Miles Ahead Out in the Rain?"

"After all, it's a mean trick to leave the chauffeur out in the wet!" she said, her eyes suddenly dewy with philanthropy. "Then, too, he might get pneumonia, and I'd have to bother with choosing another." Her eye turned cold and wise. "A sort of sedan limousine with a bay window in front."

Without allowing Eddie to usher her toward it with his regular wedding-march stride Miss De Lorne ran ahead, opened the door of the next most expensive car and hopped in, with the immediate result of having Eddie seated cozily at her side. Buying and selling a car is not like scrambling for gloves round a bargain counter where one waits on the whims of a gum-chewing blonde. No—when you buy a car, and sell one, you sit together in luxurious semiprivate twilight and whisper of thousands.

The other salesmen eyed the car enviously to watch the finish. The car was sold—they knew it. Eddie always grabbed the best prospects and had the fun.

Instead of sitting silent and impressed at Eddie's side Miss De Lorne complained that the car wasn't bright enough blue; that peacock was her favorite shade for motors, and that she wouldn't buy any car unless Eddie would have it done in brilliant blue, and upholster it in green and gold. Very peacocky, she wanted it.

It being high time for the shrug Eddie proceeded according to his formula and said: "What you want is the omelet model done in gray. That would be sporty yet sedate. You'd so soon tire of the peacock idea."

Miss De Lorne took out a platinum cigarette case, drew forth a cigarette which matched her new hat, and began to puff dreamily. The buckwheat cakes and sirup with which she had concluded her breakfast made her feel cross and sleepy, and she therefore yawned, showing every one of her faultless teeth. What is more, she did not politely tap her upper lip to hide the yawn, because she never took the trouble to be polite. What was the use? She could get there without it. Being polite consumed too much time.

As she gazed loftily at the sleek salesman she became annoyed that any man could sit at her side and still be so wrapped in his own importance. Life was dull; she hadn't had even an argument for days. It was about time to start something. With no well-mapped plan of conduct she suddenly turned on Eddie the full bedazzlement of her smile, the genuine two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar article.

It did its work. Eddie had seen her on the screen in every part she ever played; her name drew him like a magnet into a picture palace. From the very spot where he sat he could look down Broadway and see her name in letters six feet high. At night that name blinked at him in electricity from out his bedroom window. It is one thing to go into ecstasies over a smile which comes to you from a screen, and quite another to see the same smile at work six inches from your own nose. Involuntarily Eddie had leaned forward.

"What you want is the car you looked at first," he stammered, putting in the famous wave of the hand long before the scenery was set for it.

He had rather sell Mae De Lorne a car than sell a fleet of them to anybody else. She must take the omelet; it would be the crowning of his career. The other salesmen were growing more and more furtive-eyed and jealous. Not one of them had missed the smile. George Luck, the lazy colored boy in livery, approached, ostensibly to polish the hood, but really to gaze enthralled on Mae De Lorne.

"I don't know." Miss De Lorne turned suddenly serious, and it was as if a cloud had come across the sun. "I don't think I'll bother with a car to-day. Shopping wearies me. I felt fine when I first came in here, but now I'm getting tired hearing you explain what I want."

"Why, I've only said about five words."

"I know what I want without your saying a thing. As I see it, you're just here to take the money, which I've got with me. Tell that coon to stop manicuring the hood. And the more you come this expert-salesman stuff the further you are from getting me to buy a car. I certainly do hate talk!"

"If you hate all talk I needn't be disturbed over your not liking mine!"

"Judging by the large samples yours would kill me in the piece."

Miss De Lorne blew smoke at him. She was fairly aching for a fuss, and Eddie Hines knew it. It would be terrible if she got going. He wished, nay he prayed, that other customers would come in and distract those other busybodies of salesmen.

"That'll do, George!" he said to the colored boy, who grinned and moved to polish the omelet.

A new element had entered into the problem of selling Mae De Lorne a Millennium car. Eddie's comfortable moving-picture worship of her had changed in her presence, and in spite of her rudeness, to a consuming love, to a vital all-possessing fact. He felt as if all his ballast had fallen overboard at once. In order to appear normal he nervously began to roll a cigarette.

"Don't smoke!" commanded Miss De Lorne. "I hate other people's tobacco."

"You didn't offer me any of yours!"

"And don't come any cave-man stuff. I can tell by the look in a man's eyes when he's going to get fresh."

"Not fresh—just truthful," said Eddie; and then: "Oh, forgive me—I didn't mean it. You see I'm one of the millions who ——"

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SPOTLESS

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE homeward-bound Black Sea transport, aboard which he was to lunch, lay moored alongside the Galata Quay; and to the young American, traveling to join a relief mission in Armenia and treading for the first time those outlying shores of the war, it seemed as he approached her as if she were full-freighted with shoreward gazing eyes. Even the armed sentries at the foot of her steep gangways seemed lost in a mere preoccupation of gazing; and along her rail, from the forecastle, where the seamen took their midday leisure, through the throng of khaki-clad soldiers and the midship crowd of refugees, to the quarter-deck, where the officers leaned and smoked, half a thousand faces seemed to pore in a silent intensity of earnestness, upon the roofs and minarets and gardens of Constantinople. So definite a thing was that still stare of many eyes that he half paused, embarrassed and uncertain; he had yet to learn that drag of hearts and eyes toward a world that is stable—where power is the weapon of right, and law is king.

His host, a gaunt man, trim in the uniform of a British captain of infantry, waved to him from among the group of motley refugees at the head of the midship gangway; the younger man waved back and went forward quickly to climb into the silence of that multitude of starers.

"You're in good time," the British captain assured him. "Lunch won't be for ten minutes yet. Let's go aft to the smoking room and get a cocktail, shall we?"

He moved to lead the way through the groups about them of those silent confidants of the horror in the north, threading his way with care to disturb or displace none of them.

To the American it was a little like passing in a festive dress among the mourners at a funeral; there was in them, in their silence, in their gravity and a sort of fatigued inertia of attitude, the suggestion of an aloofness of woe which no human sympathy could penetrate.

"Refugees, aren't they?" he asked awkwardly of his host. The other nodded. "From Odessa?"

The Englishman turned his thin face, weary and dark, upon him. "From hell!" he answered, without particular emphasis. "Kieff—Odessa—Nikolaieff—all over the place!" He paused at a vacant place on the rail. "Don't let 'em see you staring at them," he said; "but take a look all the same."

He produced his cigarette case; and while the American lit a cigarette he had time to confirm his first impression. It was not their strange or ragged clothing that touched upon one's sense, nor the fact that among the worst clad of them were men and women with fine and cultured faces; it was still their effect of being initiates in a knowledge and experience in which he could never participate.

"That old chap"—the Englishman's quiet voice spoke at his ear—"old man with the beard and the patch over his eye—he was a prince."

"Which one?" The other gazed with pitying intent. "Him? But say! See—just beyond him—what a perfectly beautiful girl!"

His host glanced carelessly "So I'm told," he answered with a deliberation of indifference in his tone. "Well-dressed, too, eh? Expensive young female, that!"

"But ——" the American protested, and flushed

His host was smiling a narrow tight smile that was strangely bitter and hateful. But the younger man was staunch

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "But she's about the sweetest and daintiest thing I've seen since I left home. And I don't see why, just because she's smart and spotless ——"

"Spotless!" The elder man nodded. "That's what she is you've hit it! She's come to me out of that blood path, that hell of outrage and murder and bestiality, without a blood spot or a body spot or a soul spot. She's spotless!"

The other stared at him in doubt, then let his eyes travel back to the girl of whom they spoke. She had been sitting in a deck chair, her hands clasped in her lap, her bare head with its coils of bronze hair a little drooped forward as she gazed upon the city. Now she rose, unfolding from her almost prostrate position in the chair to the stature of a tall slim girl of about twenty years of age. Her clothes, a frock of sober gray, hung trimly about her, enhancing the virginal quality she had; in all things she was girlish and exquisite, and as she turned to move along the crowded deck toward them the American had for the first time a view of her, full face.

"Huh!" It was a snort of indignation at his companion's comments. Wide eyes of an ineffable composure looked from under serene brows; a mouth, sweet and pure as childhood itself, was tranquil as the eyes; in all the face, like a seal set upon its beauty, there was the quiet of unawakened and unalarmed maidenhood.

She was making for a door in the superstructure that lay a little beyond the two men, and by reason of those who stood and sat about she would have little room in which to pass them. With that upright and girlish dignity of hers she approached; the American nearest to her, crushed back against the rail to give her space; her gentle and calm eyes rested with no flicker of expression for a moment upon his face. Then it was the Englishman's turn to give way; but he did not move.

One elbow on the rail, cigarette between his fingers, a gaitered ankle crossed over the other, he held his posture without shifting a muscle. Not even his wearily saturnine face, aged in the years of the war, altered by a shade.

The girl hesitated for an instant; in her hesitation only was there visible a moment of bewilderment Then, squeezing against a group of silent refugees, she paused and went her way. The American, red-faced and indignant, faced round to his host. He was the other's guest; he knew all about that; but the thing had been as gross as an indecency

The Englishman jerked his head with a little hopeless motion and laughed shortly.

"That was rotten of me," he said. "You'd think I was a Hun! Only—that damn spotlessness! You see, I had the job of embarking 'em and learning what I could about 'em—and I found out what that spotlessness, as you call it, cost to keep up. I'm no good at telling a story or I'd try and explain. However, let's go and get that cocktail before the bugle goes for lunch!"

If the British captain who railed against spotlessness had been a better hand at a tale, and if he had known it all, doubtless he would have begun with an account of that innate Russian incapacity for prompt and discreet action which was the chief of the Count Udiloff's attributes. An old man who had lived for sixty years upon the greatness of his name and the pomp of his appearance—before the Bolsheviks mashed him to a pulp upon the stones of the street his fine old aquiline face had looked out over long silver Dundreary whiskers—he had ignored the mob and its temper till it was too late safely to

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"It Might be Well Not to Let People Know That You are Still Here, Elena. But at Present Traveling is—Disorganized"

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXIX

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE fatal news of the assassination of Stolypin came to me in the shape of a wireless message received on board the White Star steamship Adriatic when on my way to New York to bid good-by to my friends in this country, for I had been informed that in the autumn I should be recalled from my post of Ambassador to the United States and should be appointed a life member of the Council of the Empire—that is to say, of the upper house of the Russian Parliament, such as it was under the constitution of October, 1905.

My appointment as member of the Council of the Empire having taken place in the late autumn of 1911, we made up our minds to settle down in Paris, the haven of refuge of most retired diplomats of all nations. This arrangement did not interfere with my attending to my parliamentary duties, for which purpose I used to go every winter to St. Petersburg, where I kept bachelor quarters at my club. Having taken my seat in the council in December, 1911, I naturally during my first session could not take any active part whatever in the business of the house and confined myself to studying, so to speak, the lay of the land.

The Moscow Kremlin

It did not take me long to realize that under the rules of the house it would be exceedingly difficult if not impossible for me to obtain a chance of having my say on any question, not only of foreign affairs but even of the general trend of the domestic policy of the government. I determined therefore to refrain for the time being from any attempt in that direction and to devote myself to the study of the social and political conditions responsible for the general political situation in Europe, the disquieting nature of which could not but be felt instinctively by even the least observant public in all European countries. No better point for the pursuit of such studies could be selected than Paris, where I had decided to spend most of my time in future, and I hastened to rejoin my family there as soon as the session of the Council of the Empire was concluded in the late spring of 1912.

Those of my American readers who happened to be in Europe in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the World War must surely have been conscious, as I was myself, of the presence everywhere of a certain oppressive feeling, a vague premonition of portentous events. It was the sultry, enervating atmosphere of a gathering thunderstorm, the distant rumblings of which, amidst flashes of lightning, were reaching us already from the far-away Balkans, that perennial storm center and powder magazine of Europe.

At the same time never was the social life in European capitals gayer and more brilliant; never was the contrast more glaring between the extravagant luxury and enchanted freedom of enjoyment of the few and the want and the narrow limitations of the many, condemned to a life of incessant toil, joyless monotony and anxious insecurity; never were conditions more favorable for a virulent outbreak of that old, chronic and incurable disease with which civilized mankind is and probably always will remain afflicted—the everlasting strife between those who have and those who have not. Incurable, because there is not and there never will be a sufficiency of the good things of this world to go round, and therefore their enjoyment will always be limited to a small minority, whereas the thirst for such enjoyment among the majority is constantly growing as the spread of education and enlightenment among the popular masses renders them more and more impatient of the limitations imposed by their material dependence and social inferiority. But apparently blind to the manifold symptoms of ever-growing social unrest and discontent, and deaf to the subterranean rumblings premonitory of impending cataclysms, the ruling powers of the leading nations of Europe were pursuing their frenzied competition in ever-growing armaments instead of devoting, be it only a tenth part of their people's treasure thus wasted for aims of destruction, to the bettering of the lot and the lightening of the burden of the toiling masses.

They seemed to be solely preoccupied with political combinations and calculations in view of the general European war, which all those in the know saw coming, of which all their peoples instinctively stood in fear and awe and to which undoubtedly these peoples were utterly opposed, all without exception. The feeling was certainly general everywhere that a European war, if it ever came, would mean a catastrophe of incalculable extent. The colossal size of the armies, rendered possible by the adoption by all the great Powers of the Continent of the system of universal compulsory military service and the never-stopping development of new and ever more perfected means of destruction on one hand, and on the other the extremely delicate structure of credit, with its ramifications embracing the whole world, on the foundation of which the prosperity of the leading nations is built—these were conditions which were bound to lead to a catastrophe unparalleled in the history of mankind, if a general war was suffered to break out in Europe. How, then, was it possible that an event so generally and so justly dreaded could actually take place without any serious and really effective attempt apparently having been made to prevent it? This question can certainly not be answered offhand by the simple assertion that the great war was as unpreventable by human means as an earthquake, upon the ground that, as in the physical world, so also in the social world, though great changes come about by slow and imperceptible processes, catastrophic upheavals usually mark the advent of a new age. It stands to reason that, however great may have been the changes in the political, economic or moral conditions of the world which rendered the World War seemingly unavoidable, the fact of the actual outbreak of that war, as of any other war, must be and can always be traced back to the direct action of a certain number—and that a very limited number—of human beings. Before attempting to analyze the motives which in the present case may have determined the action of these human beings at the critical moment, when the fate of nations depended on their decisions, it will be necessary to review briefly the historical developments which led up to the conditions confronting the modern world.

History shows that, ever since Europe had emerged from the Middle Ages and had become crystallized in a number of independent states, wars—with the exception of the Thirty Years' War, which was a religious war and turned devastated Germany almost into a desert—were brought about by the personal or dynastic ambitions, the lust of conquest or domination of rulers, in all of which their peoples had no share. If no longer conducted in that spirit of sportsmanlike chivalry which on one celebrated occasion caused the French, drawn up in battle array, to salute their English adversaries with the cry: *"Tirez les premiers, Messieurs les Anglais,"* wars were carried on by, comparatively speaking, very small professional armies, whose operations were necessarily confined to correspondingly limited areas, and were in every sense wars between rulers and governments, and not between peoples, therefore not engendering anything like the formidable volume of international and race hatred bred by the World War, which bodes no good for the future of mankind.

Indeed, while waging war against some German Powers a French king had in his service a German regiment bearing the official style and title of Royal Allemand, and Marshal Saxe was one of the greatest leaders of his armies; just as Hessian regiments, hired out by their ruler, were fighting the battles of King George III, while other Germans, like Steuben, were helping to organize the American forces.

Two things were not born as yet, two things destined to prove of the utmost importance in shaping the destinies of Europe, and both, strangely enough, connected with the name of Napoleon. I mean the "nation in arms," or universal compulsory military service; and the "question of nationalities." The birth of the first was due to the crushing defeat inflicted by Napoleon I on Prussia after the Battle of Jena, when a strict limitation of his military forces was imposed on the enemy by treaty and led to the

systematic evasion of its stipulations by the conversion of the much reduced long-service army of Prussia into a national army, or a "nation in arms," on the basis of a universal short-term service as we knew it before the war. The credit of having been the first to raise the 'question of nationalities" belongs to Napoleon III, who made it the guiding principle of his foreign policy.

Another circumstance characteristic of the epoch of so-called dynastic wars was that such wars could be terminated by the ruling Powers according to the dictates of reason and sound statesmanship, undeterred by popular passions and the hysterical clamor of yellow journalism. Thus the Emperor Alexander I, though his country had been invaded by the hordes of Napoleon and his allies, and his ancient capital had been laid in ashes, could, when at last he entered Paris as a triumphant victor, raise his authoritative voice in favor of defeated France and by his all-powerful opposition to the plans of some of his allies prevent her dismemberment and humiliation, enabling her representative at the Congress of Vienna to play in the Areopagus of Europe a part worthy of his country and his nation.

Also that congress was a congress led by statesmen of the caliber of Alexander I, Talleyrand, Castlereagh and Metternich. If its nowadays much maligned work was based on an idea repugnant to contemporary opinion, that of a Holy Alliance for the defense of the monarchical principle against the assaults of the Revolution, it must nevertheless be conceded that its other principal aim, that of the maintenance of peace, was in a measure attained, inasmuch as during forty years, until 1854, there had not been a war between the great Powers of Europe. The future will show whether it will be possible some day to claim that much for the recent attempt at securing the peace of mankind by the creation of a League of Nations from which are excluded three formerly great and prosperous empires actually destroyed and reduced to a state not only of impotence, supposed to be desirable, but also of chaos, obviously dangerous to their neighbors.

The Russian Peasant of Half a Century Ago

The work of the Congress of Vienna, however, was no more perfect than any other work of men. It bore in itself the germs of its dissolution. To begin with, the idea of the Holy Alliance, which corresponded to the mystical strain in the Emperor Alexander's mentality inasmuch as it was meant to reaffirm and fortify the monarchical principle, in the sense of the absolute monarchy or autocracy, could, of course, not be unreservedly adhered to by Great Britain. It was bound, moreover, to come into contradiction in its practical application with the liberal ideas of Alexander I himself. Thus it came about that, while the rest of Europe was to remain subject to autocratic monarchies, the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France was made dependent upon the grant by Louis XVIII of a constitution, and that the newly created Kingdom of Poland was to be united to the Russian crown as a semi-independent, constitutionally governed state, with the Emperor of Russia as constitutional King of Poland.

Furthermore, in reconstructing the system of the community of European states, so ruthlessly destroyed by Napoleon's short-lived but omnipotent dictatorship, exercised over all Europe with the sole exception of Russia and Great Britain, the Congress of Vienna did not take into consideration at all the question of nationalities and their natural tendency toward unification—a tendency obviously dormant, which, however, had not begun as yet to assert itself.

And, lastly, the leading part which the Emperor Alexander had been playing at the congress and in the resettlement of Europe had given to Russia a position of preponderance which, being felt as a threat to the maintenance of the European equilibrium, was bound to lead in the end to the formation of a coalition against Russia such as encompassed her defeat in the Crimean War. It appears, indeed, that the foundation for such a coalition had been laid already at the time of the Congress of Vienna by a secret understanding between Great Britain, France and Austria.

A similar motive of hostility to any Power appearing to assume or actually exercising preponderance on the European continent had caused in the past the formation of powerful coalitions against Louis XIV, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. And when after the Crimean War Napoleon III had begun to assume the part of arbiter of the destinies of Europe, it was this same feeling that caused public opinion in most neutral countries to side with Prussia in the Franco-Prussian War—a feeling that was soon to be reversed with, in the end, deadly effect when the megalomania of Junkerdom and Pan-Germanism, coupled with a tactlessly pretentious and offensively provocative official diplomacy, had succeeded in concentrating on united Germany the hostility of almost all mankind.

In trying to retrace in summary outline the history of the changing groupings and regroupings of European Powers in connection with the idea of combating the preponderance of any one of them I have made use of the expression "European equilibrium" as a literal translation from the French "*équilibre Européen*"—an expression commonly used in diplomatic parlance, meaning the equilibrium of forces in Europe, a thing one hears frequently spoken of, sometimes favorably and sometimes disparagingly, but mostly as the "balance of power."

Now in this connection I beg leave to observe that these expressions do not by any means convey always the same idea. Given two groups of Powers whose forces approximately balance and who therefore represent an equilibrium of forces, the balance of power would belong to any Power outside that grouping which, being strong enough for that purpose, could destroy that equilibrium by joining one or the other side and secure preponderance and victory

(Continued on Page 66)

Borovitsky Gate to the Kremlin, Moscow

SEEING THINGS AGAIN

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IT WAS two-thirty in the morning. Pine, the cashier of the Four Corners Pharmacy, was lounging in his chair behind his desk, a magazine in hand, his feet cocked up. Inside, the pharmacy was ablaze with light. It was the only all-night drug store in the town, and by all odds it did the biggest business in the town. Without, the twisted tail of an equinoctial storm swept Market Street from stem to stern. Pine, the night cashier, stared at the storm, stared at the clock, stared at his magazine. He was a man of forty, his face a bit youthful, his hair prematurely gray.

With an air of bewilderment he shook his head from time to time. He seemed a man baffled, puzzled—hopelessly blocked. He kept on shaking his head—he talked softly to himself.

"It can't be helped," he assured himself. "I can't help it. Nobody can help it. It can't be helped."

Over and over again he had been telling himself that; hour after hour—night after night. Over and over he analyzed the situation; indulged in post mortem. Everything had been inevitable—nothing could have been foreseen. No, he couldn't help it—he was well assured of that. The telephone bell rang. He picked up his desk standard. He placed the receiver at his ear.

"It can't be helped," he yelled into the transmitter.

Then he stopped talking for an instant. A woman's voice came in over the wire.

"What did you say?" demanded the woman's voice. Pine's face lighted.

"Is that you?" he queried. "What are you doing up this time of night?"

"What did you say?" repeated the woman a bit insistently. Pine nodded as though he were face to face with her.

"Asked you," he returned, "what you were doing up this time of night."

"No," persisted the woman, "before that—something else you said."

"Why, just 'hello,' didn't I?" said Pine.

"Sounded as though you called for help," returned the woman with an uneasy laugh.

"Look here," said Pine, "are you all right yourself?"

"Everything's all right," said the woman. "I have nothing to say. I woke up—lonesome, I guess. Thought I'd call you up—for company. Are you busy now?"

"Busy!" echoed Pine wearily. "I'm never busy. Go on—talk. You cheer me up. Unless—you really ought to be asleep."

He stopped for an instant. It was at that juncture that the fox-faced individual came slinking in through the swinging doors of the Four Corners Pharmacy—a fox-faced individual wearing a fur-lined overcoat with an astrakhan collar, and a derby hat. He came in through the swinging doors and stood just inside shaking the rain from him. Then he came on down the aisle glancing uncertainly about him. He stopped in front of Pine's desk. Pine nodded to him. The man waited until Pine had finished his conversation over the wire. Then he pressed forward, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket. "Terrible bad night," he said to Pine.

He produced a folded slip of paper and handed it to the cashier. Pine took it, read it casually and absent-mindedly ran it under the time stamp. It was a prescription.

"From Doctor Leary of the sanitarium," said the fox-faced man, swinging his derby hat in the air to dry it. "I'll wait. He wants it filled as soon as possible."

"Surest thing you know," returned the cashier pleasantly.

He tossed the bit of paper into a wire basket overhead. He pulled a cord handle; the wire basket scooted through space toward the prescription balcony at the rear end of the store.

"Perry!" yelped Pine, following the basket with his voice.

"Right-o!" responded the muffled voice of the unseen prescription clerk.

The prescription clerk whistled a sprightly tune to indicate evidently that he was all alive. He still remained invisible, save as to one hand, which groped round the corner of a partition on the balcony, clutched the bit of paper from the basket and then disappeared. The fox-faced individual paced up and down the store, flapping his coat this way and that to beat the raindrops from it. He stamped his well-shod feet upon the floor. He glanced at the prescription balcony; he glanced at the cashier; he glanced with frequency toward the swinging doors through which he had made his advent. The telephone bell rang once again. At its ring the stranger started; then with an appearance of unconcern he sank into a chair. Pine seized the instrument again.

"Hello!" said Pine.

"Pine," said a low voice—"Pine, listen! Let me do the talking. This is Perry—Perry. Get me? Quiet now."

Pine's face broke into a welcoming grin.

"Hello, old scout!" he cried joyously. "I expected you to call me up this afternoon."

"Get this, Pine," went on the prescription clerk—"this prescription that you just sent up is for heroin—you noticed that?"

"Oh, sure!" said Pine, beaming.

"Pine," said Perry crisply, "get this! It's for a considerable quantity of heroin—an unusual amount. See?"

"Saturday suits me," chuckled the cashier.

"Pine," went on the prescription clerk, "the Doctor Leary signature looks queer to me. It's phony, or I'll eat my hat. Hold that lad there until I call up Leary and find out for sure. You get me, Pine?"

"All right," nodded Pine complacently—"well, make it Sunday then. The better the day the better the deed." He hung up the receiver. He picked up the early morning edition of a New York newspaper, sauntered out across the floor and handed the paper to his customer.

"Kill time," said Pine pleasantly. "It always takes that lad up there fifteen or twenty minutes at the least. He's slow, but always sure."

Perry, the prescription clerk, was swift and sure this time. Inside of his allotted twenty minutes he had called up the physician whose name appeared upon the prescription; and Leary, the physician, had called headquarters, and headquarters responded on the jump. When at last the fox-faced man, with the first indication of his impatience, drew forth his watch and started toward Pine's desk he walked straight into the outstretched arms of two plain-clothes men who had been sent there to apprehend him. He was taken completely by surprise. He submitted to arrest without a struggle. The men from headquarters handcuffed him and then confronted the cashier.

"Where's this prescription that he forged?" queried one of them.

"Perry!" cried Pine.

"I'm on my way," yelled the prescription clerk, taking the balcony steps three at a bound.

He produced a slip of paper and handed it to one of the officers. The officer exhibited it to Pine.

"This bird hand you that?" asked the plain-clothes man.

Pine examined it and nodded.

"I stamped it," he returned. "I don't know why."

"We'll hold this bird," went on the officer, "on an open charge. We'll bring him out before Judge Juliano at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning——"

"This morning," corrected Pine.

"This morning," amended the officer. "We'll expect Doctor Leary and the two of you gents on hand—eleven o'clock—Judge Juliano. He'll be sitting at the First Precinct. So long."

When Pine left the store some few hours later the sun was shining bright. Market Street was steaming, dripping; but the storm was at its end. The new fresh smell of spring was in the air. Half blinded by the sun, Pine started for the west-bound trolley station just across the street. He felt a hand upon his arm. He turned. Perry, the night prescription clerk, was there.

"Pine," said Perry.

"Yes," said Pine.

"That drug fiend," went on Perry with a note of apology in his voice—"how about it? They don't need a regiment of witnesses. They've got the forged prescription. They've got Leary. One of us should be enough——" His voice trailed off into further and unintelligible apology. "I just moved yesterday. I wanted to get things sort of fixed to-day."

"I'm on!" nodded Pine. "I'll tell 'em all I know and all you know. What part of town are you moving to, young feller?"

"Paradise Patch!" nodded Perry. "I got a swell joint out there."

"Paradise Patch?" faltered Pine.

"And there's my car," said Perry, darting off. "Thanks—much, Pine. Some time I'll do as much for you."

Perry swung himself aboard the car and sidled into an empty seat. Another man sat down beside him. It was Pine.

"This your car?" cried Perry.

"You said it," smiled Pine.

"Where do you live?" asked Perry.

"Paradise Patch," said Pine.

"What do you know about that?" exclaimed the prescription clerk. "How long have you lived there? What sort of a place you got?"

"My place," said Pine, "is four-fifths mortgage."

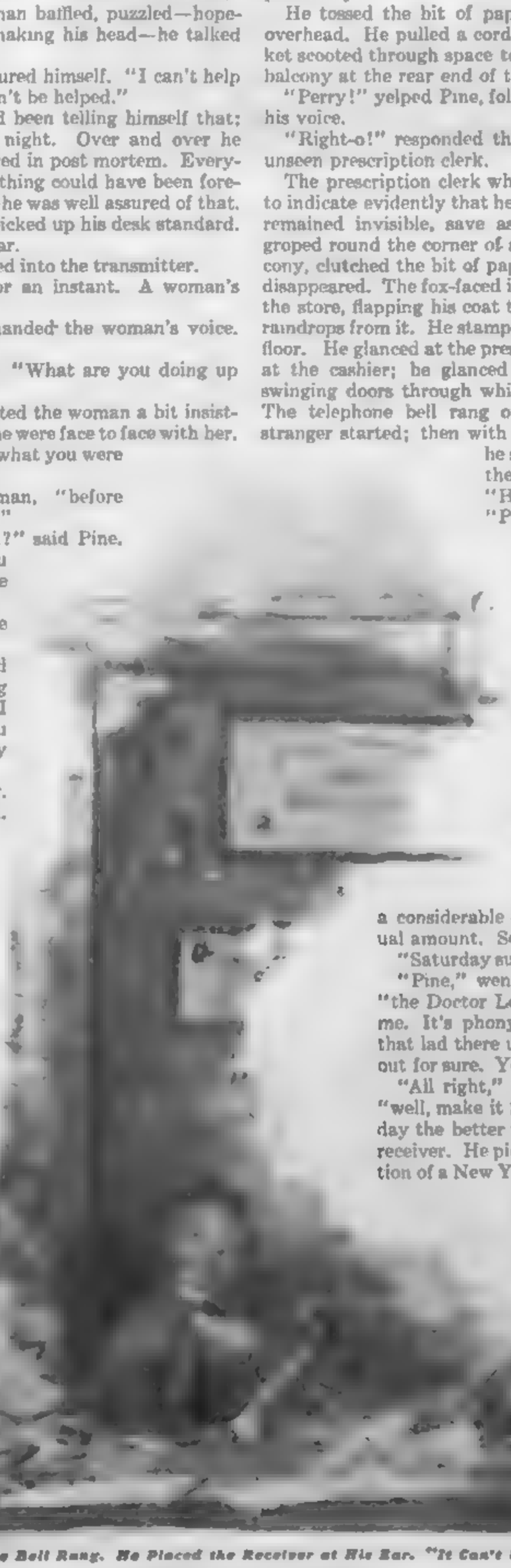
"Same here," said Perry. "What do you think of the Patch?"

"I think a good deal of it," returned the cashier with unutterable weariness in his voice. "I used to own it, man."

"Used to own what?" cried Perry.

"Paradise Patch," nodded the cashier.

Perry stared at him incredulously.



The Telephone Bell Rang. He Placed the Receiver at His Ear. "It Can't be Helped," He Yelled Into the Transmitter

The Fox-Faced Individual Came Slinking in Through the Swinging Doors of the Four Corners Pharmacy

"You—Pine?" he exclaimed. "Look here you're not John Porter Pine?"

"That's me," said Pine.

His smile was a grimace of despair.

"But my great! ——" cried Perry. "Paradise Patch is a bonanza, man!"

"It is to-day," conceded the cashier. "A year ago it wasn't. A year ago nobody would build houses, because it cost too much. To-day they're all doing it for fear that if they don't it'll cost 'em more. I miscalculated—by a year."

"Somebody froze you out?" asked Perry sympathetically.

"I can't complain," said Pine. "I bought the Patch with my own money—for a song. Then I borrowed. Standish loaned me enough to open streets and put in the improvements. Then I sat down to wait. The Patch waited. Standish couldn't wait. I can't complain. He was mighty decent about it all."

"Standish," mused Perry. "Yes, I signed up with him. The Patch was your idea, then ——"

"One of my ideas," nodded Pine—"only one of 'em. I used to have 'em. Great guns, I used to have ideas!"

"And Standish gets the cream," said Perry.

"And I can't help it," said Pine.

Perry started at him.

"But," he protested, "a man like you! What are you doing in a drug store nights?"

"Because," returned Pine slowly, heavily—"because I can't earn money enough in the daytime to support my family. I've got a wife and four fine kids, Perry, and they're entitled to the best. And they used to have the best. That's what hurts—you get me? Listen, Perry! When I get home do you know what happens—what happens every day?"

"Tell me," said Perry.

"When I get home from the Four Corners Pharmacy," said Pine, "my wife puts on her hat and coat and starts out for the day. She's a typist in a department store office—the Birds Nest next to us downtown. When she comes home at night, then I start out. It's the kids, you see. We've got to handle them—and we've got to handle 'em right. I send 'em off to school in the morning, and their mother takes care of 'em at night. And I can't help it, ding it! Perry, I'm no good. I know I'm no good. Look here!" He took off his hat and tapped his head with his closed hand. "Solid ivory," he said.

"No!" cried Perry. "Why, good gosh, a man like you ——"

"Ah," nodded Pine, "you've struck it! A man like me. Look here, Perry! I can't help it. Over and over again—I can't help it! You get me? I've tried everything I know—for a day or so. The factories—the shipyards and driving auto trucks. I've clerked it. No go. The trouble's inside of me somewhere. I've been accustomed to thinking in terms of thousands of dollars I can't get down to think in pennies. Perry, I can do ten hours' work in one hour, but I can't do ten hours' work in ten. All my life I've made my money by doing things in flashes—letting somebody else get busy at details. And there are no flashes any more. Paradise Patch knocked me on the head. I'm done! From now on I'm doomed to be a loafer—nothing else."

When Pine reached home his wife was waiting for him. She was all ready to start off.

"Porter," said his wife, "I've got to go, and I won't be home till late. We're rushed to-day—a lot of letters to our customers. Your bed's all ready and the children are all fixed. You can make your own tea. You look terribly tired, Porter."

"No more than you," said Pine. He recalled suddenly her telephoning him the night before. "Have you had any sleep at all?"

"Porter," cried his wife, "what was that—that funny thing you said when I called you up. Something you couldn't help. It sounded as though you were talking to yourself."

"I was," said Pine, "and that's what I said. I said I couldn't help it, and I can't."

"Help what?" she asked.

"The whole dad-blamed thing," said Pine.

"Porter," cried his wife, "please—please don't!"

"How can I help it?" returned Pine—"my wife working her fingers to the bone. For what? To get rich? Nix—not even to be comfortable. Just to make ends meet. And the cussed thing about it is that the ends don't meet."

"We've had a bully time, Porter, anyway," she nodded "bully while it lasted. Listen, Porter! Ever hear me speak of that little pink-and-white girl down at the Birds Nest—little Mary Morris?"

"Maybe," said Porter gloomily.

"Listen!" said his wife. "I was in the manager's office yesterday when she came in—to ask a favor. What do you think she wanted, Porter?"

"Search me," said Porter.

Pine's wife smiled a bit sadly.

"She wanted ten days' leave of absence—to get married in. Ten days only—for a honeymoon, Porter. Then—a bride, and back on the job. That's the new style of trimming, Porter—nineteen-twenty model. She's marrying one of the boys in the store. They're all doing it, Porter. If they don't do it that way they can't do it at all. Ten days' leave of absence! Porter, aren't you glad we started away back in 1907?"

Pine caught her in his arms.

"Something to remember—that leave of absence, honey," he told her as he kissed her. "Say, Puss," he added as he looked her over, "you're pretty well fagged out under your rouge and stuff. And I don't know how to help it—I don't. I tell you, Puss, I don't!"

"Porter," said his wife sharply, "you're getting to be a bore—about that. Of course you can't help it. That's settled long ago. What you need is sleep. You get your dinner, Porter, and you go to bed."

"I can't go to bed," grunted Porter. He told her about the drug fiend that they'd caught the night before. "I'm due at the First Precinct at eleven," he explained.

"With that overcoat?" wailed his wife

"That—or none," said Pine

"Well," she said sharply as she started for the door, "wear those new six-dollar gloves that I gave you Christmas. So far you haven't had them on."

An hour later, after he had shaved, Pine routed out the gloves and tried them on. They fitted well—his size; a trifle large, but that's the way he wore them. He clenched his hands comfortably. Then he started.

"Hello there!" he said to the six-dollar pair of gloves.

His exclamation was quite justified. The middle finger of the right-hand glove had split from base to tip. Pine stripped them from his hands. "Me to the Birds Nest," he told himself, "for another pair of gloves."

In justice to the Birds Nest—that old reliable emporium, carrying a stock of everything all the time for every member of the family—it must be said that Pine was late in getting there. Still he was sure he had plenty of time to change a pair of gloves. He smiled pleasantly as he crossed its threshold. Pine was no shopper. Puss did all the department-store buying for the family. He realized that he hadn't been inside the Birds Nest for a year at least and maybe two. But it held for him an air of homeliness,

(Continued on Page 101)

"Why Should He Confess That He is a Drug Addict?" Queried the Judge. Pine Smiled Again—it Was All So Transparent

ROSEMARY RISKS IT

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

SCENE

THE living room of a California chalet-bungalow inhabited by PROF. TANCRED B. MACKELDOWNEY, *the eminent authority on paleontological botany, and, more particularly, by his family. The furniture of the room is predominantly Mission of the more ascetic and bone-racking type, but there is an incongruous concession to the tenderness of human anatomy in the form of a stuffed sofa piled with cushions that are covered with necktie patchwork, the gaudy felt pennants of several colleges and other material interesting either by reason of association or eye-smiting color. A plaster-bronze of the Winged Victory surmounts a piano whose rack displays an open copy of a tuneful song hit entitled My Beautiful Baltimore Babe, and faces a bust of Linnæus appropriately placed on a three-tier sectional bookcase filled with works on botany; a telephone on its stand adjoins the bookcase; framed pictures of The Prophets, Sir Galahad, Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, and Mona Lisa adorn the walls, an electric fan hums on the very rectangular library table and stirs the curtains of a French window through which can be seen the corner of a pergola covered with roses, a section of campus, a flagstaff with the starry emblem drooping limply from its halyards in the quivering June heat and, beyond, the dazzling white Grecian façade of an institution of learning, topped by a Byzantine dome.*

[*Enter* MISS ROSEMARY MACKELDOWNEY, *the daughter of the house, evidently in haste. She is perhaps nineteen, fair, rather inclined to freckle, and gives credible promise of comfortable plumpness when she drops tennis and resigns her active membership in the Sierra Club.*

She has nice eyes, a good-humored mouth and a clear complexion, barring the freckles, which, after all, are confined to the bridge of her nose. Her white afternoon dress is as becoming as her white stockings are well fitting. She surveys the room with thoughtfully knitted brows, darts to the piano, removes My Beautiful Baltimore Babe from the rack and conceals it in a pile of music, from which she selects Cadman's From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water as a substitute. From the piano she turns to the sofa and swiftly divides the cushions, throwing them to the two ends. A paper-covered novel falls to the floor and she deftly kicks it out of sight, and going to the table picks up one of the books that are lying there, and replaces it, face down and open; she then raises her nose, sniffs questingly, and perceives an ash tray containing two cigarette ends. At this instant a bell rings sharply and she runs out of the room, carrying the ash tray with her. A deep masculine voice without: Oh, never mind that. Well, thank you very much. Yes, if you will be so kind. *Enter* RUTHERFORD EDGAR WARREN. *He is a tall, slenderly built young man with the student stoop, a broad forehead and an expression earnest beyond his years. He wears large, round, shell-rimmed glasses and a linen crash suit that rather misfits him. Just now his face is flushed with the heat. He seats himself on the edge of one of the uncomfortable chairs, takes a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes his forehead and wrists and dabs his hands with quick, nervous movements. In a minute or two he starts up and exposes his glowing countenance to the air current from the electric fan; then, after standing in a listening attitude for another minute, he begins to pace the floor. At the fourth turn he checks himself.*

RUTHERFORD: This will never do! I must compose my mind. Let me see. *(Frowns with an air of intense concentration.)* Thirty-six minus x—multiply by thirty minus x—product of remainder—to be equal —— *(His frown deepens.)* Dear me! A simple quadratic equation. Perhaps if I —— *(He picks up the book from the table.)* Ah! Sonnets From the Portuguese. *(Reads):*

And will thou have me fashion into speech
The love I bear thee, finding words enough——

(Lays the book down and looks expectantly at the door.)

[*Reënter* ROSEMARY, *smiling a welcome and with a hand outstretched.*

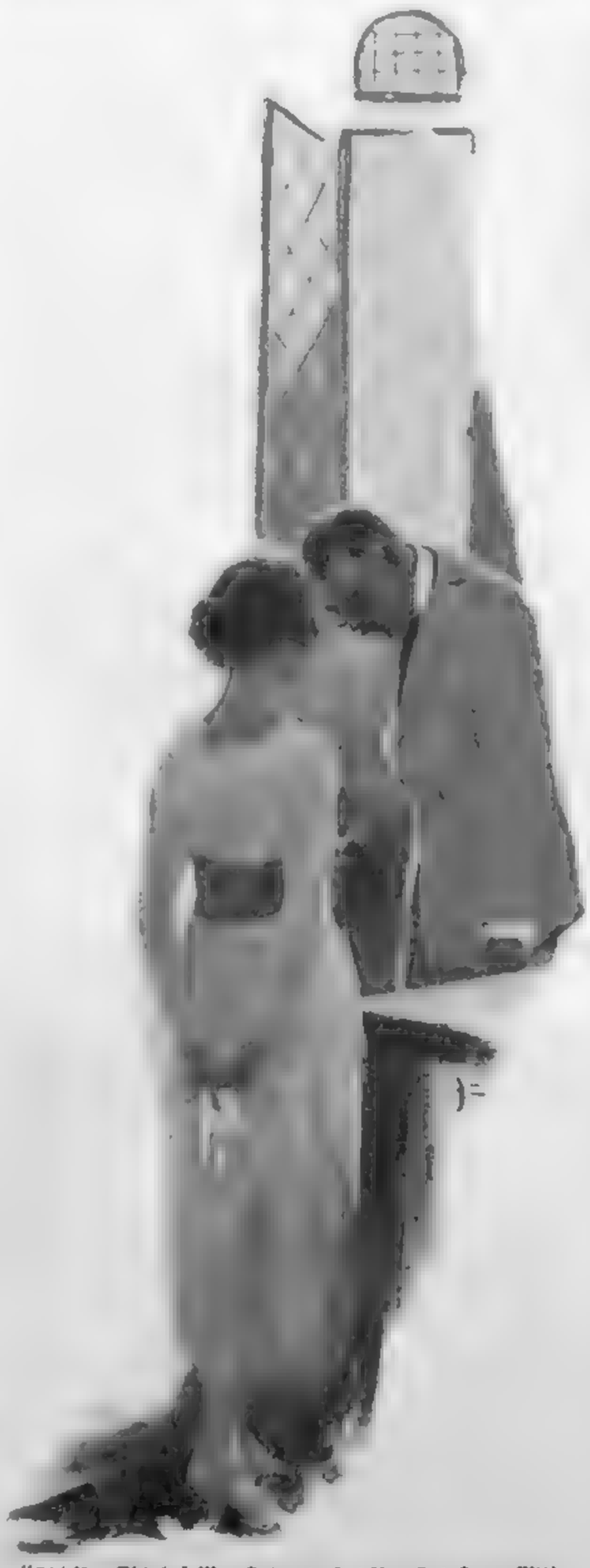
ROSEMARY: Good afternoon, Professor Warren. You are quite a stranger. Isn't it frightfully hot? You needn't answer that; you look it. Won't you sit down? *(She seats herself on the sofa.)*

RUTHERFORD: Thank you. I—er—I believe I will. *(Adjusts himself to the angles of an adjacent chair.)*

ROSEMARY *(starting up):* Oh, not there! Here, let me make you comfortable. *(She transfers him to one end of the sofa, pads his back with cushions, turns the electric fan in his direction so that the cold blast strikes him squarely, and then resumes her place, with a decorous interval of eighteen inches in the clear between them.)* Now, isn't that better?

RUTHERFORD *(blinking):* Very much so indeed, thank you.

ROSEMARY: Are you getting any of that fan? *(To assure herself she bends forward until her head is well within its*



"Did You Think I Was Going to Let You Get Away With a Gaskell's Compendium Proposal to a Young Lady?"

radius and a lock of her hair is blown almost into RUTHERFORD'S *face. He makes an involuntary backward movement. She laughs.)* Oh, don't be alarmed; I wasn't going to—bite you.

RUTHERFORD *(embarrassed):* I am quite sure of that.

ROSEMARY *(tartly):* You needn't be. I have my vicious moments.

RUTHERFORD: That I refuse to believe. On the contrary, I—er—I have a positive conviction that the fact is—er—otherwise. I hope—I hope that your father and mother are well.

ROSEMARY: Quite well, thank you. They went down to the beach this morning. Cousin Judith went with them, and she is quite well, too, I am sorry to say. There is some talk of a course of bug lectures by Fabre if the faculty can get him; Professor Blumm is explaining socialism to the grand jury by request; the Orangewaters fizzled in the seventh yesterday and lost their lead—score ten to three—they used four pitchers; Prexy was here last night and spoke with regret of your resignation; Billy Joyce, also among those present, spoke with resignation of your departure, but that was in my private ear; it's disgustingly hot, but I think I told you that before. So that seems about all. Now, what have you got to say?

RUTHERFORD *(rather overwhelmed):* Why, I—I ——

ROSEMARY *(interrupting):* Professor Warren, as psychological expert to the recently instituted Institution of Industrial Efficiency, Incorporated, how would you class yourself in mentality? Don't stare; just answer the question.

RUTHERFORD *(helplessly):* But I don't quite understand.

ROSEMARY *(shaking her head sadly):* I'm afraid you wouldn't qualify for any position of real importance. Now think carefully. You are going to examine people who want situations, and tell the people who think of hiring them how they rate in mental capacity; isn't that it?

RUTHERFORD: Roughly speaking, yes.

ROSEMARY *(with a laughing pretense of being offended):* Thank you, Professor Warren. I was not aware that I spoke roughly.

RUTHERFORD *(eagerly):* Oh, I didn't mean that at all. Please don't think ——

ROSEMARY: That is exactly the point that I am trying to make in my poor, rough way. You ask people questions and scientifically gauge their qualities of mind by the time they take to answer, as well as by the clearness and exactness of their replies; isn't that it?

RUTHERFORD *(with perceptible restraint):* Yes.

ROSEMARY *(smiling approval):* That's better! Prompt, brief and conclusive. Why didn't you answer like that before? I asked you two simple questions. You stammered at the first one and didn't understand the other. Wouldn't that argue an inferior type of mind? This isn't personal, like accusing people of rough speaking. I'm asking in a spirit of scientific investigation.

RUTHERFORD *(pulling himself together):* Miss Rosemary, I acknowledge the justice of your observation. I can only say that most unaccountably I find myself in an abnormally confused state of mind that naturally results in an incoherent and hesitating expression in speech. I can only remember one similar experience, and that, oddly enough, happened exactly a week ago last night when we—when I—— That brings me to what I was about—— *(With agitation):* There! You see how it is with me. Please excuse me, Miss Rosemary. Give me a minute. *(He takes his handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his forehead.)* I think that fan—do you mind if I turn it in another direction? Perhaps if I shut off the switch—may I? I think it distracts me. It may be that. I really think it must be.

ROSEMARY: Go as far as you like, professor. *(She watches him with a demure smile as he rises and shuts off the fan. He sighs with relief and returns to the sofa.)*

RUTHERFORD: As I was about to say, my psychological investigations have hitherto been empirical rather than introspective, and objective rather than empirical, but what you say suggests that if I had certain instruments here I might make some interesting experiments.

ROSEMARY: One can make interesting experiments without instruments sometimes.

RUTHERFORD *(thoughtfully and disregarding her):* Yes, highly suggestive. In fact, it seems rather to overthrow the basic assumption of normalty in the subject and indicate a consideration of circumstances likely to affect the faculties psychologically analyzed.

ROSEMARY: I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you to come down a few flights, professor. The elevator seems to be jammed on my floor and it's too hot to climb.

RUTHERFORD: I beg your pardon?

ROSEMARY: Metaphorical stuff, professor. I mean to say that if you would kindly put that in words of from one to two syllables I could understand you more readily and with less effort.

RUTHERFORD: Excuse me. In other words, we assume, in making our tests, that a person is in a normal state of mind, without taking into account the possible influence of some emotion of a disturbing nature. Thereby our ratiocination is not necessarily but likely to be based on false premises, or, if not false ——

ROSEMARY *(clasping her hands imploringly):* Have a heart, professor! Why not postpone this ratiocination until cooler weather and tell me what you wanted to see me about? Your note said it was a matter of moment. Now you have been here several moments, haven't you?

RUTHERFORD: Oh, yes. You received my note, of course. Yes. *(He gulps thrice, looks round the room and at the ceiling. His eye then falls on the Sonnets From the Portuguese and gleams with inspiration. He rises, takes up the book and reads, in a tremulous voice):*

And will thou have me fashion into speech
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,
And hold ——

(He stops.)

Rutherford Starts and Frowns

ROSEMARY *(encouragingly):* Go on, please! That's so sweet!

RUTHERFORD: It is all that seems applicable at the present moment. Miss Rosemary, after what transpired a week ago last night, when I dared, for the first time, to give you my confidence, when —— *(He pulls his left shirt cuff below the sleeve of his coat and glances at it.)* When I thrilled to the touch of your dear hand lying within my own and ——

ROSEMARY *(sitting up erectly with a shocked expression):* Why, Pro-fessor Warren! How can you say such a thing!

RUTHERFORD *(clearly taken aback):* I—I ——

ROSEMARY *(severely):* You may well stammer! Do you mean to intimate that I was so lost to a sense of propriety as to allow you to hold my hand? Have you the ner—the assurance to face me and make such an assertion without a blush?

RUTHERFORD *(staggered, but game):* Miss Rosemary, I imply no reproach and never for a moment wronged you by a thought that there was any breach of propriety involved in the—er—contact I allude to. Far from it! The fault, if fault there be, was mine, and must be attributed to the warmth of my feeling, which impelled me to take what might under some circumstances be deemed an inexcusable liberty. But as to that fact itself, I could not possibly be in error.

ROSEMARY *(incredulously):* You must be! Is that what you've got written on your shirt cuff? Read it again and see if you haven't made a mistake in the name. It must have been some other girl. Let me look! (RUTHERFORD *puts his hand behind his back.)* Gracious heavens! I, Rosemary Mackeldowney, be guilty of holding hands!

RUTHERFORD *(greatly concerned):* Please don't allow it to distress you.

ROSEMARY: I do remember that you were quite confidential. You told me of the opportunity that had been offered to you with this institute and of your unwillingness to commercialize yourself and give up your connection with the university just to get a decent salary. I was deeply interested, I admit; but is it possible that you took advantage of my preoccupation to—to —— Oh, Professor Warren! *(She covers her face with her handkerchief, and her shoulders shake.)*

RUTHERFORD *(greatly agitated):* Please don't! At least let me try to justify myself. I ask you to believe that I am not the light-minded libertine that you imagine, and that I would not for the world offend your delicacy. (ROSEMARY'S *shoulders become increasingly convulsed.)* I had, in speaking to you that night, a deep and serious purpose, in which I was most annoyingly interrupted.

ROSEMARY *(in a muffled voice):* You mean by Billy Joyce butting in?

RUTHERFORD: When Mr. Joyce idiotically obtruded his blatantly offensive personality I was about to make a declaration of my affection for you. I have been informed that in such cases it is quite permissible for a gentleman to take the young lady's hand, respectfully.

ROSEMARY *(her handkerchief still pressed to her eyes):* Then you ——

RUTHERFORD: Miss Rosemary, I—I love you. *(He looks at her expectantly and waits, but she vouchsafes no sign of having heard him, so he proceeds.)* Perhaps I should have mentioned this at the very first opportunity after our last interview, but, on consideration, I decided that it might be better to wait until my engagement with the institute was definitely settled and my salary assured. Yesterday the contract was signed, as I told you in my note, and I am able to offer you what might almost be termed affluence. It is true that I am required to be at the institute every day during office hours, but ——

ROSEMARY: If one has been all her life obliged to have a fond but fussy paleontological parent in the house and underfoot at all hours, one isn't likely to consider a few hours' daily respite from a husband any particular drawback. *(She removes the handkerchief from her face and looks at him with a smile totally undimmed by tears.)* Sit down, please. I want to think, and you make me nervous, standing up and glowering.

|RUTHERFORD *obeys her. He still observes the decorous distance between them and anxiously regards the young woman, who, bending forward, cushions her chin in a supporting palm and, with her head slightly averted, gazes with thoughtful intentness into futurity. In her abstraction she allows her disengaged hand to fall within six inches of* RUTHERFORD'S. *He notices it, but takes no advantage of the circumstance.*

ROSEMARY *(dreamily, and without altering her position):* So you love me! I wonder! Are you positive that it is really love that you feel?

RUTHERFORD: I am at a loss to imagine what else it can possibly be.

ROSEMARY: What else what can be?

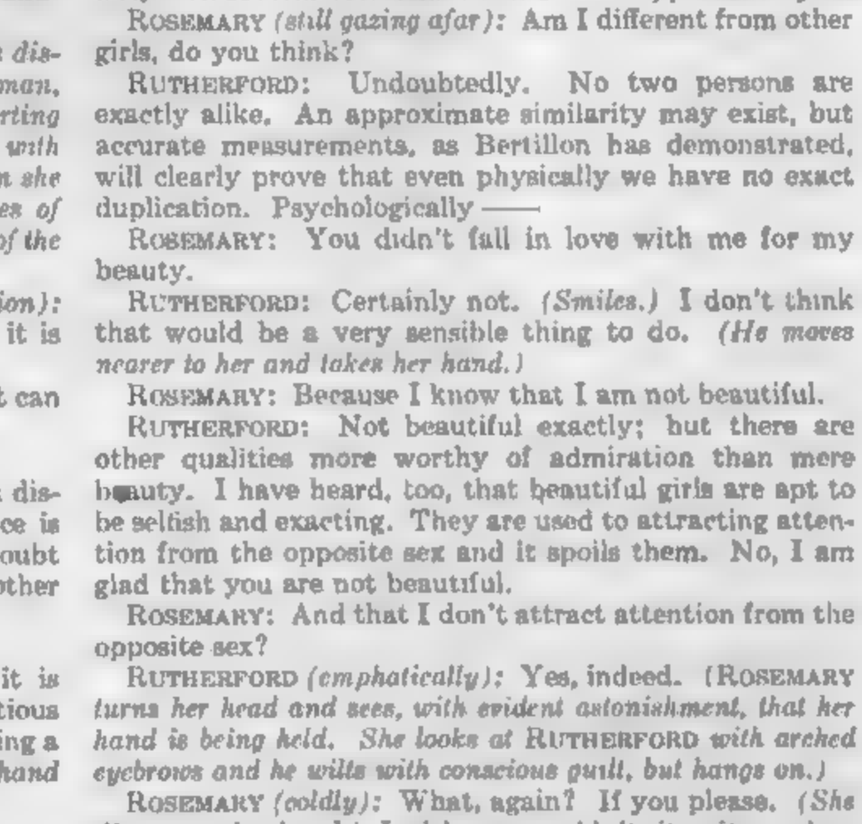
RUTHERFORD: The way I feel toward you. It is a distinctly novel sensation and I admit that inexperience is naturally liable to error, but I think there can be no doubt of it. I have never felt at all the same toward any other young woman of my acquaintance.

ROSEMARY: Are you quite sure of that?

RUTHERFORD: Not that I can remember, and it is unthinkable that I would forget. I try to be conscientious about this, and I consider that I am justified in making a positive assertion that I love you. *(He advances his hand toward hers, but withdraws it.)*

ROSEMARY: What makes you love me?

RUTHERFORD *(candidly):* I really cannot say. I am led to believe, from what I have read upon the subject, that the emotion we call love is to a great extent unreasonable and illogical. The theory of vibrations may account for it. I have remarked vibrations—of my knees particularly—on several occasions when I have approached you.



"If You Want the Brutal Truth, I'm In, But I'm Busy. . . . Psychodynamics"

ROSEMARY *(still gazing afar):* Am I different from other girls, do you think?

RUTHERFORD: Undoubtedly. No two persons are exactly alike. An approximate similarity may exist, but accurate measurements, as Bertillon has demonstrated, will clearly prove that even physically we have no exact duplication. Psychologically ——

ROSEMARY: You didn't fall in love with me for my beauty.

RUTHERFORD: Certainly not. *(Smiles.)* I don't think that would be a very sensible thing to do. *(He moves nearer to her and takes her hand.)*

ROSEMARY: Because I know that I am not beautiful.

RUTHERFORD: Not beautiful exactly; but there are other qualities more worthy of admiration than mere beauty. I have heard, too, that beautiful girls are apt to be selfish and exacting. They are used to attracting attention from the opposite sex and it spoils them. No, I am glad that you are not beautiful.

ROSEMARY: And that I don't attract attention from the opposite sex?

RUTHERFORD *(emphatically):* Yes, indeed. (ROSEMARY *turns her head and sees, with evident astonishment, that her hand is being held. She looks at* RUTHERFORD *with arched eyebrows and he wilts with conscious guilt, but hangs on.)*

ROSEMARY *(coldly):* What, again? If you please. *(She disengages her hand.)* I wish you wouldn't sit quite so close to me. *(The telephone bell rings and she rises quickly and takes down the receiver.)* Yes? . . . No, she isn't in. . . . Why, out, naturally. O-u-t, out. . . . Billy, I'm shocked at your ignorance of the conventions of polite society. (RUTHERFORD *starts and frowns.)* If you want the brutal truth, I'm in, but I'm busy. . . . Psychodynamics. . . . . Awfully dear of you, Billy, but don't trouble. . . . I mean trouble me. . . . Us, then. . . . Tut, tut! . . . Listen, kind sir! Didn't you understand me to say that I was busy? Call me later—years later, thank you so dreadfully much. Bye-bye. *(She hangs up the receiver, returns to the sofa and looks with smiling calm into* RUTHERFORD'S *unmistakable glare.)*

RUTHERFORD *(sternly):* Who was that?

ROSEMARY *(with quiet dignity):* Apologize, if you please, for the rudeness of your tone and the impertinence of your question.

RUTHERFORD *(after a struggle):* I beg your pardon. But ——

ROSEMARY *(in a brisk, matter-of-fact way):* Granted. That's settled. And now, if you don't mind, I will go on with my questions. I think that you will agree that I ought not to decide anything hastily and unsight, unseen, as it were. We are, as you are perhaps aware, a Missouri family

RUTHERFORD: Professor Mackeldowney has so informed me; but I trust I am above narrow prejudice. I think it quite possible that reports of the crudity of your native state have been exaggerated. My own Massachusetts even has been maligned.

ROSEMARY: Yes, I have heard positive blasphemy of Boston. But what I was wondering was how you happened

(Concluded on Page 153)

"I Venture to Hope That You Will Make Me Happy by—by——" He Falters!

PATRIOTS OF PEACE

By WILL H. HAYS

Election Day Outside a Polling Place

THIS country that is ours faces today a great danger—and a greater opportunity. And the time has come when all Americans who love their land and what it stands for must unite to fight relentlessly against the one—fervently for the other.

The danger that threatens our life, not alone as a nation but as individuals as well, is indifference; the fact that men and women will not only not do their duty but that they will not even take the trouble to find out what that duty is. The magnificent spirit of war patriotism has gone. There has come no spirit of peace patriotism to replace it. Instead a mad scramble, each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

It is, of course, wrong. It is, of course, futile. And if persisted in it may well become fatal.

All this has happened because we have failed to realize the simplest facts about our country and ourselves. We think of ourselves as Henry Jones, with a new sedan and a silk shirt; as De Courcey Onderdonck, with a chance to get back to Palm Beach and Newport; as J. Belfast Steele, interested in the magnificent opportunity for commercial development; as Jerry Jenkins, wrapped up in the price of wheat, cotton or corn; as Ignatz Blink, on strike for a four-hour day and a three-day week. And we think of America as a rather nice spot to live in while interested in our varied activities.

Which is, of course, as far from the truth as Dan from Beersheba, or Moscow from Peking.

We are not primarily Henry Joneses and De Courcey Onderdoncks. We are not, and we cannot afford to be. We are primarily American citizens in an interdependent civilization of such amazing complexity that if one part fails to function it cripples the whole. Nor is America merely a rather pleasant spot to be in. It is our country; a vast, fine, going business in which all of us are shareholders and from which we gain the profits that enable us to live and breathe and have our being.

Obligations of Citizenship

SO THAT this is what we must first realize: That the land in which we live is ours, come to us by inheritance from wise and valiant forbears who gave without stint of their brain and labor and blood to leave it to us that we might live in freedom, in honor and in the peace that comes of righteous strength.

It is we who own this country—you and I. We are equal partners, and as such devolve upon us certain privileges, certain obligations, for a man has no warrant on earth to talk about his rights until he has performed his duties. This land is ours, and if we fail to take a proper interest in it we can blame no one but ourselves if others take an improper interest in it.

What would you think of a business man who, after investing all his money in a concern, promptly went home and went to bed, leaving the handling of his wealth to Tom, Dick or Harry? You would think him a simpleton. And you would be perfectly right. And yet that is precisely what an appalling number of ignorant and self-centered Americans are doing to-day.

Let me cite a few instances:

The first was in a Mid-West city, in a state in which the citizens are reported to practice politics from childhood. The host was perhaps the most influential individual business factor in the state; his guests men of his kind, all carrying large responsibilities in the industrial and social life of the community. As has been usual of late months in any company, the matter of high taxes was the chief topic of discussion. Every man present condemned the law, the method of execution, the lawmakers and the agents of execution. The complaints were that any protest was useless, that the country was going to the dogs, that the politicians had it by the throat, that there was no use preparing for future business developments. One man even declared that he was going to move out of the country.

A fair sample of a fine lot! Some of these men voted occasionally—most never voted at all. Not one of them took the slightest interest in politics, knew nothing of the first elements of political organization, but regarded primary or election day as an opportunity for an extra day at golf. They were being taxed to the limit, were righteously indignant, knew something was wrong, and yet hadn't the slightest idea how to fix it. Capable, any of them, of solving the most intricate business problem, yet helpless as children in the face of a national situation that they themselves have been largely responsible in bringing about! Building wisely with their right hands, they have allowed their lefts to stir sand into the cement until the mortar crumbles and the bricks fall!

The second instance:

In a discussion the other day, in a distinguished company, of the uses of money in a political campaign, the head of a great concern asked a member of the Republican National Committee: "What do you want money for?"

The committeeman answered: "You got a letter the other day asking you to register, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the business man, "I did."

"Well, did you do anything about it?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then you got another letter, received on the second day fixed for registration, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you do anything about that?"

"I was busy."

"Then you got a third letter?"

"I know it."

"And you didn't do anything about that either?"

"I tell you I was busy. We were getting ready for an inventory and I had some buyers from outside the country, and ——"

"But finally on that last registration day the county committee sent an automobile round for you so you could go and register without using your own gasoline, so you could vote at the city election in your own city, so that you could prepare yourself to have a voice in the election of those men that were to levy the taxes on that very business that you wouldn't leave ——"

"Well, yes, they did."

"All right. The total cost of all that—the total cost of getting out your vote, a thing done for your own good as much as anybody's in the city—and there were lots like you—was two or three dollars. You ought to be fined.

"That's what we need money for—for you and men like you, that let George do it and then howl their heads off because it isn't done right!"

And he was correct. They should be fined. The high taxes they have to pay and the mismanagement they suffer are too small a penalty for their dereliction.

And remember that these are big men. They are known to all parties. They are rich men too; rich, that is, in money. Yet they are political paupers. For they are not on the polls of voters; they belong to no political club, Democratic or Republican, unless such club is primarily for social purposes and only incidentally political. Their friends, moreover, never heard them definitely express themselves; their wives "don't know"; and the proportion of these who do not cast any vote is huge, men not independent but slavishly apathetic, not only having no party but using no vote. I believe that fully half of our non-voters are self-disenfranchised; they won't vote because they won't take the trouble.

Patriotic Till Armistice Day

AND yet another instance:

To provide necessary campaign expenses the Republican National Committee recently developed a plan for decentralized giving. This involves a small limit on the amount which will be accepted from any individual in any one year for support of the party. A list was made of those men and women in New York State who were of the type that could very well afford, and rather owed a duty, to give the maximum amount under the plan. There were over 8000 on this list, and when this list was compared with the registration books to ascertain the politics of the 8000 it was found that more than 5000 of the 8000 had never registered to vote. They were supposed to be of the best type of citizen in this country; they were successful in their own affairs, but they were either too busy or too good to exercise that first basic right upon which all their prosperity depends.

Nothing is more amazing than that this condition could exist in this country to-day. Most of these people were admirably war active. Many, though not of draft age, volunteered for military service. They did war work which will be an example for all time. Up to November 11, 1918, they were patriotic men and women—but on the signing of the armistice they quit. This is no criticism of those who continue to do their duty. It is a condemnation of those who do not. For the wartime slacker there is no hope. But the soul that was awakened to patriotism in the days of conflict may be awakened to it in the days of peace. And once that soul really understands ——

(Continued on Page 156)

Wanted—Ten Million Houses!

By Charles Harris Whitaker

How Some Jerseyites Beat Landlords and the N. C. of L.

ONE of the impressive aspects of this world is the gradual disappearance of things that were once quite commonplace. Take the United States, for example. The buffalo is almost extinct. The itinerant tin peddler is no more. The saloon has gone. The last forestry congress dwelt painfully on our disappearing timber supply. All the world knows that our crude-oil deposits are yielding much less than we annually consume. To these things we shall adapt ourselves by new discoveries and inventions. But perhaps the most disturbing disappearance at this time is the empty house. It seems to have gone out with the general exodus. The most popular hunt to-day is the chase of the elusive "To Let" sign. Once it was a familiar emblem. Following it was a simple pastime. To-day there is nothing much scarcer. The game of beating the other fellow to it has grown absorbing and full of thrills.

There are still houses to let, but they are the old kind, the large kind, the unimproved kind, the undesirably located kind, and, finally, the impossible kind for a small family and a servantless existence. For the great mass of wage-earning and salary-earning Americans, finding a house is a difficult problem. If you are comfortably fixed you are fortunate. If you are not, and are one of the hunters, console yourself with the knowledge that the whole world is in the same predicament. But, in speaking of houses, do you remember how we used to talk about the "family fireside"? The "sheltering rooftree"? The "latchstring" that was always out? What has become of those words? How often do we hear them? Are we not putting the emphasis on houses when it belongs on homes? A house and a home are two different things. A house can be built. A home has to be made. In far too many houses—for we must include all kinds of human habitations under the word "house"—it is impossible to make a home. In the houses of the future the home-making possibilities ought to be the first consideration.

The Wrong Kind of Housing

SOMETIMES it seems as if in all the fuss about houses—and I do not by any means ignore the fact that there are plenty of reasons for the fuss—we had forgotten all about homes. It's a bad habit to cling to a wrong word. You are apt to lose sight of the thing that really matters. I do not think that the United States is going to abandon its ideas about homes as the base of its scheme, but we should help to advance that ideal very considerably if we stopped talking about houses and began talking about homes. There are too many people—some of them are called "housing reformers"—who have grown to think, under the pressure of the housing shortage that has been growing in this country for some time, that a house may be any kind of building in which people can be stowed at night and from which they can be called in the morning.

But that is not what people are looking for. They may put up with the idea, but they do not like it. And in putting up with it they are certain to lose some valuable qualities. They do not grow into better citizens but into poorer ones. They do not keep up the health standards necessary to a strong, virile race. They do not make good workers. They make poor consumers. They mean a downward scale of life instead of an upward one. It is not houses but homes that make a nation. Cripple the home and you cripple the nation.

Did you ever turn over a good-sized flat stone in a field or pasture on a summer's day? Do you remember the startled activities of the community that had gathered under that stone? Probably they were ants, and it is certain that they were quite as much surprised as you were, and very much more annoyed. But if you had had the patience to study their activities for a little while you would have witnessed perhaps the most wonderful exhibition of collective action and organization of which mankind has knowledge. In a very short time—very short indeed in comparison with the length of life of an ant—you would have seen the ants build a new community and go about their business as though nothing had happened. As builders of communities they are far in advance of man. As housing experts they are hard to beat. As organizers for collective action natural history knows no animal that can beat them in the application of intelligence.

Man cannot proceed in any such manner, though he is at the present moment in about the same fix as were the ants from whose abode you rudely lifted the stone. A great many millions of people are looking for homes. If we could get away from the earth and look it over in its entirety we should discover something resembling the startled activities of the suddenly unhoused ants. Whether we scanned the thronged streets of the Island of Manhattan or the feverish automobile district of Detroit or the glorious panorama of San Francisco; whether we tried to penetrate the smoke and fog of London or to study the animated streets of Paris; whether we looked at Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Berlin, Rome, or spun the earth on its axis and looked at Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland or Wellington or Cape Town or Johannesburg, we should find the same hunt. All the world is looking for houses, inquiring about houses, talking about houses, and getting more or less seriously concerned about where they are to come from.

Never before in the history of the world, as far as we know, has there been such a shortage of houses. It is true that the devastation of war has left a great section of Europe shelterless, but the fact is that the destruction of houses in the last war represents but a fragment of the total housing needs of the world. In France 50,000 houses were destroyed, and 100,000 others were pillaged and damaged, but France needs many times that number of houses.

Why the Shortage Exists

ENGLAND, practically untouched by the ravages of war, as far as property is concerned, needs at least a million houses. The rest of Europe, excepting France, needs another million. The United States needs more than that. Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South America need a million and a half. The shortage is everywhere—among white peoples, at least—and it is increasing rather than diminishing. Those five million houses will take some years to build; the moment they are done another five million will be needed. The problem of shelter will reach colossal proportions in the future. The time is coming when man will have to study the methods of the ant. He might well be studying them now.

What are the causes of the present shortage? Why is it that the law of supply and demand has not operated, and does not operate, to produce houses as it operates to produce other things that man needs and which he will buy as fast as they can be supplied? The answer cannot be stated in terms of any one cause, for the causes are several. In the first place there is the devastation of war. In the second place there is the annual destruction—high in the United States and Canada—by fire. There is also the annual loss in wearing out, for houses wear out as do other things, when they are badly and cheaply built. A vast part of the world is to-day living in worn-out houses, unfit for human habitation. A final cause, and one representing perhaps the

Continued on Page 109.

Charm and Cheapness in Homes for the Workingmen of Lester, Pennsylvania

HIGH LIFE

By HARRISON RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

VII

THE train from Geneva, due at Delices-les-Bains at two-thirty, arrived that day only three hours late. This was phenomenal; it was a good omen; it seemed to indicate an approaching return to antebellum conditions, when once or twice a year the train used to come in actually on time. Among the last to descend from a crowded compartment were the ancient Churak and the well-groomed ex-Majesty of Constantia-Felix.

"I hope," said Georges, "that in time you can accommodate yourself to my democratic habits, Churak. If we had paid for the whole compartment as usual I should have missed the acquaintance of the two gentlemen from St. Gall who travel in underwear and lace goods. You shudder, Churak; so do I. But this is the new world.

"I am going up to the Hotel de Russie while you get us rooms at the Beaurivage—or somewhere else. Let us not do things by halves. Why not go to some unspeakably cheap and filthy lodging? Our Majesty will dispense with a salon. Why indeed should I have even a bed? If we can only save money enough I intend to have a bottle of champagne for dinner at the Casino to-night. No, you think we oughtn't to be so extravagant as to dine there? Well then, you at least shan't. Churak, you've been talking economy and price of beefsteak so much lately that I'm determined to save. I think perhaps you had better have no dinner at all. Indeed, as the weather's good, why shouldn't you sleep on a bench in the park?"

Such speeches might be taken to indicate a fair degree of high spirits, even in a creature like Georges, who was very subject to cheerfulness. But after he had dismissed the unhappy and rebellious old count and was himself walking slowly up the Allée de Savoie he seemed invaded by some of the evening's melancholy. He sat down once on a stone bench, took a telegram out of his pocket and read it, and after slowly putting it back traced with his cane a few aimless designs in the gravel of the path before he started on.

The telegram was from Miss Lydia Smith. It said, "Please come and take me home. I'm so unhappy."

"Poor little Lydia!" he murmured, and yet he smiled, too, as if nothing could be wrong that a wise father could not set right with a word. And yet Georges was neither a fool nor fatuous, as men go.

At the hotel he discovered that Mrs. Hastings had gone out, but that Miss Lydia Smith was at home and would receive her father, Mr. Georges Smith, as he suddenly realized that he now must be. She stood tremulously expectant in the little drawing-room as he was ushered in. He paused a moment; it was in genuine admiration.

"How pretty you look, my dear!" he exclaimed. "And the waist! You couldn't reasonably wish it to be any smaller. Come now, could you?"

This struck, one would have said, just the right note. Yet all the answer that the little Princess Lydia made was to run across the room and into her father's arms, where, poor child, she had so rarely been. She took at its full value the promise he had made her only a little while ago, that his waistcoat would be the place where she could always lay that yellow head of hers and cry. The yellow head was more prettily coifed than ever before. And yet tears are always salt and bitter, even from the loveliest blue eyes.

"There, there, my dear!" he murmured, patting her a little awkwardly, just as any unroyal father might have done.

"I'm so glad you're here, papa. The world isn't as nice as I thought it was going to be"

"Poor little modern girl!" he said with affectionate sarcasm. "Poor Miss Smith!"

"Don't make fun of me, papa. I'm very unhappy."

"Yes, I know," he answered soothingly.

"You know?" She seemed a little surprised as she looked up at him through her tears.

"I am, my dear, a very wise fellow; so I know. Shall I tell you the story?"

She disengaged herself and dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief which—even in this emotional moment—was prettier than any she had ever had before.

"A certain small princess met a young man she liked."

"How did you guess that, papa?"

"Just my wisdom, dear. And so the little princess let herself drift away with the tide, and the tide was setting toward the islands of romance."

"Yes, papa." She wiped away a tear.

"Of course," Georges continued, "the girl couldn't altogether forget that she was a princess in disguise and was away from her father's court in a miserable furnished villa, in a way upon her parole of honor. She knew that the young man was only a bourgeois merchant's son and that a marriage with him was out of the question, since it would displease the girl's wonderful father, to whom she really wished to give all the obedience consistent with being quite modern and independent. So when she found the current setting toward those islands was too strong for her she grew frightened. She was still in love with the young man and he with her. But she was afraid of her father. Now suppose that her father can make it all right?"

"But you can't, papa. You don't understand at all. The story doesn't go the way you've told it."

"But aren't you in love with the young man?"

"No, certainly not!" And she began afresh to cry.

"Isn't he in love with you?"

"No," Miss Smith managed to say. "Not a bit."

"But he must be in love with somebody," ejaculated Georges impatiently, "at his age."

The Telegram Was From Miss Lydia Smith. It Said, "Please Come and Take Me Home. I'm So Unhappy"

"He is," agreed Miss Smith, and she flung herself down on the sofa and for an instant buried her face in its cushions.

Georges looked at first puzzled, then apprehensive, then frankly perturbed. Against a pale lemon-yellow twilight sky there came slowly up the little path to the pink terrace two figures, a young man and a lovely lady. The Majesty of Constantia-Felix stepped to the door.

"Oh, sire," cried Mrs. Hastings, very prettily sinking in a curtsy, "you surprise and honor us"

And then: "May I be permitted to present ——"

"I already have the honor," said the king with cold formality.

Young Mr. Morpurgo was blushing heavily. But he pulled himself into some kind of a salute.

"I came, Your Majesty, you see," he stammered.

"Yes," replied Georges IV, still glacial, "you seem to have come pretty far, Prince Otto."

"Prince Otto!" screamed both ladies.

"Of Hellenos?" added Mrs. Hastings.

The creature nodded his head in shame. The dragon took both men in with a glance of scorn.

"Oh, you—you two devils!" she half gasped. "Though that's not half enough to call you. Oh, Lydia! Lydia!" she cried, turning to the girl. "My poor, deceived, tricked child! I can't think whether they've treated me worse than you or you worse than me."

"I can't see," said Lydia with some acerbity and a good deal of good sense, "that they have done you any harm."

"Not done me harm?" exclaimed the lady in question. "They've played with me, made a fool of me. I shall cable to Washington—to the President. No, I won't. I'll make the American eagle scream all by myself far better than he could. You'd better go, Lydia dear. This will soon be no place for you. But remember that I love you, Lydia Smith, and everything's a mistake. Men especially are a mistake. Royalties above all! You shall come to New York and marry a nice broker. Go, my dear," she rattled on as she almost pushed Miss Smith out of the door, "and even if you hear them scream don't come to their rescue. Oh!" she concluded, as alone now she turned with heightened color and snapping eyes to their royal highnesses.

They looked rather sheepishly at each other.

"Fire away!" at last said Georges IV.

"Call us whatever you like," pleaded the late Mr. Morpurgo.

For just a quarter of an instant she still stood angrily. And then slowly seating herself, she merely smiled at them and shook her head commiseratingly. With an air of infinite leisure and detachment she adjusted the chiffon flounces of her skirt.

"You foolish creatures!" she murmured. And she lit a cigarette, while they watched her as fascinated and doomed white rabbits might a lovely serpent.

Georges IV was the first to pull himself into some semblance of royal dignity. "May I ask ——" he began.

"I was told to save your daughter from undesirable young men. I did. But"—and she turned a radiant smile upon Prince Otto—"there was no one to save me from Mr. Morpurgo."

"I am a fool," remarked Georges almost bitterly. "Still let us get things clear ".

"By all means, Your Royal Highness. This other highness thinks he's in love with me."

"It's intolerable!" began Constantia-Felix.

"He doesn't find it so," said the lady.

"I've asked her to be my wife," said the young Prince Otto, standing very stiff.

"And of course now she refuses and the episode's over, and better over."

"I stand quite ready to refuse you, Ottok, if I have your permission to do so. You've turned out to be the heir to the throne of Hellenos, if there is one. But you must believe me that I thought you were just Morpurgo. This is no trap laid to catch a prince."

The boy strode across to the window and stood a moment with his back to them. Then he turned and broke out violently to the king

"There is a trap laid for me, however, and by you, sir! You're trying to turn me against her just because she did what was decent, brave and sporting. She was guardian of a princess and she guarded."

"Ah, but this is nice of you, *mon prince!*" murmured the lady softly.

"What difference does it make to me how I met her, or why she made me fall in love with her? I have met her, I have fallen in love with her. Mrs. Hastings, I repeat my offer. Will you take me?"

"She's far too intelligent a woman," protested Georges, "not to know that it's impossible. Even if it weren't for your age ——"

"Your Majesty is so unwise to rub in the difference in our ages," from Mrs. Hastings with quite the air of disinterested advice.

"I beg your pardon if for a moment I thought of you as a more suitable bride for—for an older man "

Prince Otto shot a sudden glance at the king as if an unpleasant suspicion crossed his mind. His shoulders straightened. He looked ready for combat.

Georges went on: "There is also to be considered ——"

"Please don't say his position," interrupted the lady. "I think Your Majesty made it quite clear to me in a previous—audience, ought I to say?—that you feel marriage quite out of the question between royalty and the likes of me. And of course I should insist on marriage. And there you are!"

"I have the honor again, madame, to ask your hand." It was Prince Otto speaking.

"Oh, I wish I knew what to do!" said the lady very pathetically, but somehow with the air of knowing exactly what to do.

"I think ——" she began, and then paused, observing delicately, but with satisfaction, the torment to which she was subjecting both gentlemen.

"May I beg," finally broke forth the older of them, "five minutes alone with you before you come to any conclusion?"

"I object," began the younger man.

"Oh," said the lady, "he isn't going to ask me to marry him! He doesn't believe in that sort of thing."

"May I suggest to you, my dear young man, that if it had been possible for a member of a European reigning house to marry Mrs. Hastings someone would have tried long before you?"

"Tried?" asked Otto with a note of sarcasm. "I'm wondering what they called trying."

"It didn't consist in asking me at any rate," she said. "It's but simple justice to you, Otto, to say that you're the first to make a definite and legitimate proposal." Her voice became more serious. "I shan't forget that, dear boy. Your cause won't suffer by anything that happens if you leave me alone a minute with an old friend. And whether I take you or refuse you in the end it will be because I believe that in that way lies greater happiness for you. You've won that much of my heart."

She held out her hand to him and he kissed it.

"I shall wait on the terrace till you send for me if it's all night," he said, and rushed out with boyish swiftness as if he felt more emotion than he wanted anyone to see just then.

"It's turned cold," said the lady after a little pause. "Would you put a match to the fire?"

For a fleeting instant of royal pride he seemed to meditate ringing for a servant, then under her little mocking smile he knelt to the humble task.

"Two old people by the fire, eh?"

"Rubbish!" retorted Georges. "We're neither of us forty."

"He's not thirty and she's not twenty."

The wood crackled as it caught, and he rose.

"You are not in love with him, are you?"

"I'm touched by him, pleased by him. Why shouldn't I be in love with him? Or why should I? In any case, from your point of view he's an admirable match, isn't he?"

"Haven't you a heart?" asked Georges.

"A heart?" she answered. "Yes. But a man must try to find it. Have you a right to know?"

He slumped into a big bechintzed and becushioned chair by the small fire, quite regardless of nice manners, and for a silent moment gazed at it while she stood and gazed at him.

"No," he said finally, and he looked up at her with a smile not quite so gay as was generally his smile. "Kings have no right to any knowledge of the human heart. Perhaps they couldn't go on with their poor little *métier* of being kings if they had. I've felt that I must consider the tradition of my race rather than the feelings of my own heart. I've felt, even now—now perhaps more than ever—that I must play the farce out. Now more than ever I feel disinclined to. More than ever I want to try my chances against that nice, decent boy, who's fallen in love with you, as of course he should, and of whom I'm jealous."

He rose. Again the fire crackled in the soft silence.

"Am I a fool?" he asked at last.

"Not quite," she said.

"I'm afraid I am. I'm afraid I'm going to be—quite."

Perhaps he would have been—quite. There was a determined reckless look in his eyes that contrasted oddly with the usual lazy smile. Again he took a step toward her. We shall never know just how many steps he might have taken, nor how far he might have gone. At that moment there was almost a clatter outside. Prince Otto pulled the door upon the terrace open, and the old Count Churak almost staggered into the room. He was winded, he was breathing heavily, yet somehow he was not quite the same figure that he had seemed by the Lac des Alpes. Something had happened which again ranged the great centuries behind him.

"Your Majesty," he began, "it has come. Thank God it's come!"

The air in the snug soft sitting room grew electric, tense.

"What, Churak?" asked Georges; yet, as if already he knew, he unconsciously stood straighter, more like a king.

"There was a telegram at the Hotel Beaurivage. Our friends have risen at last. They are in possession of Lichtenmont and five provinces have declared for you. And the representatives of the new government are already on their way now to the Lac des Alpes to offer you your crown. We must be there to-morrow morning."

"Can we be?" asked Georges.

"I have a motor at the door. We can be if we drive all night. And they say that the Great Pass is clear of snow."

"Then we will start at once." His Majesty of Constantia-Felix put his hand on his servant's shoulder. "You have done well, old Churak. But will not the all-night run be too hard for you?"

"I will go, sire, if it kills me. I must be with you when justice is done."

"There, there, you shall," promised the king.

And his arm went—unroyally perhaps—round both shoulders of his ancient chamberlain. The result was unexpected, for the old man suddenly broke down, and though he fought hard, for a few seconds his half-stifled sobs were the only sound in the small firelit room. And during that little period the little Princess of Constantia-Felix stole in and stood, wide-eyed, watching.

His Majesty turned to his old friend from across the seas.

"You see," he said lightly, "Fate is perhaps deciding for me—that I am to be quite a fool. Lydia," he went on to his child, "Will you, if Mrs. Hastings will bring you, start to-morrow for the Lac des Alpes? We are perhaps to go home to Lichtenmont. You think you do not want to go, but perhaps somehow, after all, I can make you happy there, my child. Not that your happiness or mine has much importance, dear. Just now and forever afterward, whatever happens, what matters is our country's happiness."

It was perhaps a historic moment which was passing thus in this suite of the Hotel de Russie.

(Continued on Page 163)

"What Difference Does it Make to Me How I Met Her, or Why She Made Me Fall in Love With Her? I Have Met Her, I Have Fallen in Love With Her. Mrs. Hastings, I Repeat My Offer. Will You Take Me?"

LUCK OF THE ROAD

IV

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE elder Pollards came home from Port Jefferson the morning after Irma's elopement, their visit shortened by the sprightly news. Aunt Naomi was one of those canny seeresses who announce their prophecies after the event, therefore she was quite safe in saying that she had felt it in her bones all along that something would happen as soon as her back was turned. Uncle Henry, grown fat with inactivity, and never a stirring person despite his Spanish War record, was inclined to leave things to the fate which had served him indifferent well thus far.

"Couldn't come out no worse 'n lots o' church weddin's I know," he philosophized. "If that feller was drivin' a fancy auto like you tell about, chances are he'll support Irma in proper style. Hope she won't git stuck up, though, and forgit us folks."

Aunt Naomi set herself to considering Colburn's case. Winnie, still a devoted nurse, had done her best to keep secret his identity; but Aunt Naomi had rummaged the large kit bag which had fallen to the road from the wrecked machine.

"A feller that sleeps in silk pants and slicks his hair with gold brushes ought to pay his board," she concluded. "Not that I'm takin' in boarders as a regular thing."

Among other important matters she discovered an Italian passport, and though she disdained the language in which it was written, a poor photograph of the invalid with the identifying script, "Fitzroy H. D. Colburn," assured her that the man in her best bed was a personage despite his record in some foreign rogues' gallery.

Confronted with the revealing papers, Winnie saw nothing for it but to tell the truth.

"He's a very famous millionaire, auntie," she confessed. "The Colburns are one of the wealthiest families in New York."

"Well, why don't his folks take him back there?"

"The doctor says he can't be moved and—and he doesn't want his family to know where he is."

"H'm!" grunted Naomi. "Looks funny to me. See here, Winnie—are you settin' your cap at that feller?"

"Aunt Naomi!"

"Don't git so highty-tighty! Wiser girls than you have went foolish over wealth and vanity. But be warned in time. Fellers that sleep in silk pants and slick their hair with golden brushes ain't foolin' round country girls, object matrimony. And you'd do well to remember what Irma done, lettin' her heart jump away with her brain."

Winnie walked out in the midst of the lecture. She was remembering all too well what Irma "done." Aside from the hurt which Irma's abrupt departure had given her, she felt a constant jealousy at the thought that the quieter, less attractive sister had worked her charms so well. Irma had ever been retiring, Winnie ever bold. Winnie had reveled in beaux since her fifteenth year. Buried though she had been in this curious little farm, she had yet managed to set half the town boys of Bellport and Patchogue by the ears. She was sophisticated in coquetry—born sophisticated, I might almost say.

Her one fear now was that Aunt Naomi, out of patience, would seek out Colburn's influential relatives and cause him to be taken away. Obsessed by this thought, she guarded him like the jewel of price that he was. She was conscious of the way his eyes followed her as she worked about the room or sat sewing at his bedside. He talked more and more as the days went by; and though he uttered much that she could not understand, she could read admiration in every speech he made. "Fair Cynthia" he began calling her. She didn't care for the name, which she associated with the beauties of the negro population. However, he must have meant it well, because he looked volumes when he said it.

"I Used to Sit on the Porch Out on the Farm and Pray to Go to New York and be Alive. And Here I Am. And What Do I Get Out of It?"

"Fair Cynthia," he addressed her upon the first occasion of his sitting up, "has anyone done your portrait?"

She lowered her eyes, determined not to bungle things by a show of overeagerness.

"There's a photographer over at Patchogue who says he'll do it for nothing."

Colburn laughed.

"No one could take your picture and not be rewarded," he said. "Lord, how I wish I were something better than a dauber! I know a man who could do it."

"In New York?" she asked, her heart leaping.

"No, in Rome."

This was slightly discouraging. Her imagination had not as yet flown beyond the glories of Manhattan.

Doctor Brindley, who had by now identified his patient, became no less attentive for what he knew. He got Colburn up gradually, at first permitting him to limp across the room supported by Winnie's steadying arm. Then came little walks down the cross-lot path. The convalescent became weak upon the first trial and had to be brought back, his arm across Winnie's shoulders.

Something more than a fortnight after the collision its victim—occasionally supported—was able to walk a quarter of a mile beyond the real-estate signs and into the scrub-oak grove leading to the cemetery. He had chatted all the way, talking in his cultivated, rather stilted manner. At last he sank down upon a pile of seasoned cordwood.

"Tired?" asked his bright-haired nurse.

"Not terribly."

He was looking at her again with his brilliant hazel eyes, and Winnie as she took a seat beside him admitted that he was rather good looking in a washed-out sort of way. Possibly with a little more flesh on his bones he might turn out to be quite handsome.

She wondered what there was about him that she didn't like.

"They're going to carry me away this afternoon," he said with a poor attempt at a smile.

"Not really?"

Winnie's surprise was genuine.

"It seemed a pity to burden your aunt any longer. She's been frightfully good to me—all of you have. But there seems to be no possible excuse for me to clutter up your place now. I've asked Mrs. Pollard to notify my sister at Southampton."

"Of course. You're about well now," she admitted dispassionately.

"I am; that's true."

He was talking with a curious inflection as he looked at her. His voice had thickened as though under stress of an uncontrollable emotion when next he spoke.

"Winnie Pollard, you're an exquisite thing! I don't suppose you even dream how wonderful ——"

In an instant his sound arm had reached out and was pulling her head toward him; his little mustache pricked her upper lip as she lay for a moment without struggling. Winnie Pollard, we must admit, had been kissed before. In her circle it was regarded as a pleasant social custom, nothing more. But here was another and more serious matter.

"Mr. Colburn!" she cried, leaping away and standing furious before him. "What sort of girl do you think I am?"

"Miss Pollard!" he begged, coming to his feet and imploring her with his good hand. "You'll please forgive me, won't you? I'm dreadfully sorry. I know I shouldn't have done it. But you were so ——"

"How could you do such a thing?" she asked. "How could you think of such a thing when I ——"

She had burst stormily into tears, which came more easily than she had hoped, because she was so excited that she could have cried or laughed with equal facility.

"You're so wonderful, Miss Pollard! And I hadn't the least intention of doing anything to annoy you."

"Let's go home!" she wailed. "Nobody has ever treated me with such dis—such dis——"

Her speech broken by sobs, she turned hastily down the path and was followed by her distracted invalid.

Winnie found excuses to neglect him for the rest of the day. She succeeded too well, for he remained in his room and made no sign until late in the afternoon, when a great glassy car stopped at the Pollard gate and a lady with high eyebrows and haughtily worn furs swept up the path, in her wake a little elderly man.

"I am Mrs. Modderson," she announced. "I understand that my brother is ill—here."

The "here" plainly implied that her brother had chosen a very poor den for the scene of his suffering.

"Yes, there's a Mr. Colburn here, if that's what you mean," declared Aunt Naomi, showing the resentment which poverty usually feels toward riches. "It was him I phoned about."

Winnie Pollard, excited out of her Fabian tactics, had come forth to the hallway. Mrs. Modderson in passing gave her one of those admiring looks with which Lady Bountiful greets a pretty face during the course of slumming. Winnie retired to the head of the stairs, but from that vantage she could hear Mrs. Modderson's wealthy staccato wanting to know what had happened and why in the world he hadn't let her know and how did he get there.

They were not long in arranging for Colburn's departure. Presently he came slowly out of his room, protesting that he didn't need help either from his sister or the little man, whom they addressed as Doctor Barret. Uncle Henry followed in the rear, carrying Colburn's kit bag. The humility of this act wounded Winnie's pride. She hated to see a relative of hers bending his back at the behest of that magnificent company who marched so disdainfully away.

Whether pleasant or not, the sight was hypnotic. She ran up to her bedroom, where from a window she could watch the last act of her poor comedy. About halfway down the walk the group had stopped. A chauffeur coming to the rescue had relieved Uncle Henry of his load, and the latter, making deprecating gestures in the presence of Mrs. Modderson, was too plainly discussing the amount of Colburn's bill. The doctor was leading Colburn toward the car. Mrs. Modderson opened her gold-mesh bag, took several bills from a flat gold purse and laid them in Uncle Henry's extended palm. Winnie could have murdered him for the grateful bow with which he received the money.

"Do they think we're servants?" she asked the empty room as she pulled the shade upon defeat.

Colburn was taken away in early October. The month which followed was not a pleasant one for any of the Pollards. Henry and Naomi, affectionate souls at heart, worried openly because Irma made no sign. It was all very well for Winnie to declare that she had heard over a broken telephone connection that Irma was in New York and married. They had learned to distrust the road and the handsome vehicles upon it. There were stories in plenty of green country girls and dashing strangers with swift runabouts. As for Colburn —

"We're well red of him," declared Aunt Naomi. "Our Winnie was too smart for him—and honor to her that she was."

To Winnie's secret thinking the jig was up. She had overplayed her part during that impetuous encounter by the cordwood pile. If he were a real gentleman, as he should be, he would have written or sent her a box of candy.

In search of a counterirritant, she resumed her friendship with Arthur McCracken, who had a car of his own which looked quite splendid until you stood it beside a better one. The bald-headed Mr. Cleaver entered into rivalry, and between them her evenings were well occupied. Arthur favored motion-picture shows, but Mr. Cleaver had a talent for dancing. With her two cavaliers Winnie did very well in a small way. One or the other of the rivals usually kissed her good night, which was unimportant to Winnie and merely meant that she was a pretty girl receiving her just due.

It happened one November morning, shortly after Aunt Naomi and Uncle Henry had taken their tinny roadster to Bellport with the idea of leading back a fresh cow, that one of the sort of vehicles that always made McCracken's car look poor and shoddy stopped at the Pollard gate, and a man with a fur coat got out and came up the path toward the house.

Winnie, who at once recognized Mr. Colburn, felt giddy for a moment; then she hid in the parlor and permitted Serena to go to the door.

"Is Miss Pollard in?" she heard him ask.

"Winnie, you mean?" inquired Serena's sharp voice.

"Yes, Winnie."

Colburn stepped into the parlor and faced the enchantress as she stood in the center of a shabby rug and under Uncle Henry's crayon enlargement.

"How do you do, Miss Pollard?" he began, holding out a hand and showing embarrassment as he did so.

"How do you do?"

She did not take his hand, but excitement caused her lip to tremble as she looked at him, striving to steady her gaze.

"I haven't been out very long," he resumed in a low persistent tone. "I was coming by this way and I thought I'd drop in and see how you were."

"We're very well," she was good enough to inform him.

"Confound it all," he blurted out, "I've come here for something more than that. I've wanted to make amends—I feel that I owe you the humblest apology in the world."

"How can a great man like you owe anything to a—a poor girl like me?" she faltered, secretly rather proud of the speech.

"I don't want you to think wrong of me."

He stood irresolute for a long time, then he wheeled and looked out of the window.

"It's a beautiful day," he said at last. "I wonder if you'd mind a little spin out in the air? We ought to settle this—and it's so much easier to talk out there."

She paused. Rough handling had frightened him away once.

"It would be very nice," she conceded—"if you don't mind waiting till I get on my things."

Her first thought as soon as she had got herself into the seat beside him was a prideful one. Secretly it had cut her to think that Irma should have been the first one to be whirled away like royalty in a chariot. She was ashamed of her winter coat, poor to look at beside his. Her heart thumped anew. He had come back! He had not forgotten the girl who cried when he kissed her.

Skillfully he turned [illegible] into an unfrequented road which wound its way toward the wooded interior. She eyed him critically as he talked, quite evidently sparring for time. She wished his features were a trifle less regular. His skin was too fine for a man's. His hands as he managed the wheel seemed fussy and nervous. "Old-maidish" was the qualifying word that came into her mind.

"You got another car, didn't you?" she asked by way of conversation.

"Another car—oh, yes—yes."

He was thinking of something else. Another car. A small thing to him. Probably he ordered them by the case.

The road growing more and more rutty was leading them by deep woods and shaggy fences. Finally he stopped his car upon a carpet of rustling maple leaves.

"I think we can talk here," he said. "I know you'll understand, because you look at things in a nice way. I don't know a great deal about women—not so much as you'd think. My position in life has been a peculiar one. It has made me cautious about women and their motives, I suppose. But I should have known after the unselfish devotion you showed me that you weren't—that sort."

The drift of his remarks inspired her to a plan of action.

"I was awfully hurt," she told him, permitting her lips to tremble a little. "It seemed to me all the time you were suffering so and were so brave about it that you were different. You seemed to know my position—and yours. I hadn't any idea who you were—not until the last day, when my aunt told me. But I did think you were a gentleman. It was fearful to think that you could have done anything like that!"

She put her little glove to her eyes, which had grown appropriately moist.

"Please don't!" he begged, his face pale with genuine feeling.

(Continued on Page 185)

"Half Past Four," Said Her Husband, Looking at His Wrist

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8, 1920

Uneven Scales

IN A TIME of rapid price changes, depreciated money and hysterical make-believe thinking, it is no labor at all to throw over old beliefs. Men doubt whether the so-called laws of economics have any force or whether any natural laws exist. Even in less heretical times the sacredness and indeed the reality of such laws were open to question, and it was pointed out that the laws of Nature are only such to our poor, limited powers of observation. Grant the point and let all varieties of hairsplitters argue the subject to shreds. Excited persons may deny the existence of this and that. But in regard to at least one tendency which has been called an economic law we are faced with considerable historical evidence which points rather plainly to the conclusion that demand tends to provoke supply.

Just as long as brains, intelligence, science and invention are free, monopolies, corners, shortages and abnormal profits are bound, over a sufficient period of time, to destroy themselves. "Tend" is an irritating, comfortless word. If milk sells at several hundred dollars a quart in Vienna thousands of babies are likely to starve before high prices actually stimulate enough additional cattle raising to feed the hungry mouths. But cause and effect, demand and supply, are not always so slow in their action. Many have been the corners in wheat and cotton which brought a flood of offers down upon the heads of their ill-fated perpetrators. Already the high price of collars and the high cost of laundering have increased enormously the wearing of soft shirts and collars, and the washing of these articles of clothing at home. Already a better class of women is being attracted to domestic service because of the high wages paid. These are illustrations of a sufficiently homely nature to be understood by anyone. But it is just as true that the capacity of almost every industry in the country has been rapidly enlarged in the last year or two by the high profits prevailing.

In the agricultural country surrounding one of the large automobile cities of the Middle West complaint is made that young men are leaving the farm for the city, where they get eight dollars a day in the motor or rubber plants. But the city worker must have the farmers' product and he will have to pay for it. Temporarily the farmer is hard pressed for help and production perhaps is falling off. But the cities must have food and they will have to pay for it. If necessary farmers will have to pay ten dollars or fifteen dollars a day for farm helpers. When that time comes the balance will be restored, or at least the process of restoration will have been started. If the young man goes to the city because hours are shorter the farmer will have to reduce his hours and make the city people pay for it.

We hear much of the shortage of teachers, of the rush of professors and schoolma'ams into more lucrative work. But already the corrective forces are in operation. Everywhere salaries are being raised. Meanwhile principals and superintendents tear their hair in a vain search for suitable young men and women to instruct the young immediately. The corrective process works slowly and far from perfectly. But it does work, a fact which should reassure those of us who have been converted hastily and hysterically into a complete despair for the universe.

If men of any class, whether of employers or of employed, are enjoying monopoly profits or monopoly wages, they are riding for a fall. The Standard Oil Company once had a monopoly, but now one finds almost impossible the job of following the growth of its big independent competitors. Artificial arrangements often keep a monopoly alive for a long time, but history has few examples of anything like a permanent corner. The medieval guild of bow-and-arrow makers looked like a tight enough monopoly, but what did it amount to after firearms came along? Let us imagine an absurdly impossible case—that window cleaners in office buildings form a powerful enough union to exact wages of one hundred dollars a day. But then along will come a window-cleaning machine, and these imaginary extortioners will be eliminated altogether. Coal and even oil have become very scarce and high. But let them keep on jumping in price, and soon we shall have alcohol manufactured on a commercial scale sufficient to meet the need.

On Investing Money

AFTER several years of intense activity in business and easy profits all round, the problem of how to invest their surplus incomes is worrying more people than ever before. The country has not become as yet a one-hundred-per-cent paradise for promoters and brokers, either legitimate or illegitimate, for there are still a few million men, women and children who do not worry about their securities because they have none to worry about. But the most casual observation reveals a greatly increased number of persons who are looking round for a safe place to put their money after buying all the expensive clothes, automobiles and diamonds for which they have an appetite.

Investing money does not come naturally, like learning to walk. It is a little more difficult, perhaps, than even swimming and dancing. It requires not only good judgment and common sense but even more a sense of proportion and self-control. Among those who have money to spare for the first time these qualities may be inherent, but more often are acquired only after rather painful experience.

If it were possible to pass a law making it a criminal offense for anyone to invest in a company in which the prospective stockholder or bondholder has no managerial part, there would be many millions of dollars saved, not only to the investors themselves but from wasteful frittering away into visionary and disingenuous projects. Of course investors cannot be handled in this despotically benevolent fashion.

But unfortunately almost every person with a few thousand dollars to spare buys stocks or bonds and then takes as much direct part in the corporation as the residents of the Fiji Islands. Our great industries are owned largely by persons who know absolutely nothing about them and do not give a rap as long as their one or five thousand dollar investment pays interest and does not decline in market price. Corporations have become so large that many of them are not managed by the owners at all, but by a little group of officers who may or may not be stockholders and whose selfish interests are not always in complete accord with those of the real owners.

The widow who owns ten shares of stock in a hundred-million-dollar company hardly feels like trying to direct its management. In theory she is one of the owners; in fact she has ventured her small sum in what is to her a blind pool over which she has as much control as a drop of water has over the movement of the tides.

Most investors have too small a stake to induce them to bother with the affairs of stock companies. All very well; but such being the general case, there should logically be an equally universal effort on the part of the small investor to play only with good managements and clean records. The investor does not actually enter the game himself. All the more reason then for his insistence upon the rules being straight. If by his own efforts he could influence the result, then he would not need to be so careful. Taking a chance is sensible enough for the chap who pitches into the business and makes chances come his way. But watching other people take risks with his money is a poor sort of sport for the side-line spectator.

Men and women despairingly ask for advice on investments and then throw their money away in some miserable scheme which an insistent salesman has persuaded them to go into. But the marketplace never fails to offer sound securities, paying steady and fair-sized incomes and based upon well-known, proved enterprises. Such investments do not appeal to the sense of adventure. They offer no possibilities of making something from nothing. Most investors know that what they ought to seek for is five, six and seven per cent along with safety, but what they secretly desire is a killing. The Monte Carlo instinct, concealed though it may be under a respectable exterior, is what makes perennial the crop of lambs and suckers.

Brotherhood

WHEN men speak of the brotherhood of man they mean the flocking together of those who have a common grievance. They do not suppose or desire that all should share equally in the world's wealth; their doctrine is that the staid old earth should be stood on its head so that in the resulting confusion the poor could get their feet on the necks of the rich and make them pay through the nose.

If brotherhood means common courtesy and a fair deal between man and man, let us have it. But let us not drug our common sense with the theory that brotherhood will give strength to the weak or brains to the foolish. One may love the unfortunate and share his substance with them, but his first interest is himself. Vocal altruists may coin pretty phrases until the crack of doom, and yet not make a dent in human nature. Each man will get possessions to the limit of his ability, and if he dreams of an equal division of goods it is because his vision is fixed on those who have more than himself, not on those who have less.

All of us believe in prosperity. We would have leisure and luxury for ourselves and a like blessing for all of our fellows. But what can one do? Here is a man who cannot or will not learn to do a simple task well. He has the mind of a child. He pities himself. He resents the fact that other men have greater abilities. He could save money, but will not. Will this pretty theory of brotherhood put brains in his head, teach him thrift and responsibility and make him a governor?

The complaint that there is no equality of opportunity is but a confession that there is no equality of ability to find, grasp and handle opportunity. We cannot legislate or theorize men to a common level of ability, and it would be a crime against God and the race to hold able men down because incompetents cannot climb.

A brotherhood of courtesy, of tolerance, of honest dealings, of charity, of equal opportunity to labor and to get what one's service is worth—for this all may pray in unison.

But we will have none of brotherhood if it would abolish prizes, discourage ambition, mock ability and chain us fast to those who cannot keep the pace. The survival of the fittest may be a hard doctrine; it is not harder than the doctrine that all should drown in brotherly fashion because one of the number cannot swim.

One can sympathize with the under dog without a desire to crawl under and join him. See that the fight is fair and then let Nature take its course. Chivalry might enjoy holding the larger dog down while the smaller one gnawed his vitals, but a universal practice of this form of chivalry would soon rid the world of large dogs. And it is not at all reasonable to suppose that the small ones would be able to do the work now done by the large ones.

LOCAL COLOR

By Richard Matthews Hallet

THE tribe of old authors was made up of individuals all more or less alike. Look at the pictures on that old-fashioned game of Authors and you will see an array of comfortable placid folk with shaggy locks, dreamy eyes, broad roll collars and quill pens in their hands. They lived by the pen, spaciously. They had studies filled with shelves sagging with good musty books. They were scholars, reflective men, and when they got their second wind they were apt to lapse into Latin.

Listen, for example, to the essayist, William Hazlitt, on the eve of composition:

"I never was in a better place or humor than I am at present for writing on this subject. I have a partridge getting ready for my supper, my fire is blazing on the hearth, the air is mild for the season of the year, I have had but a slight fit of indigestion to-day—the only thing that makes me abhor myself—and therefore I will attempt it. It is as well to do it at once as to have it to do for a week to come."

All that sort of thing is gone. The partridge is gone, the atmosphere is gone, the age that tolerated it is gone—whether for better or worse it is not for me to say. The easy-chair has gone down in public estimation as a source of inspiration for writing men. We get some of our best things done by setting up a typewriter on the edge of a washstand and dashing out chapters before shaving.

A great howl was set up a while ago by an author who sold a serial when it was only half done because the editors changed the text of his last chapters. The magazine reported that the thing looked as if it had been done on the top of a trunk before the author's departure for Europe. Now this is not against it. In these modern times our best things are done under this sort of pressure. One clever novelist moves round so continually during his waking hours that he affirms he does his first drafts on the backs of menus and theater programs and old bills—a man will always have old bills in his pocket—and in this way licks his masterpieces into shape.

Well, what of that? Poe himself wrote The Raven on the head of an oyster barrel, and the Koran first saw the light on date leaves and the bleached shoulder blades of sheep. Let us not look too closely into physical origins.

The Eternal Quest of Facts

THE point I wish to make is that the modern writing man can never come to a full stop; he must work on the wing or not at all, because he is subject to this curse of getting his facts straight. And still he doesn't get them straight. He is smitten with fact blindness, that fearful disease first attributed by Colonel Roosevelt to the Nature fakers

It is probably due to the increasing complexity of civilization. Did you ever see a thing reported in the papers about which you had personal knowledge? Did it at all jibe with what you knew or thought you knew to be the truth? It did not. Well, with regard to every item whatsoever, you can bet your last dollar that somewhere, perhaps in hiding, is a lynx-eyed specialist who knows that it is not the truth, or not the whole truth.

Is this to say that plain men everywhere are liars? By no means. They are fact-blind, that is all. For my part I confess here and now that I have had an animosity against facts from my earliest years. To this day I live under a cloud, in the harassing consciousness that practically all statements of fact made by me, during my minority and during my majority, are wrong, hopelessly wrong. But let us take our consolation where we can find it. Those who are right now will be proved wrong by the next generation.

Still we try for the facts by a kind of necessity in our being. You see, for example, that man digging in a sewer. Softly—he may be your favorite novelist. The chances are he has another Jean Valjean on his hands, whom he wishes to effect his escape through a sewer; but in order to do that he must first dig in the sewer himself to find out how such an escape may be effected. There is sure to be some queer slant to the affair which will make it ridiculous to the great rank and file of sewer diggers if it is not based on actual experience. Very likely Jean Valjean would have had to get a permit from the board of health before starting on his journey. For the world in which we live is full of specialists, fearfully and wonderfully ignorant, it may be, on all points but their specialty, but there they are full of trenchant and exhaustive wisdom.

Was it not the late William James who said that the collective ignorance of the college faculty was the Encyclopædia Britannica?

Getting Little Things Right

NOW these specialists are an appalling handicap to anyone who is writing for print, because they are always asking him to verify some point of fact. If in a historical romance he pictures Mary Chilton stepping out of the Mayflower's gig onto Plymouth Rock, the specialist will produce a combination geologist-historian who spent a week studying land formations in and about Plymouth, and this man will say flatly and finally that in the age of Shakspere that rock was either under water at mean low tide or it was five hundred yards inland, as the case may be. The rock was not where you thought it was, be sure.

You start some simple tale, entitled, let us say, Love Among the Adirondacks, and before you have got into the second paragraph you are under the necessity of going to the ends of the earth for a dab of local color. It interrupts the flow of narrative like blazes.

When the Duke de Beaufort, I think it was, in one of Dumas' yarns, found himself in jail, he ordered a pie to be manufactured on the outside, and a file and a piece of knotted rope to be insinuated into the pie. It was then sent in to him. With the file he filed the bars of his prison away and with the rope he lowered himself.

Simplicity itself. An easy-chair escape. A man could think up such a dodge as that and never come within planetary distance of a jail. But how would he fare since this inroad of specialists? Ill. In the first place, there is probably some prison regulation forbidding pie to be fed to prisoners; at all events deep pies such as it would take to hide a file and sixty feet of knotted inch-and-a-half grass rope—for the duke could hardly have done with less.

Again, let him undertake, if he dares, to show a man in the act of filing away prison bars. He will be met at once with the jeering confrontation of an expert who shows him that prison bars are now hollow, and that within each of them is a solid bar turning on ball bearings, in which the file of the most industrious prisoner cannot make a dent, for the bar will spin round and round to the slightest touch.

There's nothing for it but to knock somebody over the head and go to jail in a regular and proper manner, and then perhaps he will be qualified to talk. But that, as I say, interrupts the flow of narrative. By all means let us have our convict stories from the pens of convicts, for these are the only specialists in that department who can write without fear of contradiction.

In my humble way I have run foul of these specialists. In one yarn I had an old lady die by inches, and the local practitioner buried her feet in clay ahead of the rest of her person. A physician who read that told a friend of mine that he would believe anything else before he would believe that, and yet that was the one fact susceptible of proof in the whole story.

Thackeray must have been in the same fix once on a time. Speaking of Dumas' novel factory, he says: "For myself I confess I would like to have a competent, respectable and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels, and on his arrival at eleven would say: 'Mr. Jones, if you please, the archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to the article Dropsy—or what you will—in the encyclopedia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death.'"

The age of specialists had begun already. They come at you from every hand, they spring up from the most unlikely soil. I wrote a hobo yarn in which my hero spent a night in the ice box of a refrigerator car. It was, as I thought, very realistic; the swaying of the beeves hanging by hooks in the car made the whole car sway, and my hero was seasick. But when I read it to a sure-enough hobo he said with a jeering laugh that my man would not have been able to stay ten minutes in that ice box—on account of the fleas.

I submit it to you if I am to be blamed for not anticipating that there would be fleas in an ice box.

Some scrupulous people split hairs in this particular by a species of collaboration. I know one man who writes sea yarns, for example. A friend of his is an old sea dog My friend leaves blanks when he comes to the oaths and to descriptions of wearing ship, striking sail, and the like, and the old sea dog writes in the brine, so to speak. My friend is responsible for the foam himself. Between them they have a great reputation for veracity and lifelikeness.

And, by the way, there is nothing like a sea yarn to bring down the specialists on your unforgiven head. I remember writing a story of the merchant marine in which the second mate of a merchant ship goes down into the fireroom and beats up a gang of mutinous firemen. I got a hot anonymous letter from a chief engineer who said he felt disgraced to think that he came from my home town and was a fellow citizen of the man who had said that heinous thing. He informed me that if I, as second mate, came into his fireroom for any such purpose I would be a thing of shreds and patches when I came out.

Sad Hamperers of Genius

AND that would very likely be the truth, if he is the man I think he is; but am I to hold a story for any such sentimental reason as that?

"Any blockhead can stick to the truth, my hearty," cried H. Johnny Ballantine, "but 'tis a sad hamperer of genius."

There spoke the long-headed Scot. For my part I do not bat an eye when little Sister Verisimilitude is roughly handled. Once when I was firing a mail packet in the Indian Ocean I read a yarn by Jack London in which the stokers drank strong drink and made a bedlam out of the stokeholds, raring and tearing round like madmen. Now this had not been my experience. I had found that with the temperature at 136 degrees Fahrenheit and water running off the end of your nose as it would out of a tap it was impossible as a practical matter to get drunk. I have given the thing a thorough try-out and I find that a man in those circumstances can sweat as fast as he can drink. But did I raise the hue and cry? Never did I.

Later I got the virus into my own veins. I met a young mining engineer at a club who said: "Why don't you write an article on mining?"

Verbum sap. But I had never seen a mine. Should I follow Thackeray's Mr. Jones, take the encyclopedia and turn to the article on mining? I dared not. I was afraid if I did that the local color would be anything but fast. And so I went at it in the hideously roundabout fashion of the present day. I ferried myself over to Chicago; there I sat me down and wrote a tale from the rising to the setting of the sun. This tale I sold to a newspaper for the price of a ticket to Tucson and a shoe box full of ham sandwiches. For three days I lived—that is, I succeeded in not

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THANK-YOU-PLEASE PERKINS

By Frederick Beecher Edwards

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

HAPPENINGS, ARMISTICE NIGHT, November 11, 1918.

WITH reference to the subject above noted it has been suggested to me by three persons closely concerned with my physical and spiritual well-being that I should write out in full a report dealing with this matter. This suggestion has been made to me by the following:

Mr. Thaddeus Spinks, the well and favorably known hay, grain and feed merchant of Middle Musselburrah. As the revered superintendent of the Middle Musselburrah Baptist Church Sunday School, of which I was and perhaps may still be regarded as one of the most promising pupils, Mr. Spinks has been deeply grieved by the circulation of the slanderous report that on the night in question I was observed to be walking upon Eastern Street, Eastville, banging walls and hoardings with my sergeant's cane, and singing low songs. Mr. Spinks feels that in justice to our dear Sunday School I should make a clean breast of the whole affair, in writing.

Miss Abigail Perkins, my honored aunt, who has told me that open confession is good for your soul, and be sure your sin will find you out.

Ezra M. Perkins, my father; my father says that if writing it out will stop me mooning round the place like a sick pig and make me of some use in the shop, the sooner I get the d—n thing off my chest the better. My father is the prominent pork butcher of Middle Musselburrah. I regret very much the necessity for indicating the profanity, which is, alas, so grave a failing of his speech, but since I am determined to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth about this sad affair it is necessary that I should reproduce his words as he used them. I may perhaps be allowed to remark in passing that my father's business brings him in touch with all sorts and conditions of men, and the rougher element with which he is constantly in contact has no doubt had a lowering effect upon his morale. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Alas, how true!

I Have Certainly No Recollection of Being Concerned in the Rolling of the Rubbish Receptacles Down the Montcalm Street Hill

In order that one may fully appreciate the causes which led up to my, I trust, temporary falling from grace it is advisable that I should recite briefly the circumstances which led up to my presence at Military Headquarters, Eastville, during the years 1916, 1917 and 1918. When the great World War broke out in 1914 I was just completing my course in stenography at the Model Business College, in Eastville. I was then but eighteen years of age, and though I had received a good education I can see now, as I look back over the years, that I was woefully ignorant of the ways of this wicked world. Little did I conceive then that I, Elmer Winfield Perkins, a graduate with honors in spelling and English composition from the Model Business College—which is one of the foremost institutions of its kind in the world, as I have often read in the advertisements—and the holder of the silver medal for regular attendance at the Middle Musselburrah Baptist Church Sunday School, should, four brief but crowded years later, be accused by a military policeman of drunkenness, and charged by a major general with having diverted to my own use liquor which belonged to him. As has been so truly said, no one can conceive what a day may bring forth, or as the two Americans, Cassatt and Bailey, put it in their quaint slang—you can't always sometimes tell.

In common with other youth of the day in Canada, immediately upon the outbreak of the war with Germany I was fired with a patriotic impulse to do my bit toward crushing the menace of the Hun. I did not, however, as did so many unthinking youths, rush off at once to the recruiting station and offer my name for enlistment in the first available corps. Always studiously inclined, I well realized that war is not always what it seems, and too well I knew that the path of glory often leads but to the grave.

Instead I thought the matter over carefully, and after consultation with my aunt, Miss Abigail Perkins, and after some inquiries made through the kind offices of Abner J. Tickner, Member of Parliament of Musselburrah County, I presented myself at Eastville and made my application for admission to the corps of military stenographers.

There were many sound reasons why the ultimate selection of this corps was the decision of both my aunt and myself. We realized fully that though there were many men to be found who were capable of drilling, and attacking with the bayonet, and performing the other duties of the common soldiery, a qualified stenographer with a diploma from the Model Business College was not so easily found. My aunt remarked also, very wisely, that my ability to take dictation at one hundred and twenty words a minute would be of no value to my country if I were up to my neck in mud in the trenches. There was also the matter of my eyes, which have always been a little weak; and though the doctor who examined me for admission to the C. M. S. told me that there was nothing really wrong with my eyes I have worn glasses for so long that I would feel quite lost without them. It is also quite possible that the doctor was mistaken. There are many medical men in the A. M. C. who are mere boys hardly out of college.

Then there was also the matter of living conditions. My aunt all through the war protested earnestly against the system which compels soldiers of the infantry and artillery and other ordinary corps to live in barracks, herded together like so many animals. Such a life, she claimed, was sure to be detrimental to the morals and upbringing of many delicately nurtured youths. Since that time I have had reason to learn how absolutely true was her contention. The language which is commonly used round barracks is quite unfit for the ears of one who has been properly instructed in the evils of profanity.

We found also that the men of the Corps of Military Stenographers, besides having the privilege of living in rooms and drawing subsistence allowance—which though pitifully inadequate is still an assistance—were permitted to wear uniforms tailored of finer material than that used for the uniforms which are issued to the rank and file. I have always been particular about my clothes, and the knowledge that I would be allowed to go to my tailor and have my uniforms made to my own order was a big inducement. I may say in passing that my taste in this matter was amply justified later, when on the occasion of some dispute as to the grade of cloth which should be employed for fine uniforms worn by the C. M. S. the khaki serge which I was wearing was pronounced by the A. A. G. as exactly the right thing.

It was upon the Corps of Military Stenographers, then, that my choice finally rested, and in July, 1915, my aunt having packed a large trunk full of dainties and special clothing, such as vermin-proof shirts, Balaklava caps and warm mittens, suitable to a soldier upon active service, I left my comfortable home in Middle Musselburrah and embarked upon the great adventure. My father's attitude at this time was somewhat puzzling. When I had first announced my intention of enlisting he seemed strangely moved. For days he went round the house in a bemused condition, and his sole remark of any significance to me at that time was "D—n it, I didn't think you had the guts"; the vulgarity of which distressed me greatly, though I failed entirely to grasp its meaning. Later, when we had explained that I was going into that select corps, the C. M. S., he seemed even more upset, and was for no apparent reason very irritable, remarking from time to time: "I knew d—n well there was a catch in it somewhere." My father is, however, a difficult man to understand, and he occasions my aunt and myself much worry for this reason.

I was warmly welcomed at Eastville where the sergeant major in charge of the Central Registry, to which department I was first assigned for duty, as a corporal, stated that it was a delight to his heart to get somebody who could write a decent fist for a change. I did not, however, long remain in that department. True worth is always recognized, and when the D. A. A. and Q. M. G. discovered by accident one day that I was a qualified stenographer he quickly had me transferred to his own office, where I completed my three months' term of probation and became a sergeant in the Corps of Military Stenographers.

In this office there were at that time four of us. There was a sergeant major, another sergeant, a lady stenographer and myself. We were a very pleasant company, and time flew by on golden wings. It is true that there were occasional clashes, principally with the sergeant major, who was not a member of the C. M. S., but had originally enlisted in the artillery, and had been attached for duty at headquarters after he had broken his leg at football. He was an excellent clerk, but a little rough, and strangely at times antagonistic, I thought, to the men of the C. M. S., which he steadfastly refused to join, though I urged upon him the obvious superiority of the corps. Neither would he ever let us make tea in the office in the afternoon, which pleasant relaxation was enjoyed by most of the other offices. He also complained bitterly that I was always sucking gumdrops, as he somewhat vulgarly described my habit of conveying a few chocolate creams into the office after luncheon, always, of course, passing them round among my coworkers in the great task of winning the war. I mention these little incidents in no carping spirit, but merely in order that conditions in the office may be properly understood.

II

THIS, then, was the situation in the summer of 1917, when the two Americans, Bailey and Cassatt, arrived upon the scene. It was really from the time of their coming that my difficulties and temptations commenced, and though I bear them no ill will I cannot but sometimes think that it would have been better for me had I never met them. I will allow the reader to judge for himself.

They came from New York. It seems that both of them had enlisted with the British Canadian Recruiting Mission, which was at that time engaged in its work in the

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C
SOUP

"Give me the job"

There is no better body builder than good vegetable soup. But making it at home means not only retail cost of materials but labor and cost of preparing and cooking them.

Even then you are unusually fortunate if the result is anywhere near so good as Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

The choice nourishing vegetables we use, the fresh herbs, wholesome cereals and hearty beef stock are cooked and blended in the way to bring out their utmost tenderness, flavor and nutriment.

No trouble for you. No cooking cost. No waste. But a delicious strength-giving soup and economical too.

Why not enjoy it today?

21 kinds 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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country south of us. They had, however, barely managed to pass the medical examination in their own country, and when they reached the British Expeditionary Forces camp, at Royalton, they were both turned down by medical officers who were passing upon embarkation drafts. I am not aware of the precise nature of their disabilities, but it appears that though these were sufficient to prevent their going overseas they were not grave enough to forbid their serving in Canada. Both men were, I believe, in Medical Category C.

It was in the course of an inspection at Royalton that the D. A. A. and Q. M. G. had stumbled across the men, one of whom was, I believe, a journalist in civil life, and the other a salesman of soap or some similar domestic commodity. He was sympathetically inclined toward their plight, I suppose, and certainly the work of the office was getting very heavy. There were days when we could barely take our two hours for luncheon. In any case, and whatever were the motives which actuated him, the D. A. A. and Q. M. G. secured their transfer from the ranks of the B. E. F. to the Canadian forces in Eastville, and then had them attached to his office at headquarters. Thus the disturbing elements were introduced to our normally placid atmosphere.

One of the first causes for distress lay in the rapid promotion which was granted these newcomers, in disregard of all precedent and seniority rules. It is true that both were older than any of the rest of us in point of years, and it is possible also that they had had previous business experience, in civil life, which was beyond that attained by some; but the fact remains that in actual army service they were junior to myself, and when they were promoted to the rank of sergeant within two weeks of their appearance on the staff and attached list there was, I will admit, some heartburning. The D. A. A. and Q. M. G. was enabled, of course, to promote them practically as he wished, because they were merely attached to the headquarters staff, and not members of the C. M. S., which has, I am thankful to say, strict rules of seniority and service which would quite prohibit such a procedure.

It was typical of the attitude of both Sergeant Bailey and Sergeant Cassatt that they should scoff at the accepted forms in which military correspondence had been conducted up to the time of their arrival; and since it was directly through this habit of theirs that I was most unjustly saddled with the silly nickname which even now is attached to me by the ribald and unthinking I feel that I should explain the circumstances surrounding that incident at some length.

There are, of course, certain conventions which are always observed in the written intercourse of military life. Inevitably, for instance, the subject matter of any communication must be written in the margin at the head of the letter, a procedure which I have followed as admirable since my return to civil life. Courtesy, also, is insisted upon, and it was for many years the custom to conclude each letter with the phrase "I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant." This charming system was later abolished by Headquarters, Ottawa, through the influence, I believe, of some officer who thought a shorter form of salutation would conserve paper, which seems to me, if I may say so without disrespect, rather a foolish contention.

Therefore it will be readily understood that officers communicating upon written forms with one another, either directly or through their clerks, took some pains to support the usual courteous amenities. It was customary always for the word "please" to be added to any short communication passing between one office and another. "To note, please," and "Noted, please," were forms of proper ceremony met with hundreds of times daily.

Upon one occasion, then, a note, or chit, came into our office from, I think, the A. A. G.'s department. I have forgotten what its contents were, but I remember plainly that it was indited with the footnote "For your information, please." To me fell the duty of replying to this, after it had been duly observed, and I passed it back to the A. A. G. with the obvious footnote "Thank you, please."

As evil chance would have it this innocent epistle fell under the eye of Sergeant Cassatt, and of it he made much talk, declaring that it was tautological and ridiculous. From that day to this it has been the pleasure of the ribald to address me as either "Thank-You" or "Please"; or sometimes as "Thank-You-Please."

It will be seen from this that these newcomers from America were the occasion of much distress to me; but more particularly, I think, did their absolute disregard of the little niceties of military rule and custom upset not only myself but the entire personnel of the headquarters staff and attached.

One of the first difficulties of this kind rose shortly after they had been appointed sergeants. Now it is the rule that other ranks below the grade of sergeant must carry short canes, which are known as swagger sticks. Sergeants may wear long straight canes, but long canes with hooked or bent handles are permitted to be carried only by officers who hold His Majesty's commission. It had, however, long been the privilege of the members of the Corps of Military Stenographers to carry canes with hooked handles, and this privilege was freely indulged in by many of the staff N. C. O.'s at the Eastville Headquarters. It was, I may say, a similar privilege to that of wearing fine cloth uniforms, but it did not extend, of course, to those N. C. O.'s who were merely attached.

When therefore, after a few weeks, both Sergeant Bailey and Sergeant Cassatt arrived at headquarters one day garbed not only in riding breeches but carrying also hooked canes, I warned them solemnly that they were running a grave risk. Riding breeches were, of course, utterly non-regulation for staff clerks, though we were allowed to wear slacks instead of the usual putties with trousers turned down two inches below the knee, a foolish custom which quite ruins the finest of creases. They, however, utterly ignored my warning,

"The Gun Has Fired. The War is Over. Come on and Get Up"

and even combated my statement that they were acting in a disorderly fashion in wearing them.

"You go and soak your head, Please," I remember Sergeant Cassatt—he was the ex-journalist—said.

"Listen to me," Sergeant Bailey said. "You wear fine cloth uniforms, don't you? And you carry a crooked stick too? Now, why?"

"Because," I replied with some dignity, "I am on the headquarters staff, and those are my privileges; also because they look better."

"All right," said Sergeant Bailey, who was the one who used to sell the soap. "We work at headquarters, too, and we think riding breeches look better than slacks. Haven't we got any privileges?"

"Certainly not," I said, and tried to explain it to them, but with small success; in fact, I remember quite well that Sergeant Cassatt said that I gave him a pain, which had nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand.

But the very next morning there was trouble over this flagrant defiance of the regulations, and three N. C. O.'s were arrested at the headquarters gates by the military police, and taken to the guardroom, where they were held for being improperly dressed. I remember the occasion very well, because I was one of the sufferers. The two others were clerks in the Central Registry and their unexpected absence caused much delay in getting out the mail, and I heard afterward that the A. A. G. was very much annoyed at the affair. Certainly immediately afterward the regulations governing dress were made much more stringent; in fact, I did not again carry my cane with the curved handle until I had been honorably discharged upon demobilization.

To emphasize the American cunning of the two who were chiefly responsible for all this trouble I need only remark that on the momentous morning of my arrest they appeared at headquarters correctly dressed in every particular, and were actually complimented by the garrison sergeant major upon their soldierly appearance!

III

NOT always, however, did these two turbulent spirits fare so luckily in their conflict with established rules. There was, for instance, the occasion of Sergeant Cassatt's haircut, which I mention not only because it roused my sympathy and led to my mistaken effort to be of service to these strangers in our midst but also because it formed the incident upon which was afterward hung the vulgar lyric which many detractors have alleged I was heard to sing in the streets of Eastville on Armistice Night—an allegation which I strongly deny.

Sergeant Cassatt was accustomed, I must explain, to wear his hair long, and brushed back from his forehead in what is called, I believe, a pompadour, quite contrary to our usual army custom, which calls for short hair, neatly parted at the side. In 1918 there seemed to be a remarkable epidemic of this pompadour style at headquarters, and I noticed that several of the returned soldiers who were then beginning to appear in the various offices wore similar styles, having copied them, I suppose, from the American troops who had assisted in the British operations on the West Front. In any event there was certainly a remarkable increase in the

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In Response to My Invitations They Would Visit Me for Hours at a Time

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

See Styleplus

before you pay an extreme price

Visit your local Styleplus store. Examine the clothes. See how well *you* look in them. Notice our guarantee of service and the known moderate price on the sleeve ticket.

Then put the question squarely to yourself. Why pay more when Styleplus offer all-wool fabrics, correct style and splendid tailoring secured by the maker's guarantee?

You will be convinced, as so many other careful dressers already are, that Styleplus are the way out from the extreme price.

You can trust Styleplus quality. We print the prices on the sleeve ticket—the same to all.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

$45-$50-$55-$60

"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

Copyright 192
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

number of heads of hair that were to be seen which violated the regulations absolutely. It was therefore not surprising to me, versed as I was in military matters, to learn that a strict order had gone out from the office of the garrison sergeant major to the effect that all men whose hair was not of the proper regimental length must immediately remedy the defect. I pointed the order out to Cassatt.

"Great bald-headed cheese!" was his remark. "What is this—an army or a day nursery?"

I pointed out to him that regulations were regulations, and they must be obeyed.

"And what d—n business is it of yours?" was his astonishing reply.

I assured him that my interest was purely friendly, and allowed the matter to drop; but I heard that the very next day he received a direct order from the garrison sergeant major to get his hair cut in regulation style. This, I may say, he did not do.

Of course that sort of thing could not go on. And a few days later Cassatt was called into the office of the D. A. A. and Q. M. G., and told that the orders of the garrison sergeant major must be obeyed.

I rather expected that he would be somewhat upset about it, but he did not appear to be; in fact, it was a remarkable thing that whatever trouble these two foreigners might make with the rest of the office they were invariably on good terms with Colonel Forsom, the D. A. A. and Q. M. G. In fact, there can be no doubt that he overestimated both of them, for I have myself heard him remark that they were worth the rest of us put together; which is, of course, palpably absurd when one considers the disturbing effect they undoubtedly had upon our morale.

At any rate Cassatt went out at once, remarking that he was on his way to the hair butcher's, which was his curious manner of describing the tonsorial establishment of Mr. Collins, which was situated just below the headquarters building.

Cassatt had hardly been gone for five minutes when an orderly arrived with a message requesting him to report to the office of the garrison sergeant major. At the time I was the senior N. C. O. in the office, so it fell upon me to report in Cassatt's place.

"I didn't send for you, Perkins," said the garrison sergeant major. "I sent for Cassatt."

"Yes, sir," I said. "But he has gone out, sir."

"Where?"

"To the barber's, sir. To get his hair attended to."

I noticed that in one corner of the office was a man who was employed as a kind of janitor to look after the furnace and superintend the cleaning of the offices. His name was Jones, and he had been a soldier, I believe, for many years. Quite an elderly man, he was, with a white mustache. He stood there now, rather stupidly, I thought, with a towel round his neck and a very large pair of scissors in his hands.

"When Sergeant Cassatt comes back," said the garrison sergeant major to me, "tell him to report to me immediately. I am going to see that he has his hair cut properly this time."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir," I said, and withdrew.

A little later Cassatt returned, with his hair neatly trimmed, but still brushed in that foreign pompadour style from his forehead. To him therefore I delivered the garrison sergeant major's message.

He went at once, of course, and when he returned he was quite completely shaved as to head, and extremely irritable.

He walked over to me and shook his fist in my face, though I am sure I had given him no cause for offense.

"If you say 'I told you so,'" he amazingly said to me, "I'll just naturally choke you to death."

I said nothing. It did not seem to me that the occasion called for any remark whatsoever.

Pondering upon this incident it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I had been remiss in my duties toward the two Americans. This impression, I may say, was heightened by a letter which I received a day or so later from my respected Aunt Abigail, in which she wrote regarding these men, of whom I had perhaps complained in a previous letter:

"Never forget, my dear nephew, that you should love your enemies. It is possible that you may yet win the two terrible persons you speak of, by kindness."

It will be readily understood, then, that when a few days later I invited Sergeant Cassatt and Sergeant Bailey to inspect my rooms I was actuated only by the best of motives. How truly is it written "H—l is paved with good intentions."

I may say that, supplemented by an allowance which I received regularly from my father, my income was sufficient even with army pay to enable me to maintain two rooms in the Peters Building, an office structure the top floor of which was devoted to bachelor apartments. In my sitting room I often brewed tea for such of my friends as cared to partake, and with some little knickknacks which I had brought up from Middle Musselburrah I had made it quite a comfortable den.

My invitation was received in characteristic manner by the extraordinary pair.

"Have you got any liquor?" asked Sergeant Bailey.

I assured him that I had not; in fact, I cannot think how he came to receive that impression, for it was well known that I do not touch the demon rum, and in any event Eastville had then been dry by a wise provincial enactment for many months.

"It's a plot," said Sergeant Cassatt, quite seriously. "He intends to lure us to his filthy hovel and then murder us."

Naturally, I was horrified.

"How can you say such a thing?" I said. "Such an idea never entered my head! And besides, what would I want to murder you for?"

"The papers, of course," said Sergeant Cassatt.

"My dear chap," I said, "what papers?"

"Ha!" said Sergeant Bailey, quite in the manner of the villain in the play. "That is the mystery! What papers?"

I could make nothing of it, and indeed I did not pursue the matter further, having a shrewd suspicion which amounted almost to a conviction that they were jollying, or, as the English say, spoofing me.

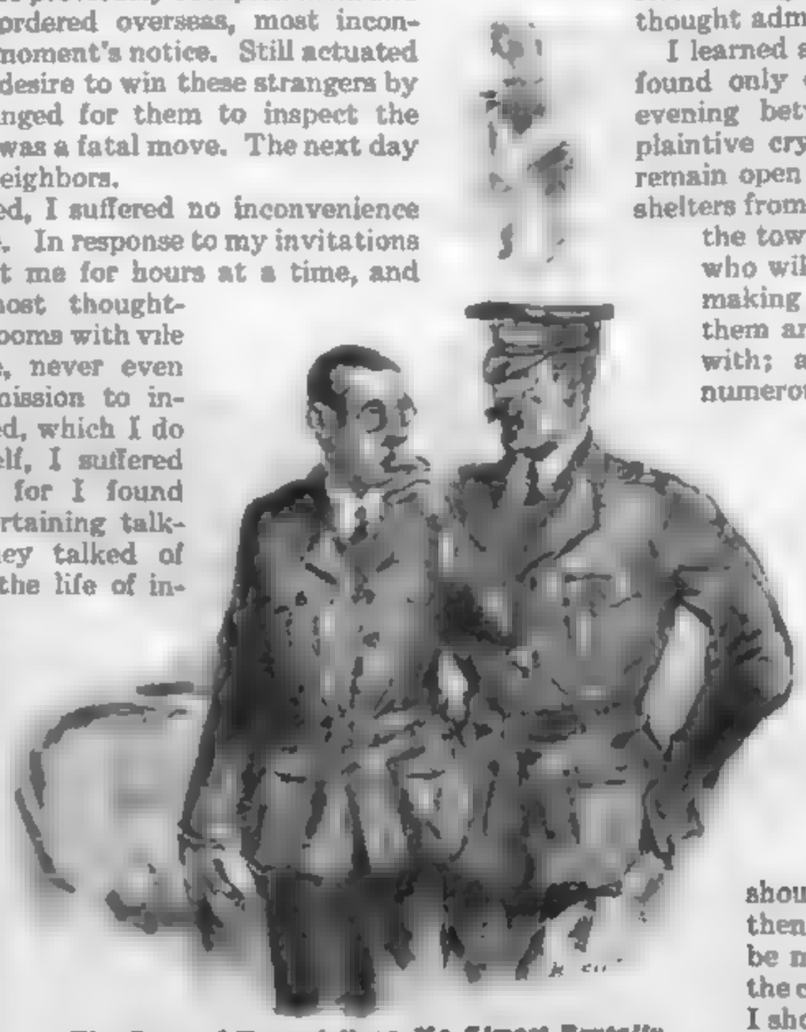
Nevertheless, they arrived that evening, unexpectedly, as I was trying on a British warm which I had purchased at a bargain from a returned officer. I would not be allowed to wear it in Eastville, of course, but I had an idea that it would be quite impressive in Middle Musselburrah, where even military regulations are somewhat relaxed by reason of the absence of any establishment in the near vicinity. I must admit that they were much impressed with my rooms.

"Some class!" remarked Sergeant Bailey. "What do you know about this for quarters for the young troops?"

"The brutal and licentious soldiery do themselves pretty well in these parts, I'll say!" was the reply of Sergeant Cassatt, who added irrelevantly: "War is sure h—l, ain't it?"

Indeed so enamored were they with my chambers, and particularly, I gathered, with the circumstance that the tenants of the building were permitted to come and go as they pleased, without interference of any kind, that they immediately began to question me as to the possibility of there being other apartments to rent. It so happened that the rooms next door to mine were empty, having been vacated only on the previous day by the officer of the Dental Corps who previously occupied them and who had been ordered overseas, most inconveniently, at a moment's notice. Still actuated by an altruistic desire to win these strangers by kindness I arranged for them to inspect the rooms. Alas, it was a fatal move. The next day I had them as neighbors.

At first, indeed, I suffered no inconvenience from the change. In response to my invitations they would visit me for hours at a time, and though they most thoughtlessly filled my rooms with vile cigarette smoke, never even asking my permission to indulge in the weed, which I do not touch myself, I suffered this in silence, for I found them most entertaining talkers. Always they talked of New York and the life of indolent ease and wild dissipation which they had left behind, and they made most unkind remarks about Eastville, constantly comparing its customs and habits with those of their home city, always to the disadvantage of Eastville. In vain I remonstrated with them on this practice. Invariably at this point our discussions took the same turn.



The General Turned Upon Me Almost Brutally and Said: "Stop That Infernal Sniveling!"

"You have never lived in New York, have you?" one or the other would say to me.

Naturally, my reply would be in the negative.

"Well, we have," they would say then, together, thus leaving me quite without a combating argument, for though I felt instinctively that there was a flaw in their logic I never seemed to be quite able to point it out.

Yet in spite of all this I found our intercourse helpful and illuminating.

I encouraged them to speak of their strange native city, addressing from time to time leading questions designed to bring out this or the other point of interest, though shrewdly concealing my desire for information, since I knew quite well, such was their peculiar temperament, that once they felt that I was seeking instruction they would wilfully mislead me.

In this manner I gleaned many new and unusual facts about life in the American metropolis, which I carefully filed away in my mind for reference at some future date, when I hope to visit not only New York but Boston and other points of interest. So peculiar were many of these facts that I would not have believed them had I not heard them from the lips of these men, who had lived in this strange environment and were consequently qualified to speak with authority.

I learned, for instance, for the first time, the fact, seldom mentioned outside New York itself, that the Tammany Tiger, which I had always supposed, in common with the rest of the outside world, was a mere figment of the cartoonists' imagination, has, in fact, an actual existence. This vicious animal, I discovered through careful questioning, is allowed to roam loose on Broadway in the vicinity of Fourteenth Street, and has been so carefully trained that it is able to distinguish Democrats from Republicans by its sense of smell, and though it allows members of the first-named class to fondle it with the utmost familiarity, it growls and shows every sign of anger whenever it catches the scent of an unwary Republican approaching its lair.

I learned also of William Jennings Bryan, of whom I had heard before; I did not, however, understand that this gentleman is the idol of the Broadway crowds, who nightly toast his name in grape juice. Neither did I know that he had commenced his career as the owner of the Silver Dollar Saloon, and had afterward leaped into fame when, as mayor of Bronx, which I took to be some rival city to New York and which these two never referred to except in words of great bitterness and contempt, he had first negotiated the treaty which led to the movement to have this place, Bronx, declared a part of New York proper.

It was in this manner also that I first discovered that George Cohan, an actor, was the inventor of the American flag and the author of The Star-Spangled Banner, their national anthem, which corresponds, as I understand it, to our God Save the King. I discovered also by dint of careful cross-examination that Muggsy McGraw, the mayor of New York, is so called because of the remarkable collection of silver cups which have been presented to him by friends in recognition of his gentle manners and abhorrence of profanity, his favorite expletive in times of great stress being "My word!" a line of conduct which I thought admirable.

I learned also of the remarkable night owl which is found only on Broadway and is to be heard every evening between midnight and dawn uttering its plaintive cry of "taxi-taxi"; of the theaters which remain open all night in order to provide convenient shelters from this pest; of the gunmen who roam round the town in broad daylight seeking for someone who will ask them for the time or a match or by making some similarly innocent request will give them an excuse for shooting their victim forthwith; and many other remarkable details too numerous to mention here, but which it is my intention to transcribe later for the benefit of visitors to this strange region.

I informed them of my determination to visit their city when the cruel war should be over, and was delighted by the whole-hearted manner in which they begged me to let them know the time of my intended arrival, telling me that they would insist on a civic reception, with a band and a parade of the brave firemen. Though I assured them that I desired no such honors, they would not be denied and discussed at great length the details, quarreling, indeed, on one occasion over the question of whether I should be taken first to the Aquarium and then to the Bronx Park or whether it would be more suitable to arrange for my visits on the contrary plan. They agreed, however, that I should be entertained at the Automat, which is, I understand, the most exclusive of all the New York restaurants, and earns its name by reason of the fact that only patrons who arrive in automobiles are allowed to enter and from the gold-lace doilies upon which its dishes are served.

I noticed, however, that after a week or so they did not so often visit me in my rooms. They had formed the acquaintance of several of the other tenants of the building, and remarkably enough they seemed to be particularly popular with certain officers who had quarters there. I regret to have to record that they kept very late hours, and frequently I heard voices in their rooms long after I had retired for the night. They favored various card games, the most popular being one which, I think, is called poker, and which is played with little counters of patriotic coloring in red, white and blue. Sometimes also they played a game which they variously dubbed African golf and the

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The Right Lamp

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS are less careful to get the right lamps for their cars than they are to get the right lamps for their homes. They ought to be *more* careful. In no other service is the lamp jolted and jounced around as it is on the automobile.

To withstand these destructive forces, the delicate filament or wire must be made with unusual care. It must be tough, yet it must not draw too heavily upon the supply of current from the battery.

Many motorists have had sad experiences with automobile lamps, but that is because they have asked for "a lamp" and have accepted whatever lamp was offered. In automobile lighting—even more than in home, store, factory or office lighting—it is important to find the name "NATIONAL MAZDA" on the bulb. The illustration shows where to look for it.

If you will merely locate the right dealer you will find him not only equipped to supply NATIONAL MAZDA lamps, but informed as to the exact type of lamps that will give best results on *your car*.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of* General Electric Company
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

One of the Big Dams That Supplies a Part of the 650,000,000 Gallons of Water That New York City Uses Daily

The Water We Drink

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE human race has appreciated the value of pure drinking water since time immemorial. Wells of great antiquity may still be found in Egypt and India. The well of Joseph at Cairo in Egypt is perhaps the most famous of all ancient wells, and was excavated in solid rock to a depth of nearly 300 feet. That the early peoples of history thoroughly realized the importance of a supply of clear, pure water is indicated by the fact that domestic filters of unglazed earthenware and sandstone were used by the Egyptians 2000 years ago. These people also understood the clarification of muddy water through siphoning the liquid from one vessel to another by means of the capillary action of porous material, such as a strip of cloth.

Water tanks have been found in Arabia, and it is certain that these reservoirs were built by engineers six or seven centuries before the coming of Christ. The rain-water cisterns of ancient Carthage were constructed with several storage compartments, some of which were evidently used for settling or filtering the water. The most elaborate system of water supply, however, that antedates the Christian Era was that which served the city of Rome. This water was obtained from four groups of springs through nineteen aqueducts having an aggregate length of 381 miles, and built about 200 B. C. This water for Rome was of different degrees of purity. The least clear was used for public baths and the watering of streets; a clearer water was supplied to tanks and washing troughs; while the best water from undefiled springs was served only for drinking purposes.

It is now known that many of the epidemics of disease that made such inroads on the health and lives of early peoples were caused by polluted water, which distributed infection broadcast. The records show that as late as 1550 the inhabitants of Paris used only one quart of water per capita per day, and that this consumption had only increased to two and a half quarts per person per day by the end of the seventeenth century. About this time the cities of Europe were becoming populous communities, and the provision of sanitary conditions was growing to be one of the important problems of the day. The invention of the steam engine made possible the use of pumping machinery of large capacity, and the serious situation that had developed was relieved.

The use of cast-iron pipe became general as a carrier of water a little more than a hundred years ago, and since then the nations of Europe have spent hundreds of millions of dollars in the construction of costly reservoirs and aqueducts to procure a sufficient and permanent supply of pure water. The aim of engineers in America has been directed more to procuring volume than quality. This does not mean that here in the United States we have no water supplies comparable in purity with those of other nations, but the fact remains that in hundreds of our important cities and towns the supply of water that is furnished the population of these communities is a reproach to our intelligence and a threat to our health.

Most of the diseases transmitted by water are of bacterial origin. The principal water-borne diseases are cholera, anthrax, typhoid fever and dysentery. A few investigators further contend that inflammatory diseases of the respiratory organs may also be caused by polluted water supplies. The chief cause of the contamination of a stream or a lake is the discharge of sewage into the water. The amount of waste that must be disposed of by a city or town is far greater than most people suppose. One investigation showed that the waste of the people in a large city amounts to approximately two and a half tons per person annually. The city of New York pours something like 600,000,000 gallons of sewage into the Hudson River and New York Bay every day, and this does not include the garbage which is disposed of in another way.

The odors which often occur in water are generally produced by the decay of minute organisms, and though such water is usually objectionable because of its odor, it has not been proved to be a carrier of disease. The former belief that malaria may be derived from polluted water has also been pretty generally exploded. As to the comparative values and effects of hard and soft waters, there still remains some diversity of opinion. Investigators have found that though many hard waters do produce intestinal derangements—such as constipation—in some people, there is no definite reason to believe that the use of such water for drinking purposes causes the formation of urinary calculi. A sudden change from soft water to one that is hard, or vice versa, frequently results in temporary intestinal derangement, but this effect as a usual thing is neither serious nor permanent. The best authorities agree that the death rate in most communities is not increased or diminished by the hardness or softness of the water that is used.

It might be well in this connection to state that one investigation in Europe appeared to indicate that goiter may be caused by drinking water that is hard and contains sulphates of calcium and magnesium. It is further asserted that the filtration of water does not remove the goiter-producing substance in it. Boiling, however, does remove the infection. As a counter to this talk of goiter being a water-borne disease, one writer points out that the population of England is to-day consuming water that contains a considerable percentage of the sulphate of magnesium and that no dire results have occurred.

The question of community sanitation, so far as it is represented by clean streets and an adequate sewerage system, appears to have advanced more rapidly in recent years than our appreciation of the value of pure water. The time must come soon when every intelligent person will realize that the functions of the human body will not operate to the highest advantage unless the individual is supplied with safe water. We must grasp the idea that a chair of sanitary science is at least as important in a great university as a chair of Greek or Latin.

Water ranks second only to air as a human necessity. Two-thirds of all animal organism consists of it. We overlook its real value because it is so cheap and so plentiful. In our larger American cities the consumption of water per person amounts to about 100 gallons a day. In New York City, with its 6,000,000 inhabitants, the daily water consumption per person is about 35 ordinary bucketfuls.

But though the water supply in our average American community is generally sufficient in volume and is much larger per person than in Continental cities, the fact remains that the prevalence of typhoid fever here in the United States is far greater than in Europe. A world survey made several years ago showed that our typhoid death rate was more than three times as high as that in European centers, and these superior conditions across the ocean have resulted from action and not accident.

The germ of typhoid fever is a little plant known as Bacillus typhosus. Some people call it the Hun in the public-health world. This germ is a very little thing—from one to four one-thousandths of an inch long—but it is as deadly as the sharks in the ocean. Water is not its natural habitat, but it will remain alive there from two or three days to as many weeks. It is this knowledge that Mister B. Typhosus will eventually die that causes our city engineers to place large reservoirs where a reserve supply of water can be stored for weeks prior to its use.

Typhoid can be detected in water only with great difficulty. Its presence is usually shown by outbreaks of this fever, which are generally due to polluted water. For many years our sanitary engineers believed that careful filtration of water was the only safeguard against these hostile bacteria, but now we know that there is a quicker and cheaper way to kill the typhoid bacillus, and thereby hangs one of the latest fairy tales of science.

Back in 1907 George A. Johnson was engaged in making the water of Bubbly Creek in the Chicago Stockyards less offensive to sight and smell. The stream is a little brook swollen to considerable size by the liquid wastes from the packing houses. These liquids are full of organic matter, which putrefied in those days as it passed along the creek, giving off large quantities of unpleasant gases. The bubbles of gas rising through the black water made it appear to bubble or boil, hence the name of Bubbly Creek. The putrefaction was carried on by the action of bacteria, and the sanitary problem was to kill off these organisms that caused putrefaction, thus making the water a suitable home for the friendly bacteria which aid the work of the public health officer. This was finally accomplished by gassing the bacteria with chlorine, which kills them.

The process was successful beyond all expectations, and was tried soon afterward in sterilizing the water supplies of Jersey City, Scranton and Johnstown. By the end of 1911 about five hundred municipal water supplies were being made safe by this method.

Up to this time the gassing had been done by the use of bleaching powder, used in much the same way that the water was sterilized in Lister bags for our soldiers in the trenches in France. Such use of bleaching powder requires continuous intelligent supervision of the apparatus in order to be successful, and there are a great many water supplies where it is impracticable to give such attention. Fortunately it was found about 1911 that liquid chlorine could be added to water more easily and accurately than bleaching

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CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

C A D I L L A C

Cadillac possession is a sound investment.

Because no investment pays so well, and is so sure in its returns, as one which promotes well-being.

No diversion invigorates the body and stimulates the mind so much as motoring—of the proper sort.

Motoring in a Cadillac is a different, an unusual, kind of motoring.

It is a kind peculiar to the Cadillac.

It is a kind without weariness or strain.

It leaves you free—to relax and rest; to enjoy, as you seem to soar thru space; to feast upon the beauty of the landscape; to concentrate upon business plans.

It opens and clears your mind for the reception of new thoughts, new inspirations, and new ideas.

Your least concern is of the car—or its performance.

The Cadillac—more than any other car we know—is an investment that endures; the same tomorrow as today, the same next year as this.

The Cadillac is Made in a Complete Line of Open and Enclosed Body Styles

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT MICHIGAN.

(Continued from Page 36)

powder and that the beneficial effect would be the same, for the powder depends solely upon the chlorine in it for its sterilizing action. With this discovery came the development of new methods and new apparatus which have practically revolutionized the treatment of water intended for human consumption.

In 1907, when Colonel Johnson was working on the foul water in Bubbly Creek, the death rate from typhoid fever in those sections of the United States where statistics were gathered was 30.3 per 100,000 of population. In 1917 the death rate in the same localities had dropped to 12.3 per 100,000 from this disease. During this time the work of gassing the disease germs in water went steadily forward. Apparatus for performing this work had been installed in 2000 waterworks.

Taking fifty-seven of our leading cities, the typhoid death rate in them dropped from 28 in 1908 to 6.2 in 1918 after the sterilization of the water supplies had been effected. Part of this saving in lives was due to improvements in the general sanitary conditions of these cities, for flies and other pests are responsible for some typhoid. However, the great outstanding cause of the annual saving of about 1200 lives per 1,000,000 of population in our cities has been this new method of gas warfare on our enemy, the Bacillus typhosus.

The cost of making water safe through gassing it is very small, rarely more than forty cents a 1,000,000 gallons of water treated. In the average town of 5000 population this means about three cents a year per person. If we accept the statement of some of our economists that a human life is worth $1500, then one death from typhoid costs such a town as much as it would be necessary to expend in sterilizing the water supply for ten years.

As the population of our country grows there is sure to be a steadily increasing rate of contamination of our water supplies. High costs for labor and materials are causing a delay in many municipal improvements. New water projects are being held up. Old sources of water will have to continue to serve the people's needs. Fortunately safe water can be obtained from these old supplies if each inhabitant in the community is willing to contribute annually for the purpose the price of a glass of ice-cream soda or a cigar.

An Unusual Picture of the Grand Central Terminal in New York City, Surrounded by Some of the Nation's Biggest Hotels

The Gateways of a Metropolis

THE most interesting, human and yet withal the most tragic spot in every great city is the railroad station. It is far more than just a place where trains arrive and depart, for it is likewise a terminal of hopes and tears, a creator of romance and a gateway of adventure. Police records show that 68,000 girls forever disappear each year in the United States. If the big railroad terminals could talk they would be able to solve many of these riddles of missing people.

The two biggest railroad stations in the country are the Grand Central and Pennsylvania in New York City. Being the chief gateways to the nation's metropolis, these great terminals are veritable hives of activity. They are the portals to a new world, not only for the hundreds of thousands of people who have set out to see the sights of our biggest town, but for the smaller number of serious folks, old and young, who have ventured forth to match wits and skill among the struggling millions that constitute the human ingredient in the make-up of New York.

Before I tell of the station dramas that are enacted daily let me devote a little space to the physical and mechanical wonders of the world's two biggest railroad terminals. The new Grand Central Station was opened in 1913, while the Pennsylvania was finished two years earlier. Both terminals express the best thought and highest skill of architect and engineer, not only of this day but of centuries past. The Grand Central cost about $75,000,000, the Pennsylvania probably twice as much—no one will state the exact cost of the latter, and the available records don't show. Suffice it to say that the Government has indicated that no more terminals as costly as the Pennsylvania will ever be built with Federal sanction.

This terminal building covers seven and a half acres, or twice the area occupied by St. Peter's in Rome and thirty per cent more than the area of the Palais de Justice in Brussels, the largest building of the nineteenth century. In length the station is greater than that of the Capitol at Washington, and in content it measures 40,000,000 cubic feet. Electrification and the consequent elimination of locomotive smoke has made it possible to utilize the basement of the station for tracks and the levels above for ticket, baggage and other facilities. The building may be entered from four sides, and incoming and outgoing passengers are separated on different levels, thus avoiding delay and confusion.

The main waiting room is the largest room of its kind in existence, and has an interior height of 150 feet and a floor area of 33,000 square feet. The motif of the waiting room was suggested by the great halls of the baths of ancient Rome. The interior of the station is built of Roman travertine stone brought from the quarries near Tivoli, Italy. This is the same kind of stone that has gone into the construction of the Colosseum, the Quirinal Palace and the Cathedral of St. Peter's in Rome. The travertine is not only a fine building stone, but has a warm, sunny color, and improves in appearance by contact and use. The building is practically devoid of all ornamentation and is thoroughly fireproof. Wood trim is used only in the offices. The waiting rooms, vestibules, lavatories and arcades have marble floors, while cork floors are used in the spaces where employees stand.

In order to insure the prompt starting of trains at the scheduled time there is an electric signaling system for quick communication between the gateman, the conductor of the outgoing train and the train director in the signal cabin. About one minute before the train is to leave the conductor inserts a key in the conductor's instrument, thus showing the number of the track from which the announcement is given. The director then moves a lever which closes the circuit and lights a lamp in the conductor's box and at the platform gate to indicate to both conductor and gateman that the route has been set for the departure of the train. When a gateman closes his gate at the train-leaving time he pushes a button extinguishing the indicating light, and at the same time by the lighting of the lamp at the top of the column notifies the conductor that the gate is closed. When the passengers are aboard the train the conductor operates a push-button circuit breaker extinguishing all lights and restoring the signaling apparatus to normal.

The station has 21,000 lighting fixtures with a total of 335,000 candle power. The heating system takes care not only of the station building, but of the cars standing in the twenty-eight-acre terminal yard. The total volume to be heated in the building is 10,280,000 cubic feet, and to warm this space properly requires a maximum of 2,000,000 pounds of water an hour at a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit. In the winter, when the outside temperature is zero, the maintenance of an inside temperature of seventy degrees necessitates the consumption of 30,000,000 British thermal units of heat an hour. The fans that ventilate the building have a capacity of 43,000,000 cubic feet of air an hour, or sufficient to change the air in the different sections of the building from three to ten times an hour, depending on the number of people in any particular space. Pure drinking water cooled to forty degrees Fahrenheit is distributed through a separate system of piping to 158 special drinking fountains in the public rooms, the restaurant and the office corridors. Watchmen patrol the building hourly, registering their visits by inserting a key in special boxes at thirty-eight stations so placed as to require the watchmen to pass through all important sections in making their rounds.

The Pennsylvania Station was designed wholly for railroad purposes, and not as the basis of a civic center. It may or may not be worth all that was paid for it, but it must be admitted that this great building with its miles of yards and tunnels is a mighty monument to engineering skill and a worthy ornament to the nation's metropolis. The Grand Central Terminal, on the other hand, was planned to become the heart of a new business section, and the development of the scheme has brought results that have surpassed even the initial hopes of those who originated the idea. It brings its owners a gross revenue of something like $7,000,000 annually. This latter development has also opened blocks of streets for city use and has increased New York's revenue in taxes through higher property valuations several million dollars.

This great terminal was constructed over operating tracks and platforms that were used continually, and no bolt or board was dropped on one of the thousands of people that passed through the station each day. The late William H. Newman, president of the New York Central, was responsible for the dream that made this station a reality. He realized how valuable were the air spaces over land in New York, and decided that since the holdings of his company were limited in area he would utilize the element of height. As to just how well this idea worked out it may be stated that the first railroad station of any considerable size in New York, built in 1857 on the present site of Madison Square Garden, could be set down in the main concourse of the new terminal with plenty of room to spare all round.

The Pennsylvania Station is the largest railroad terminal under one roof in the world, but the Grand Central Terminal, with its express and suburban levels, occupies almost seventy acres, or more than double the acreage of the Pennsylvania. The Grand Central has about thirty-five miles of tracks capable of holding over 1200 cars.

Six hundred trains come and go from this terminal each day. In 1919 the number of cars in and out totaled

(Continued on Page 140)

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UPLIFTING MARY

"Down to it?" She Repeated. "People Don't Get Down to Things. They Find Their Level and Then Dig in With All Their Might to Get Above It!"

By Mabel Dunham Thayer

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

WHEN the leading citizen of Hicksville Center pushes back his chair after a pleasant evening of unusual favoritism by royalty in the form of kings and queens and aces full he is apt to be optimistic concerning the well-being of Hicksville Center, its manners, its morals, its superiority to the world at large.

Quite rightly too! For Hicksville Center is a happy sort of place, not too broad, not too strict. Filled up with human beings! So very, very different from Broadway!

Likewise when the leading citizen of old Beacon Hill, Boston, Massachusetts, lays down his last card in his carefully played game of auction bridge and gazes round at his pleasingly appointed room and his fine conservative friends, there surges within his breast a satisfaction with the god of things as they are in dear old Boston, so far, far superior to all the rest of the world! Yes, indeed! So immeasurably superior to, say, for instance, Broadway!

I presume the same frame of mind exists in India or China or Timbuctoo. That self-satisfied sense of superiority and well-being! And I am surprisingly sure that as far as the fame of Broadway extends, that far is it made the basis of comparison; always, alas, to its detriment; always, amazingly, to its lure.

Now Broadway is really a mirror, as perhaps Hicksville Center may be a mirror; as clear and seductive as the far-famed pool of Narcissus! Only Broadway is inhabited by folks from everywhere, who, leaving conventions and standards behind them, come to little old New York to indulge in their conception of freedom, just as they might seek knowledge in Boston or simplicity in Timbuctoo. And so keen a mirror is it that one sees in the shining lure of Broadway only the things which he himself holds up before it.

That, of course, is the Broadway of which people speak with bated breath! The Broadway of booze and transients and cabarets and such like! Often the folks who really live there are totally unaware that it is a wicked place. Which, of course, proves depravity to the leading citizen of Hicksville Center or the aristocrat of Beacon Hill. In fact, so thoroughly are some of them unaware of their wretched state that they themselves feel slightly superior toward their out-of-town visitors.

But the Broadway family is a hospitable one. They wine the folks from Hicksville Center, and dine them richly and—do them well. And, further, they let them dream on in fatuous complacency, which is more than the folks from Hicksville Center or Beacon Hill could do.

For Broadway is the one place that doesn't try to reform one. Its people are contented to accept happiness at its face value and welcome it uncritically to their hearts!

The only price of admission: That one play the game—with a smile!

At the large table near the main entrance in the Café Promenade sat the very folks described, plus a few more of different sorts. It was where Mary always sat between songs. Mary sang light-opera melodies at seven and eight and ten and eleven to the clattering crowds. When Mary wasn't singing Carla was dancing or Carolyn was coon-shouting or Alma, the dramatic ex-opera queen, was regaling with semiclassic stuff. The rest of the time the diners danced to the rhythm of a famous jazz band.

Conningston, who was from Boston, didn't really like any of his associates. He suspected them of lowbrowitis, a terrible affliction which makes one laugh at vaudeville jokes and all that sort of thing. But he sat there because of Mary, who, he felt, was worth uplifting.

Conningston toyed with his Scotch and smiled amiably at Gregory's gayety. Gregory would always be a big, lovable child and there was no use trying to be serious with him. Besides, he had an office in the Times Building, so Conningston didn't expect him to understand his point of view. He was too thoroughly of Broadway.

Lieutenant Hardwick, late of the aviation service, he didn't care for at all. Hardwick drank too much. The fact that he had been shot down from the clouds after making a record of seven German planes meant nothing to Conningston by way of excuse. Booze wasn't going to put a new eye in his handsome face or make it easier for his crooked arm to straighten itself.

Major Dingley, of the Marines, didn't drink at all. Of course he was in uniform, which hampered him, but everyone knows that the Marines are hellhounds and hard guys, and if he could keep away from it Hardwick ought to do a little better.

Hardwick wasn't keen about Conningston, but Mary said he was all right, so, of course, he was.

The jazz music started, and Hardwick and Dingley left the table with the two pretty girls who were dining with them. Mary answered a smiling signal from a tall individual across the room and joined the swaying crowd on the floor. This left Conningston and Gregory alone.

"I don't see how a girl like Mary ever came—to this!" Conningston snapped.

Gregory looked up from the steak which he was demolishing with hearty appetite.

"What's wrong?" he asked in unfeigned surprise.

"Look at that fellow she's dancing with! Who is he?"

Gregory looked. "Why, it's Larrimore. He's a gambler by profession. High class in his way! Don't be so virtuous, Conningston. He isn't hurting her any!"

"But a girl like Mary ——"

"Piffle!" ejaculated Gregory. "Where could a girl like Mary earn fifty a week more decently? I hope she stays here a deuce of a while!"

He returned his attention to his steak. A newsboy sneaked into the unguarded door and pleaded for a contribution for the newsboys' fund. Gregory reached into his pocket and slipped a silver piece into the grimy hand just as the doorman seized the child by the collar.

"You make beggars out of youngsters, listening to their whines," complained Conningston.

A less amiable person would have countered with a "You won't!" Gregory only laughed. As a matter of fact he liked Conningston in spite of his toplofty ways. Perhaps he had a sneaking admiration for Conningston's devotion to what he considered ideals. It entailed so much sacrifice of happiness. Broadway never was strong on sacrifice. That would imply taking thought for the morrow.

The dancers returned to the table flushed and out of breath.

"Too big a crowd to dance well!"

They seated themselves noisily, teasing Conningston because he was not dancing. Above the rattle of dishes and the din of conversation the orchestra began a popular waltz song. Above the chaotic noise rose Mary's clear *coloratura*. Here and there a few diners listened. But the others made up for it by a burst of applause as the song ended and by way of atonement continued until Mary once more smiled her way round the dancing floor trilling an air almost drowned by the renewed din of voices, which commenced as soon as the clapping had ceased.

"Music lovers!" said Conningston, waving his hand comprehensively, but with a wry smile on his lips.

No one noticed him particularly. The girl next to him took a Scotch from Hardwick's hand.

"You've had enough, old dear," she whispered. The girl was little and blond and rather pretty.

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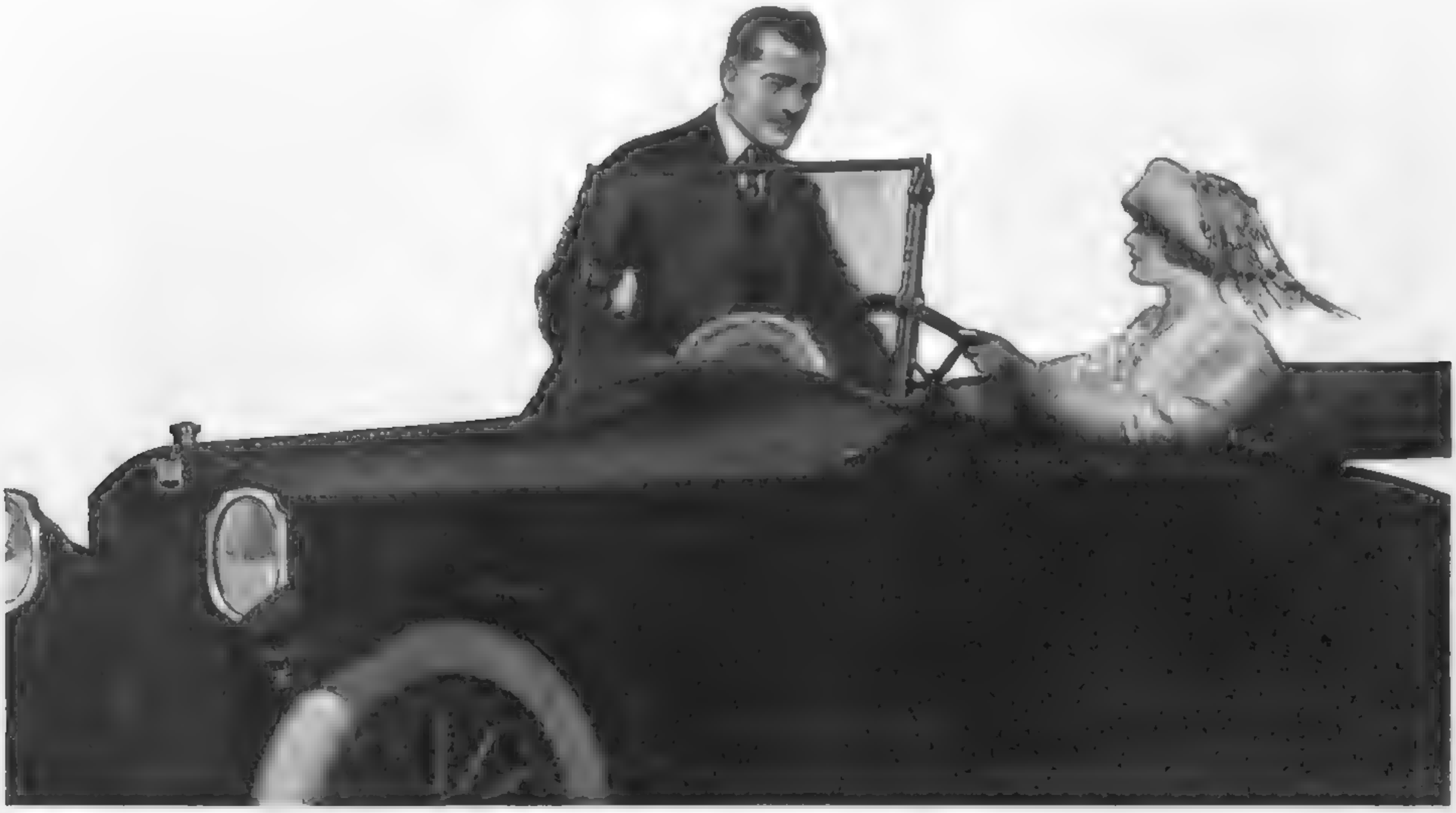

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Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 40)

Hardwick pouted. "Pretty please?" he begged.

The girl virtuously drank the stuff herself.

"True reformer!" chided Conningston.

Mary came back and sat down with them. Conningston eyed her curiously. It was plain to see he had something on his mind, something that seemed to content him. Gregory gave her hand a nice little pat underneath the table. Mary smiled. When everyone else was talking Conningston leaned across the table confidentially.

"You're not angry with me?" he asked. He regarded her intently, as if she were a butterfly on a pin.

"Not at all," she answered, thinking quickly; "I didn't wait!" Mary had an uncanny sense of intuition.

"No?" he queried, slightly rebuffed.

Mary toyed with her glass. "I knew you'd be prompt, were you coming. You're a gentleman. You wouldn't keep me waiting."

Conningston flushed. Her score rose with this naïve thrust. Conningston took himself too seriously to look for sarcasm. Mary turned disarmingly to Gregory.

"Did that duffer give you a stand up?" he growled under his breath.

"I don't know," she whispered. "I didn't go myself."

Gregory stifled a chuckle in his napkin.

"What was it?" he whispered when he could without being heard.

"Lecture on Egyptian art!" she confessed.

Carolyn, the coon-shouter, began the rounds of the dancing floor, howling her impertinent song queries to any male she could engage. She insisted upon singing at Conningston, to the delight of his companions. He pretended to like it, but there was a sneer in his smile of which Gregory could not be capable.

Another jazz dance left him alone with Gregory.

"Just from a phrenological point, that girl over there ——"

"Oh, forget it, Conny!" said Gregory. "Can't you have the slightest pleasure without analyzing all the joy out of it? I'm going to dance the next dance with that girl. Been smiling at her all evening and just remembered that I know her chap!"

"You're going to get stung," scoffed Conningston. "That young person is a leech, a spitfire and entirely without principle!"

"Tell it to the other fellow; she's got soulful brown eyes and a nice young devil in them, and look at the way she quirks up her nose! I'm going now for an introduction." He started to rise, when he thought better of it. "By the way, what are you trying to get at with Mary?"

Conningston smiled. "Just want to be sure of my premises," he said. "Of course she seems nice tempered, but I want to know! What would she do, for instance, if angry? What would she do under a lot of given conditions? With a girl in her class one has no standards to judge by."

"Oh, so you wouldn't subject your society friends to these psychological experiments?" There was no mistaking the irony.

Conningston parried. "Maybe it wouldn't be interesting enough."

"But you let Mary stand on a corner somewhere indefinitely to see how she got angry."

"Do you care?" he asked impertinently. He was peeved that she hadn't waited.

"You'd squeeze the fragrance out of a rose, Conny, to see what it was made of. What's the idea anyway? Going to adopt her?"

Mary threw herself down into the chair beside Greggy.

"You old dear," she confided.

"Why didn't you go to meet Conny?" he whispered.

"I never do the first time—with his kind!" she answered frankly.

"He's rich, influential, society favorite."

"That's the kind I mean!" she answered, unperturbed.

II

CAROLYN, cabaret coon-shouter extraordinary, had a large champagne following. In polite society in Boston she would probably have been, say, one of the horsy set; or in Hicksville Center leader of the automobile bunch who drove up to Chicago and danced on the Blackstone roof on hot nights—that is, had she been born in polite society. But, of course, she wasn't. No one on Broadway knew whether she ever had been born or not. She just existed, like the lights on the Longacre Building—attractive, cheerful and ready to make one smile at life.

As long as she held her following she could hold her job, and if she lost out at the Promenade she could get one almost immediately at the Tambourine or Hanley's; just so long, of course, as she held her crowd in subjection. In that way she was again like the society leader in Boston's gay set or Hicksville Center's sporty group. Only the odds were somewhat in her favor. She knew she was popular and talked about, and all that. The society leader only hoped she was, and she had no Tambourine or Hanley's to make another try in.

Her crowd said she had loads of personality. She certainly couldn't sing!

Mary was different. She didn't have any particular crowd except everybody. She was just a comfy, sweet little thing with a better-than-good voice and the kind of manner that made one forget he was being entertained because he was so happy. No one said she had personality, but people liked to drop in to see her. The out-of-town transients didn't care so much for her. She didn't make them feel wicked enough. It was more exciting to buy wine for Carolyn and laugh a little boisterously and smile at her knowingly on the side, and feel like a helluva fellow.

In a way Mary envied her, but it is certain Carolyn looked up to Mary and asked her advice on matters of dress and things, even though she never took it. They said Carolyn had a sweetheart, but most everyone thought Mary had a fiancé.

"Are You Asking Me to Marry You?" She Asked in That Same Odd Quiet Voice

Conningston knew the difference. He wouldn't have bothered with Carolyn at all. It would have taken a lot of champagne buying to have made Carolyn bother with Conningston, but that is neither here nor there. He wouldn't have bothered with her. For some reason he did wish to bother with Mary. Gregory said it was because he couldn't bear to see anyone really happy, it seemed such bad form.

He had been annoyed at Mary's calm statement that he was a gentleman. Though why he should have been peeved at what he considered a fact is past understanding. For some reason he was becoming more and more annoyed with Mary's treatment of himself every day. He couldn't ruffle her temper. She patiently allowed him to try tests on her for stupidity. Gregory parodied them something like this:

"If you are a male write an x here; if not do nothing until you get to Forty-second Street; then say 'turtle' backwards four times and exchange hats rapidly with every man who passes during the next four minutes. One hundred hats is good, ten scraps is fair, and two days in Bellevue only just normal."

Carolyn couldn't have understood that sort of thing. She would have thought him just plain nut. Mary knew that he had ideas of sorts. Serious-minded folks, especially the oversensitive ones, were always having ideas.

Said Carolyn in the dressing room: "Don't it get your goat, deary, to listen to the chatter of some of those guys? Why, if they didn't have their papa's money to spend they'd be driving an ash cart and calling it brain work!"

She dabbed a bit of powder somewhat viciously upon her tiptilted nose.

Mary laughed. "What a blasé person she is!"

"No, but honest, deary, these guys give me a pain the way they think they can get gay with a lady what's earning an honest living!"

"Poor dear!" Mary murmured.

"How's your new guy getting on? The one with the glasses and the swell clothes! Gee, I bet he's a highbrow. Saw him on the street with Arthur Commerstein the other day. There's your chance for a operatic career!"

Mary looked into the glass thoughtfully.

"But, Lord, I'll bet he's a bore! Looks as if he wouldn't know a fox trot from a glass of beer!"

"Oh, he dances well," defended Mary absently, applying the last touch of rouge to her lips.

Conningston was there when she went upstairs. The doorman said he had been waiting some time. At another table sat Larrimore. Mary stopped and chatted with him first. He was in a remorseful mood.

"Funny thing," he confessed, "every time I'm out of sorts with myself I just naturally drop in here." He was a good-looking, sensitive type, long, thin features and artistic hands.

"Funny part of it is that I was just born bad. The only one in the family with a rotten streak, and they spent the most money on me to make a regular man out of me! Studied music in Munich! Been in every art center in the world. Ought to see my place on Thirty-second Street. I'd like to take you in some day. The paintings! Little girl, you'd admire them!"

"I'd admire them?"

"Anyone with your hands and forehead would admire paintings whether they knew art or not." He gazed at her with

(Continued on Page 44)

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French RAY-O-LITES and DRY BATTERIES

(41)

(Continued from Page 42)

such deep admiration that it was entirely without flattery.

"I'd love to see them!"

"I've a good mind to fix it up," he murmured. "There's an old English room that's worth the trouble to look at, and a lounge upstairs—imitation-balcony effect, fountain in the center of the room and the walls painted to give the effect of a panorama view!"

"It must be wonderful!"

He laughed shortly. "I've refused eighteen thousand for a single picture down in the entrance hall. There are men who lose twenty thousand a year or more regularly to me, over there and in my Palm Beach place. Millionaires who owe me thousands of dollars this minute; and yet they're going to sting me, and sting me good!"

"Who?" Mary asked.

"The powers that be. Worst of it is I can't cash a single asset or it will tip my hand. Can't sell a picture or ask for a few thousand on account. They're after me too hard, and they're going to get me if I don't look sharp!"

He looked tired and drawn, but he managed to smile into Mary's sympathetic eyes.

"Don't know why I bother you with my troubles," he mumbled.

"Let's have a drink to your success!" she said. "They've never got you yet. Who says they'll get you now?"

He was startled into an ejaculation of surprise.

"You're a game youngster!" he said suddenly. A suggestion of moisture glistened in his eyes. "How much are they giving you in this joint?"

Mary smiled valiantly. "More than I'm worth," she countered.

"Wonder why I've never thought to do anything for you!"

Mary faced him squarely. Maybe she was tired of bluffing for the minute. "Because I haven't any personality!"

He flushed guiltily. "Who says so?" he demanded. "A girl that can make Tom Larrimore confess his sins has some personality."

"I think it is growing," she confessed speculatively.

He eyed her keenly. "How'd you ever get down to this?" he asked.

"Down to it?" she repeated. "Down to it! Don't make me laugh. It's the best job I've ever had. People don't get down to things. They find their level and then dig in with all their might to get above it!"

"Until ——" he prompted.

"Until they make a new level!" She met his glance stoutly.

His eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "And you learn that philosophy on fifty dollars a week!" he mused.

Alma, the operatic person, began to sing. A waiter stopped before them with cocktails.

"Let's drink to you, my dear!" he said, his eyes still filled with quizzical interest. "I have an idea that money placed on you would win!"

"You're an old dear!" she said, raising her glass, smiling straight into his earnest gaze.

"You're a—I don't think it matters what Tom Larrimore thinks."

There was a hurt in what used to be his heart before he became a gambler. Now he didn't admit its existence. And he fought against an unaccustomed choky feeling in his throat.

"It matters what any of my friends think," said Mary.

"By the way"—he changed the subject abruptly—"Edward Reyburn is coming in here later to see me. He's putting on a new show," he added after a minute.

"You're awfully nice to me!"

Hardwick came in with the little blonde. The place was getting crowded. The din was unceasing. Dishes, laughter, music! At the door of the coat room the little blonde whispered to Mary, who hugged her and patted her shoulder and wished her all kinds of luck. It was confession night to-night. Mary had an odd feeling of weariness which she was bravely fighting. The game seemed so worthless.

Conningston was sulky when she got to his table.

"Are you sure you have time to spare from Mr. Larrimore's flatteries?"

Mary felt the blood pound against her temples, but she managed a smile.

"Does it annoy you?"

"It annoys me to have you insulted!"

"New Yorkers, regular fellows, don't insult me. It's the little fellows from out of town, and snobs who think they're slumming!" Mary felt like slamming something.

He was choking with rage, so he said with maddening softness: "So you prefer his type?"

"Mr. Larrimore is trying to help me. He is my friend."

"I could help you," he suggested.

"The little blonde is going to marry Hardwick!" Mary changed the subject abruptly.

"Poor fool!"

"Hardwick is making good in his profession since Ada was kind to him. He's an engineer. He was homesick, that's all! Lots of boys come in here and drink too much because they're homesick and have nowhere else to go!"

"I wasn't speaking of her. He's a fool to marry her. You know what she is, don't you?"

"I know she's a chorus girl in the Follies." Mary's attitude was dangerous.

"How can you defend such people, Mary?"

"They are my friends."

"Hardwick is ——"

"Hardwick is a big, lovable kid who went through hell and back, and came home with the boy look still in his eyes!"

"No one ever excused me for anything because I was boyish!" Through his anger and scorn Mary could have sensed a wistful envy had she been in the mood to listen. "I always expected to be a man—and a gentleman!"

"Evidently nothing can satisfy you to-night." Mary stood up to leave. "Perhaps you have never been a boy, a real flesh-and-blood boy! It might not hurt you to—well, sing in a cabaret, for instance! It might develop a heart!" She would have run away had not Gregory come in just then.

"Don't It Get Your Goat, Deary, to Listen to the Chatter of Some of Those Guys? Why, If They Didn't Have Their Papa's Money to Spend They'd be Driving an Ash Cart and Calling It Brain Work!"

He took hold of her arm and sat her down, laughing into the veritable wall of indignation which enveloped her.

"Boo, Mary, I can't see you for the black clouds round! Hey you, Conningston. I want a drink. I want to drink to dear old Boston, the home of the bean and the cod, where the Lowells speak only to Conny, and Conny speaks only to God!" he paraphrased gayly. "Waiter! Waiter!" He would not allow them a word.

"Make him pay through his nose!" he whispered in an aside. "You little duffer, you! He's got all the pull in the world, and money enough so it hurts me to think about it!"

The table began filling up with new arrivals. Conningston welcomed them indifferently. He wanted to get Mary away somewhere and put her in her place. He didn't know why he was bothering with her. He didn't need to! Only she might be worth saving from this rabble! He hated it. The couple at the next table were ogling each other. What a place! He knew who the girl was—just fired from a musical show. Notorious! Mary would sing for her soon! People like that! The large side table near was filled with country folks trying to get a thrill. Enjoying every minute of the imaginary wickedness to which they were exposing themselves, they were trying very hard to live up to it! The girl was smirking at him like a vamp! Her father wasn't noticing; he was giving a sly wink in Carolyn's direction. The mother was complacently bored, but drinking it all in to use in her next paper at the women's club against the Evil of Broadway!

Why couldn't Mary see it! It nauseated him. He must make her understand! Ten generations of Puritans told him he was right!

"If she only had personality—or something that would put her across even in this madhouse!" he growled to Greggy. "But it's useless; she's getting nowhere! No one even listens to her, even though she can sing!"

Gregory was interested. "What do you suggest?"

Conningston got up from the table and made his way blindly to the door. He caught Mary's arm as she passed through to the dressing room.

"I must talk to you!" he said. "Come out with me until your next song!"

He didn't give her a chance to refuse. She was in his car almost before she realized it.

He opened fire immediately.

"Mary, you can't go on there! Can't you see the sort of thing it is? Can't you see the kind of people round you?"

He was desperate.

"What do you suggest?"—in an oddly quiet voice.

"Anything in the world, Mary. I can help you! Let me take care of you! Get out of that place. I want you, Mary! I can't stand it, seeing you there every night smiling at a lot of ogling fools. You're too good for that sort of thing! Mary!"

He caught her roughly in his arms.

"Are you asking me to marry you?" she asked in that same odd quiet voice, holding her head proudly so that his seeking lips could not quite dare to touch hers.

"Marry!" His voice was dazed. A Conningston and a cabaret singer! "I only want to help you. You're so worth it, if you could only understand!"

"I understand quite well!" And then her voice broke into a half sob. "You're the kind of people I was brought up with. My kind! I've always felt above that Promenade bunch! Ashamed to be there! Ashamed of the real people who were my friends. A snob! I've talked a lot of bromides about my friends, but I didn't mean it! I felt too good for them! Me, one of your kind—too good for people with real hearts that beat and ache and break!" She tore out of his embrace and lifted the speaking tube to her lips.

"Drive back quick! Quick!" she commanded.

"Uplifting me!" She gave a little choked, hysterical cry. "Uplifting Mary! Why, my father was R. C. Corning, the millionaire who shot himself over in Boston after his partner had double-crossed him!"

Her laugh froze him. Like a whipped schoolboy he sat back in the corner of the big limousine. She rushed out of it as it swung up before the door of the Promenade, before it had time to stop.

It was time for her next number. She had only a moment to glance round. Someone was sitting with Larrimore—she could not distinguish who in the blur that rose before her eyes. Her own table was full as usual. A sea of faces swam before her.

"I'm going to sing In Flanders Fields!" she announced.

"It's not suited to your voice!" the conductor tried to dissuade her. He hated to hear it ruined in the din.

"Play it for me!"

She was beside herself. The conductor looked at her in surprise.

"I'm going to reach them!" she was crying deep down in her heart. "They've got to listen to me! Every lonely man! Every woman!"

She tore into the song; her voice was a living hurt.

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow between the crosses, row on row!"

There was a hush in the restaurant as the vibrant words gripped the attention. Cold chills of dread, of fear and sympathy crept over jaded shallow nerves.

"We are the dead!"

It wasn't Mary singing; it was a living message from a tortured soul coming into its own! A brave soul!

"Be yours to hold it high!"

There was not another sound in the restaurant. Tears stood trembling unnoticed on unaccustomed eyelids.

"I give you my all, people! Friends!" Mary's heart pounded. "You've got to listen! You've got to care!"

"If ye break faith with us who die we shall not sleep, though poppies grow ——"

A hush, vibrant, compelling in its tenseness, preceded the burst of applause.

"Lord, what a personality!" Reyburn's praise was spontaneous. Larrimore thrilled with pride.

(Continued on Page 46)

Lined with
'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING
Makes shoes wear longer

Shoes that wear longer cost less —

Most all shoes are attractive in the shoe-store window. They look well the first time you put them on. If you buy shoes on "first impressions" and overlook what you should really have for your money, "most any shoes" will do.

But if you would have lasting comfort, a shape that holds and, therefore, wears longer, examine the INSIDE of the shoes you buy. The *lining* of a shoe is a vital factor in prolonging the life of your shoes. And as shoes that wear longer cost less, the *lining*, THE RE-INFORCING STRENGTH OF THE SHOE, has a lot to do with the size of your shoe bills.

A strong shoe lining resists the strain, reinforces the leather and seams, promotes comfort and increases the wear of the shoes.

"Red-line-in" is the shoe lining that is heaviest in cotton, strongest by test and most satisfactory, not only in wear, but in *all ways*. It is found in shoes made by manufacturers who know that it adds *dollars' worth* of extra wear to a shoe.

Look inside the shoes you buy. Select the ones with the RED THREAD running at intervals through the lining. The RED THREAD identifies "Red-line-in." It is a *guarantee* that your dealer is selling you shoes that mean greater comfort and longer wear.

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY, Boston, Mass.
Established 1856

The Service Stripe

This unusually interesting booklet contains information relative to SHOES that has never before been brought to public attention. Just say on a postal card, "I want 'The Service Stripe,' telling all about '*Red-line-in.*'" Write now.

'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING
Makes shoes wear longer

(Continued from Page 44)

The encore was a popular air, merry and quaint. But people were listening. How they did listen! Larrimore wanted to get her before the reaction set in, while Reyburn was still enthusiastic. There was no need to worry. Reyburn felt he would never forget. It was his business not to forget when he found genius!

Mary's eyes were still blurred with mist, her heart throbbing enough to choke her with passionate humility! With one crash she had swept through the wall of pride that made just people out of living souls. For her the wall was down eternally. Never again would she see exteriors! Never again would her audience be groups from Boston and Kankakee! Always now they would be hearts—human, living things, ready to ache and laugh and understand!

She was a bit dazed with this sudden assault upon life, this sudden rending of a veil. She saw Larrimore smiling, holding out his hand to her. A different Larrimore. She no longer saw his saturnine features, his cynical, sensitive lips! She saw only the cruel hurt that lay down deep in him, the vital real friendship that pleaded with her to accept his offering of service.

Reyburn was on his feet to greet her. She didn't have to talk.

"How you can get under the skin!" he said fervently.

Mary flushed happily. She was beginning to feel more real again now that she was safely back in a chair before her usual table. But her nerves were still vibrantly keen!

"How much are you willing to sacrifice to make good?" Reyburn asked with a fierce scowl, which Mary read perfectly as a mask.

She bent forward eagerly.

"Everything!" she breathed huskily.

He knew she meant it.

"Will you come to my office to-morrow at ten?"

It was a royal command. Mary left them with pounding heart. She could not utter another word. She was too full of emotions.

Reyburn leaned back in his chair. His hand on his glass trembled ever so slightly.

"Lordy!" he exclaimed after a little. "I never expected to find a real genius. I've bolstered them up, created them out of nothing with clever lines and stage effects, but a real one—I thought they didn't exist!"

"Mary ——" began Larrimore.

"Mary is like a wonderful violin waiting for a master hand to draw the bow! How she will respond! How she will get into the lives of her hearers and twine round their hearts!" He was like a boy dreaming daydreams beneath a tree on the hilltop, the world at his feet, his face turned upward to the sunlit sky. "It isn't timbre in her voice, it's a god!"

Larrimore neither smiled nor sneered. Instead he gave the impression somehow of having suddenly and reverently taken off his hat. Only, of course, he hadn't, because he had had no hat on. Besides, he was a gambler, a New Yorker of Broadway, and, of course, thoroughly bad! He couldn't have done any of those things!

Down in the dressing room Carolyn sat, her much coiffured head in her plump hands.

"It's a helluva world!" she contributed, sighing.

Mary patted her head in passing. Carolyn looked up with a twisted sort of smile.

"I've got a good mind to give my old woman a treat!"

Mary waited encouragingly.

"Go home for a while, and kill the fatted calf for myself! Fat welcome I'd get! The old man probably soused! I don't know why I'm telling it to you, spilling sob stuff all over the place!"

"Poor kid!"

"But somehow I got the feeling I'd like to see my mother! I suppose it was that song!"

She broke off suddenly and laughed shortly. But there was a frightened look in her childlike eyes. Mary put her arms round her and kissed her.

III

CONNINGSTON had followed Mary into the vestibule. He was angry. She had misunderstood his purpose entirely. What he had said to her had been entirely without premeditation. It was not intended as an insult. He did want to do for her. He had not thought of marrying her. He hadn't got to that point in his analysis! It hadn't seemed necessary. There was no need for her flying off the handle like that. He was in deadly earnest in his desire to help her! It was her nearness that had inflamed him to the point of forgetfulness. For that he would pay in his own bitter self-reproach. Not on her account, but on his own. That he had forgotten his self-restraint! Forgotten that he was a gentleman! But, hang it all, she needn't have been so angry about it! After all she was a cabaret singer!

With a sort of horrified chill he reviewed her accusation. A daughter of R. C. Corning! He remembered him well. A cultured old thing. Went in for art rather heavily. Somewhat altruistic and all that. Turned squeamish at business methods. That was why the crowd got him. He wouldn't run with the pack, so they double-crossed him. Then he couldn't stand the gaff. Rather messy way out—killing himself. Nearly brought down the world about their ears.

Unpleasantly he was reminded that his father had been terribly upset at the affair. Only, of course, it could have meant nothing personal to him.

Conningston had never been interested in business; he hadn't had to be. The whole end and aim of his existence was culture, and it had been to his father and his father's father! Only there would bob up a sort of wistful loneliness now and then, a human something that had never been allowed to develop. It had expressed itself in desiring to help Mary.

And he was right! He knew he was right! He was too analytical of things not to be perfectly and logically correct in all things. And yet Mary made him feel wrong. That was why he was so angry with her. He sat down on a bench in the vestibule. He was smarting with rage.

And then she sang!

Out to him the words came with startling clearness, like a message.

"*We are the dead!*"

What would the dead think of him? It was like a staggering blow between the eyes. What could he give to the dead? What would live on when he had gone?

What of the superknowledge with which he had crammed his brain? What of the carping criticisms of others' efforts? What of the posings in matters of art and conduct? Did they matter?

"*. . . from falling hands . . . the torch.*"

What torch? Humanity? He didn't know it. Dead souls! No—living souls! Living on in their love for others! Living on, perhaps, in some spirit beyond, but surely still alive here because of their great service, revitalizing courage, restoring dead hopes, their memories more vital than he who stood in flesh and blood!

"*If ye break faith with us who die we shall not sleep* ——"

Oh, he had heard it hundreds of times; had dared to offer criticism of it as a piece of writing! He closed his eyes against the jeering thoughts that tortured his too well-trained brain.

"What have I developed that I could take with me?" His mind stood aghast at the painful confession wrung from his cruelly clear logic. "Not one iota have I added to the world to make it more bearable!"

He saw himself pitilessly with the eyes of the dead from whom the trappings of conventions had been stripped. A cultured mind. A storehouse of facts and theories. Jammed with unusable knowledge. Nothing to live by. Less, even less to die by.

Ten generations of Puritans rushed to his defense! Would he destroy the civilization of centuries because of the jeers of one wayward girl?

Hardwick and the little blonde passed. She was holding his arm like a little child clinging to her daddy. They were laughing.

"Now you see," she was saying happily, "you can take it or leave it alone if you want to."

Hardwick's mouth looked a little drawn. His crooked left arm seemed taut as if it were paining! But he answered bravely:

"Just don't lose faith in me, little girl, and I'll come through!" The smile that went with the words seemed flippant enough, but the girl knew.

"I shan't lose faith, dear; I love you!" Conningston heard it distinctly though her voice had dropped to a mere whisper.

"We'll have to hurry."

"Had you better wait to-night, you're so tired?"

"Can't let you ——"

And so they passed through the turning door, arguing each for the other's comfort.

Beads of perspiration chilled on Conningston's brow. For one grain of faith he would barter all his knowledge! It was too late for him! He would never understand! No one would ever understand! He had nothing to give—no soul, only a wonderfully trained mind—and minds die!

Only one thing was his! He grasped blindly at the saving thought, squared his shoulders to bring back his pride. He was a gentleman. He could die like a gentleman. They couldn't take that away from him. As long as he lived he could be that!

Mary came toward him with outstretched hand.

"I'm sorry!" she said.

"You're sorry!" The words rasped huskily through his dry throat.

"It was my fault. I had quite intended to make you pay—through the nose," she added, quoting Greggy's advice. "I didn't realize that you might—that it might hurt, until I saw your eyes just now! Maybe I didn't care!"

He faltered, trying to frame the question that all his heritage rebelled against asking, but which he hungrily wanted to know.

"In my eyes?" he stammered. "You saw ——"

Oh, he never would be a gentleman even, if he couldn't control himself better.

"Perhaps it was a little hurt boy who had never had a chance to live!" she explained whimsically.

And then a strange thing happened to Cecil Montague Conningston. The little boy in him clamorously, urgently cried out for his own! A curious exultant thrill sang red-blooded songs of freedom tumbling and tingling through blue veins!

"Next," he said a bit tremulously but with a stern attempt at dignity—"next you'll be telling me I have a soul!"

"Why, I always knew you had that!" said Mary. And then, because mortals are after all human and belong down on earth instead of in the clouds: "And what do you think—Reyburn is going to give me a real tryout to-morrow morning! And best of all, he says I have a personality! Isn't it just too wonderful?"

And she tossed her head like a happy robin, feeling just a bit superior to all the rest of the world who didn't have this gloriously splendid chance.

And Conningston shook her hand heartily, feeling just a bit superior that he knew this gorgeous creature! He didn't want to uplift her any more! He just wanted to help her—to be happy!

"Funny," he thought, "that the rest of the world couldn't see what a human place old Broadway is!"

IV

YOUR Broadway theatrical producer is one-quarter enthusiasm—dynamic, imaginative and of boundless faith. He is a superperson of keen vision and never-ending hopes about to be blasted, which accounts no doubt for his three-quarters pessimism, by which same he is more familiarly known.

Thus Ed Reyburn at ten P. M. was an enthusiastic admirer of Mary Darling, soprano at the Café Promenade. She had swept him off his sentimental balance! But the singing of such a song in such a place was unusual. It was likely to create introspection, which would be fatal to Broadway's vaunted gayety.

Broadway likes impersonal emotion; "home" and "mother" and "the hours I've spent with thee"; something remote that does not probe into one's present arrangement with convention too deeply.

But in that one cruel second when Conningston had caught Mary in his arms her false gods were torn from her. She understood! Facts loomed clear before her new vision. Thus she forgave Conningston for his snobbery, even while she flayed him! She accepted for herself the verdict of her new judgment. A cabaret singer is a cabaret singer. A success or a failure—that was where the dividing line came. One made good or one didn't!

The revelation was prodigious.

Small wonder that Mary's sublime exaltation had shattered Reyburn's caution, had swept aside his reserve. A message from heart to heart knows no convention, no law. And in plain ten A. M. language, he had slopped over.

Oh, he knew it well enough. While indulging in his early morning grouch he called himself several kinds of fool. Which did no good whatever. For what relation after all did Flanders Field sentiment bear to prima-donna love rôles? Or comedy leads or ingénue cleverness? None at all! None at all! And yet he had promised, in a way; yes—at least he had decidedly encouraged an unknown cabaret singer of whom he knew nothing!

Oh, hang!

His partner was unsympathetic, which increased the gloom of his pessimism.

"After three drinks Fred Stone could make you weep!" was his consoling sentiment. "You make me sick! What can she do that any one of a thousand can't do as well? Is she a queen? Is she clever? No, no! She can sing Flanders Field and make you cry! I can cry just reading it by myself. That's no stunt. Besides, people don't want to cry. They want to laugh!"

Reyburn tried a truculent defense:

"Once in a while a man likes to develop a little genius!"

"Very poor come-back, Ed," Eckstein jeered. "That means she won't work! Has a bad temper! Thinks managers are harem keepers ——"

From the outer office came the steady drone of voices. Now and then an assertive someone could be heard making pompous inquiry, an endless shuffle of feet as the snobbish office girl turned the lesser ones away, now and then an argumentative babel as a more persistent one remained, a noisy cheero from a well-known comedian, the assured insolence of a reigning show girl—the partners knew them all.

"Fifty shows in New York! Four good parts in each," Reyburn muttered.

"Ten live ones a day after each part," finished Eckstein. "All can sing and all can dance and all can make a showman wince!"

"And every girl that gets thrown down puts on a virtuous pose and smiles knowingly at the lucky ones!" sighed Reyburn. "Well, here's where I stall her along ——"

Eckstein wheeled abruptly:

"Tell you what I'll do with this queen of yours. If she'll come back into this office in two months' time with one idea of her own that she's put any real work into"—he took a deep breath—"we'll make a star out of her that will make the rest of them look like tinsel."

"But suppose that after all she has no talent?"

Eckstein made a wry grimace.

"Now what," he asked, "would a star do with talent?"

Eckstein opened the door and immediately picked out Mary as the one person with an actual appointment. He nodded for her to come into the private office. Her eagerness shone from her big blue eyes, but it was an eagerness that irritated. It implied an earned obligation. It added a touch to Reyburn's hostility because he knew himself to be to blame and he had nothing to offer.

"You—you know we have nothing in mind at present!" he said, not looking at her directly.

A slight smile curved Mary's sensitive lips. It was a smile born of three years of listening to the same old pleasantries.

"Of course I am interested in you, Miss Darling," he lied unconvincingly. "I think you have a great future if—if—er—you apply yourself ——"

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Reyburn," Mary answered in exactly the voice that matched his.

Eckstein leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the room grinned at Reyburn's discomfiture.

"How much do you work on your voice?" Reyburn patronized.

"Four hours a day." Mary decided to make her story as good as his.

It seemed to be a battle of wits, with Mary slightly champion. Eckstein became interested.

"We have nothing at all in mind, Miss Darling," Reyburn persevered; "but, of course, we are always looking for something new. Something—er—different. What is your ambition?"

"What," asked Mary casually, though seething with an inward revolt, "is the usual ambition of a *coloratura* soprano?"

"Ah, yes—yes indeed. It's a hard life, Miss Darling. Here's Nelson. How does she spend her day? Rising at seven, walking four miles; breakfast of dry toast; a morning of practice; light luncheon; a nap; a drive; more practice; a light supper. No diversion! No excitement! No drinks or fancy foods! Is it worth it?" He snapped out each sentence in a grim staccato intended to squelch enthusiasm.

(Continued on Page 49)

BREAD *for Energy Endurance and Economy*

THE train speeded westward through splendid fields of grain. "You know," remarked the business man, "I never thought of Bread as a *food* until I saw French troops march miles and come up fighting—on Bread alone.

"In my mind, Bread before that was merely a filler. If I hadn't a feeling of repletion at the end of a meal, why, I filled up with a slice of buttered Bread. I never realized that Bread is high in Energy and Muscular Power and could rebuild tissue waste.

"They call us a nation of wasters. With all our wonderful wheat production, the United States consumes much less Bread per person than the other nations. Here's a table of figures that was given me the other day."

Wheat Production		*Wheat Flour Consumption per Capita*	
United States,	917,109,000 bus.	United States,	375 lbs.
France,	234,333,333 bus.	France,	575 lbs.
Italy,	176,000,000 bus.	Italy,	475 lbs.
Argentina,	183,883,333 bus.	United Kingdom,	425 lbs.
United Kingdom,	142,982,882 bus.	Argentina,	650 lbs.

Bread is a Food—containing *more complete* nourishment than other foods that cost from two to five times as much. Order an extra loaf today and save on your food bill.

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"65 Delicious Dishes Made with Bread." It will help you vary the family menu and cut the High Cost of Living. From your baker or grocer, free, or from the Fleischmann office in your city.

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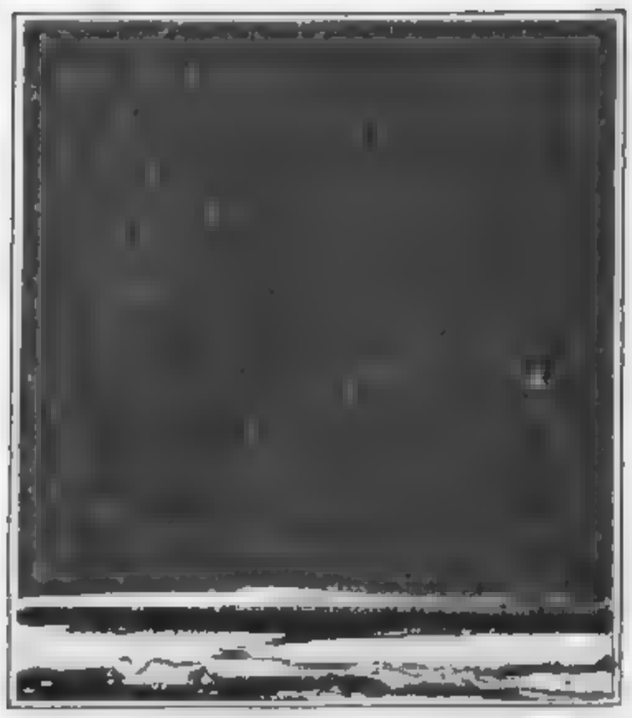
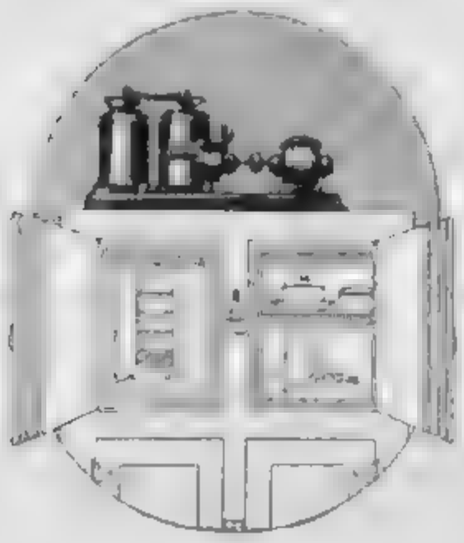


Cold as an Arctic Night, Constant as the Stars ★

Isko may be placed on top of your refrigerator, beside it on the floor, or in the basement, as you prefer



Drip, drip, drip, drip! Ice melts away.
Up, up, up, up, the temperature goes!
Your ice box is moist and dank. Food gets soggy.
Milk sours. Meat spoils. Vegetables wilt.
That is the story of refrigeration by ice.
But that is the old way.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Isko cold is dry as Polar air and constant as the stars.

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What ice you need for table use, Isko provides in convenient cubes, diamond clear.

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The thermostat is set at the temperature you wish maintained; you turn on the electric current and Isko obeys.

Relentlessly Isko holds that temperature, night and day. When the mercury starts to rise, Click! Isko is making cold. When it falls again, Click! Isko is at rest.

So it goes, ever vigilant in the performance of its duty.

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ISKO

Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 46)

"I should think it might be," answered Mary calmly. "However, Laubert, the prima donna of Can it be Possible? or Florence, of Calamity Carolyn, don't exactly live like that."

Reyburn felt that he had slightly scored in this, for Laubert had the backing of great wealth and Florence was an eccentric dancer whose vogue was already waning.

The corners of his mouth turned downward in a backhanded sort of grin.

"That isn't the point, Miss Darling," he urged, forcing himself to remember the appeal of her voice. "You have a certain gift which only the most splendid health can properly present to the public!"

He watched her closely. After all, singers were all alike. That was why so few succeeded. He rose abruptly to dismiss her.

Mary became stubborn and leaned back in her chair unconcernedly.

"As for health, Mr. Reyburn," she drawled in an irritatingly sweet voice, "you will find me in excellent form always. And as for keeping my word ——"

It was an insinuation that made him see red. Eckstein chuckled to himself silently. Well he knew the rash promises of ten P. M. He stepped forward and took the conversation into his own capable hands, allowing his disgruntled partner to regain his poise.

"Mr. Reyburn spoke very highly of your voice, Miss Darling," he said suavely. "We are unfortunate enough not to be preparing anything at this time. However"—he eyed her keenly—"we are reading a show with a peasant-girl lead. Old stuff, I'm afraid. Still, if we could find a new sort of peasant girl. Sort of dumb at first but one who could come through ——"

Mary rose, a peculiar smile on her sensitive lips. She did not believe him.

"I understand," she mocked politely. "It was very kind of you to see me."

It baffled and irritated Eckstein; made him feel as if he might be missing something when she slipped so quickly out of the room.

"There might be something to her," he suggested tentatively.

"She can sing Flanders Field and make you cry!" Reyburn snapped tersely.

"She can put something over on a couple of wise guys too!" said Eckstein sagely. "I'm wondering ——"

"Well, we haven't anything at present," said Reyburn shortly. "Let's see the rest of the Tetrazzinis. That girl Harbury's been advertising is waiting, and the sidekick vamp from Haley's ——"

Mary was forgotten in the rush of business.

But Mary could not forget. Her anger rose in waves which threatened to engulf her common sense completely. She felt humiliated, defrauded.

"Good advice and fool suggestions!" she snapped. "If they were money I'd be a millionaire!"

V

AT THE Promenade the usual crowd was assembled when Mary came in for her first song. In the corner was a group of Hungarians, vivacious, intense. Next to them was a family party from the Middle West seeing life on Broadway for the first time. Secretly they considered the Hungarians to be spies, which would have been both amazing and amusing to the Hungarians, and was exciting to themselves. On the long divan was a bunch of traveling men who expected adventure when they were in New York, and were foredoomed to disappointment.

Mary's followers were gathered round small tables near the dancing floor—Major Dingley; Hardwick, with his little blond fiancée; Conningston; and Sheridan Smith, once sole owner of a factory out in Iowa, now a very small director in a very large concern in New York. He had, he confessed, traded his home for a thrill. There were others; a Canadian banker and a Japanese dancing girl—a motley combination.

In the very corner Signor Verzo, an Italian correspondent, talked with Larrimore the gambler. It was to Larrimore that Mary went as soon as her song was ended. She wanted to get even with him for her humiliation from his vaunted friend, Reyburn.

Still smarting from her morning's interview Mary held her head high like a racer who has felt the whip. But her eyes smiled and her voice was gracious as she stopped before each table for a hasty word of greeting. It was her way.

"So glad to see you! So nice of you to come in!"

She did not sing so well as usual. Verzo scowled.

"Our Marie does not work hard enough on ze voice!"

Larrimore's keen though restless eyes sought hers.

"I'm going away!" he said hurriedly before she could mention her trouble. "Have to leave the city. Can we talk?"

"After my next song."

He noticed the evasiveness of her eyes for the first time and wondered, forgetting for the moment his own affairs in sympathy for her.

She sat down next to Hardwick, who was stoically drinking ginger ale, vainly striving to assuage a whisky thirst.

"It's all luck," he was saying. "Fate gives you a star part and nothing can spoil it!"

Mary nodded. It was balm to her bruised spirit.

"There was a mule over across," said Hardwick. "We'd cut him loose. He was crazy. Didn't have a brain in the world. Two days later we came into a ruined town. We were retreating, fighting every inch of the way. Good fellows were falling every minute; and there in an old château was our mule. Up in the second story, framed by a window sash, safe! Shells sang overhead! They tore the house to pieces, bit by bit. But the old mule stood in the window lifting up his head in his E-ee—E-ee song. Nothing could hit him!"

"Just a natural-born star!" said Mary, hating Reyburn worse than ever, and feeling blasé and cynical. It all seemed to fit in with her mood.

Larrimore came over to her.

"Want to drive round the park?"

She nodded. He passed on into the street. A moment later she joined him, stepping quickly into the taxi he had called.

"Lean back!" he commanded sharply. "I don't want anyone to see you with me. It wouldn't help you any!"

His voice was filled with self-scorn. For a minute she almost forgot her own humiliation.

"I am not afraid," she said loyally.

He smiled. "I wish I'd known a girl like you before ——" He changed the subject abruptly. "What luck with Reyburn?"

Her temper flared. "He's ——"

Larrimore interrupted sharply. "Just tell me what he said!"

"The usual story—nothing doing!"

"What else?" asked Larrimore. He knew women rather well.

"Wants me to rise at seven and learn to be a Sandow!"

Larrimore scowled thoughtfully. "Of course you'll need to do something like that to make good!"

Mary seemed more aloof than ever as she tossed her head angrily and drew farther away from him into her corner of the cab.

"Yes, indeed," he said, not appearing to notice her. "You're too thin, too nervous, and practice too little to give the world the best that's in you. And you know you haven't any right to give less!" Almost forgotten theories for a gambler.

Mary was out of sorts thoroughly. "You're a fine preacher!" she scoffed.

A sharp report sounded close beside them.

He looked up, startled, a strange light in his eyes.

"It's only a blowout on someone else's car," she said wonderingly.

He muttered something. It sounded like: "Fool to risk you like this. I didn't think—they might ——"

Then: "What else did our friend suggest?" he questioned, obviously trying to hold his attention to her worries.

"They're using a peasant girl in their next show." She tried to be sarcastic. "A new kind of peasant!"

His eyes gleamed. "That's your chance!" he cried.

"You don't believe him?" she scoffed.

"A good sport takes every chance!"

"And where would I discover new species of peasants!"

"You might take your choice—Fifth Avenue or Ellis Island." His raillery was forced, his manner tense. It was so unlike him.

"I wish you'd tell me about you!" Mary's breeding asserted itself.

Her sympathy unnerved him momentarily. His breath caught in his throat.

"I wish I dared!" he murmured. And then as if forcing himself to confession: "Listen, Mary," he said. "There's one bet I'd overlooked. I said they'd get me! I meant financially, morally! They'd pluck me of money and power! I didn't think of the ace they may have in the hole. Murder! There's a taxi following; has been for some time."

Mary put her hand over her mouth to stifle a cry.

"No!"

It was heart deep. She didn't want anything to happen to him. Gambler, bad man perhaps—but she had always counted so on his understanding!

"No!"

"It's all right!" he soothed, but his tone was jerky. "Only I've let you into it perhaps!"

She caught his hand quickly in hers like a mother yearning over a wayward child.

"I must leave you somewhere," he said, drawing his hand sharply from her caress.

The cab behind them seemed like a threatening menace. Mary shut her ears against its warning honk. Larrimore gave curt orders to his chauffeur.

It might be nothing.

Larrimore's eyes narrowed. Their cab took on speed. Mary thrilled to his courage.

"Here's something I wish you'd keep for me," he said, suddenly reaching into his pocket. "Read it three months from now if I'm not back. I'm going—South!"

They rounded a corner sharply and stopped abruptly before a popular restaurant.

He got out, turned and gave her hand one last grasp.

"I love you, Mary Darling," he said quickly, looking straight into her eyes. "I believe in you! You'll make good, I'd stake my life."

The door slammed and her car shot forward.

She looked back, to see him standing there bareheaded on the curb under the big arc light. Her breath seemed to stifle her.

She jumped to her feet to watch him out of sight. A cab swung round the corner near him. A crash! The cab swept by him. It had not seemed to pause. On two wheels her own taxi tore into a side street out of sight. She beat both hands on the glass for her driver to stop. She wanted to know—to go back! With an extra spurt of speed her car shot forward unheeding. They cut across into Central Park. Round a curve beneath an overhanging tree they stopped. The driver opened the door. His face was set and white.

"Couldn't go back!" he said. "Wouldn't have done no good! Suppose they got him—where'd we be? Down in the Tombs for witness. I got three children home. No Rosenthal stuff for me! Forget it! We didn't see nothing. We don't know nothing! That's the truth! What'ya hear? Might 'a' been a blowout!"

He rasped each sentence out as if it were a bludgeon with which to cow her into agreement. But his eyes were shifty, scared. Mary pitied him even through the cold repugnance which seemed to freeze every emotion.

"You saw nothing," she agreed in a carefully measured monotone. "We—know—nothing."

She felt as if she were betraying a friend, fought against it; tried to think what he would have wanted her to do.

"We know nothing!" she repeated with emphasis.

The man drew a deep breath of relief. The harsh lines of his face softened. His lip trembled slightly.

"You're—a—you're—all right—lady!" He touched his cap and climbed back onto the box.

"Maybe he needed me!"

Mary pressed the back of her hand against her set teeth until the marks bit white into her flesh. Her heart seemed stifling her.

It seemed only seconds before they had drawn up before the Promenade. Impossible to face the crowd she knew would be there. To jest! To laugh! To sing! With this mad throbbing in her throat!

She tossed her head proudly to regain her poise.

The chauffeur gazed at her, awe-struck, as he helped her out of the cab. She seemed so aloof—so untouched by the tragedy!

"Mr. Lar—the gentleman paid, miss!" he stammered. He had to say something.

She nodded quickly and passed into the restaurant.

Carolyn the coon-shouter came over to her. She was laughing knowingly.

"Look at the wise guy I've hooked, deary. Going to put me on Broadway! New Reyburn show! 'S only way! Get an angel to back you!" Her canny eyes narrowed.

"Keep 'em guessing; get 'em tight on promises. Gives 'em a large-priced appetite! Success first!" She laughed at her own impish shrewdness.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" asked Mary wonderingly. She surely couldn't sing.

"Let Reyburn worry, deary!" Carolyn shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"Good luck to you!" Mary managed to mean it. The only coherent thoughts were "Reyburn is putting on a show!" and "What's the use?"

She looked over at Conningston. He would see her through. She was sure of it. Why not play the game? Her eyes hardened. Major Dingley looked up to meet their cynical light, and a peculiar hurt crept into his own.

It struck a little chill through Mary's tempestuous mood. She would have to lose his faith. Conningston smiled encouragingly across at her. She hated somehow to crush the belief in her she had forced him to accept.

The group of foreigners at the next table raised their glasses to her in silent toast.

"Mees Darling is de vinest girl in de vorld!" She couldn't help overhearing.

But what good did it do her? A cabaret singer! Forgotten in a year! Why shouldn't she lie and cheat—drag them round by the noses with false promises? They would forget when she had made good. That was all that mattered—success!

Tightly clenched in her tense fingers was the envelope Larrimore had given her. She tucked it away in her dress. She dared not think of him. It seemed as if the evening would never go!

Eleven o'clock! Twelve! One!

The manager stopped her as she went through the aisle after her last song.

"Great excitement!" he said under his breath. "They raided Larrimore's. Guess he's done all right. They can't find him. Been telephoning all over. Disappeared as if dead! His partners are frantic!"

Mary's eyes widened. Her breath struggled with the sob in her throat; but she kept her voice steady.

"How dreadful!" she murmured. "He was so agreeable!"

"Fine gentleman!" agreed the manager. "Too bad!"

She could see Larrimore's white set face looking after her as she drove away. Again she seemed fathoming the devotion in his keen cynical eyes. His words of encouragement raced through her teeming brain. "I'd stake my life ——" Perhaps he had, leaving the cab that she might escape a possible scandal.

"I'll have to try now!"

The thought flashed unbidden. To go to all the work of it! For nothing! To work, to slave—for a quixotic idea! But had he remained in the cab with her or gone directly into the restaurant instead of watching her safely out of sight! She bit back the trembling of her lips. He had sacrificed his life for her! She was so sure of it!

Always a gambler; always a gentleman.

With the swift rush of purpose peculiar to her temperament her mind raced with plans. She was treading on clouds carrying the weight of sacrifice with buoyant zeal. Her hands clenched. She drew in long steady breaths of resolve. She would give the world the best that was in her! She had no right to do less! Somehow she would discover a brand-new peasant girl to offer up for approval! And perhaps—if she made good—for him, he too would not have died in vain!

Conningston came over to her.

"We're all going over to the Little Club to dance!" he said.

She shook her head, but there was a light of triumph in her eyes that made him glow with pride at her refusal.

"No," she said with mock sternness, "I've got to work. Up at seven; exercise, practice, diet, sleep! You know all the rest of it. I'm going to be a grouch until ——"

"You don't have to say it, Mary Darling," he said, and her name sounded like a caress; "you will make good."

And his eyes held a yearning that even her forgiveness could not take the hurt from. He too was learning to understand.

VI

CAROLYN rhythmed her latest jazz song in a nasal mournful monotone:

"Ashes to ashes, the graveyards fill—
If my singing don't get you, my shimmy will."

It left the diners cold save for a few who applauded with that strange perverseness

which keeps someone dropping nickels into the player pianos in ice-cream parlors. Her encore was practically a gift, and plainly more than was expected even by those who had carelessly encouraged her. Then she half glided, half slouched to the empty seat opposite Gregory Thomas.

"Well, deary," she drawled, picking up her napkin and tossing it carelessly across her knee, "I'm leaving this joint soon for a regular spotlight!"

Gregory Thomas regarded her with whimsical humor, his black eyes twinkling at her sublime conceit. She shrugged her shoulders with affected diffidence. She felt she was making an impression.

"Yes, deary," she continued; "that new Miss Conroy has just been admitted to the Managers' Association, and she told me, she says, 'Miss DeLisle, a girl like you that's got the face and the figure don't need no genius for this Broadway stuff. Miss Marly put a few across with advertising what it's a crime to think about. Not even class, deary!'"

She paused to raise a glass daintily to her lips.

Gregory Thomas, who knew his Broadway better than most men know their home town, grinned wickedly within. Outwardly he affected to be duly sympathetic.

"But advertising takes money, my dear," he said solemnly.

She looked up at him pertly.

"Did you see the johnny, deary, that's been trailing me for a couple weeks?"

He bowed acquiescence.

"He's going to have the privilege of making a star, deary!" she announced loftily. Her extreme Fifth Avenue iciness was marred, however, by a deliberate wink.

"Humph!" ejaculated Thomas, pretending great ignorance. "What does he get out of it?"

"Do you mean—what does he expect?"

Thomas grinned. "No, I'll let my question stand."

"The glory, deary!"

Gregory sighed. "It's a hard world!" he announced.

"Lots of johnnies would like the chance, deary," she admonished.

"There's one born every minute," agreed Thomas.

"Too bad Mary Darling doesn't get hep to herself," the girl continued. "There's a girl—honest, what she could have would be a crime!"

Gregory Thomas scowled. Mary Darling wasn't down in her class by a long shot.

"I wish you wouldn't speak about Mary that way," he said irritably.

Carolyn bridled. "I ain't hurting her none. She's the best friend I got. But she ought to get hep to herself!"

"Mary can take care of herself!"

It wasn't tactful, and Thomas knew it. Carolyn rose stiffly and left the table.

"I guess I'm a lady!" she said grandly.

Instantly he was sorry. Carolyn was a good-hearted little soul, amusing and all that—but hang it, Mary was different.

Mary came in just then. It was almost time for her first song. The restaurant was crowded, so she paused a moment in the doorway, glancing over the crowd for friendly faces. She caught sight of Gregory almost at once.

"You faithful person," she greeted him, holding out her slim hand. "It's like finding an oasis in the desert to see your smiling face!"

He was glad Carolyn had left.

"Where've you been keeping yourself, Mary?" he asked accusingly. "Never go over to the Ritz any more nor anything."

"It's a great secret, Greggy," she said confidentially. "Do you think I'm getting nice and rosy?"

He looked her over critically.

"Getting to be a regular fellow, I do believe, Mary. Why, you look fit as a fiddle. What's the answer?"

"It's a terrible story!" she sighed. "Didn't know I had it in me."

"Must be fierce," he laughed. "Have a drink?"

She shook her head mournfully. "That's one of the penalties."

The orchestra leader signaled for her to go on. Gregory looked disgruntled. He knew it would be his last chance at confidences that evening, and his curiosity was piqued.

"Tell you all about it some day, Greggy," she said over her shoulder. "Though I warn you it's stupid."

The tableful of sightseers next to him eyed him enviously. One of them guessed audibly that he was one of the Vanderbilts. But another, more jealous perhaps, suggested that he was the man higher up. He frowned heavily at them. He wished small-town people would take their imaginations somewhere else.

Major Dingley came in just then, closely followed by Conningston.

"I see we're making a regular New Yorker out of you." He addressed Conningston. "Cabarets and ever'thing!"

The waiter drew up chairs for them.

"Oh, I'm learning," Conningston answered, but making a wry face. "But I'll tell you right now I'll never be the same in Boston!"

"Sort of a social outcast!" laughed the major.

"To tell you the truth," Conningston drawled, "I'm drinking so much of the milk of human kindness over here in New York, I'm afraid I won't know how to chew ice any more!"

"Oh, come on, Conny!" Gregory chided. "You know you're going straight to the dogs!"

"So aunty writes me!" agreed Conningston complacently.

Mary began to sing, her voice rising clear and flutelike above the din of the restaurant. It was like a lark's clear call. The men stopped talking to listen. The rest of the diners talked louder so to be heard more easily.

Carolyn stopped at the table again excitedly.

"What d'ya think?" she demanded excitedly. "They're following up Larrimore's movements the night he disappeared. You know that awfully swell gambler that used to eat here so much? They're afraid of foul play. Murder!"

How dearly she loved a scandal!

"They're out there now quizzing old Maynard the manager!"

She hurried on to spread the news farther.

Conningston leaned across the table. His voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"Do you remember that Mary left the restaurant the night he ——"

"Not with him but ——"

"Well?" Conningston spoke slowly, his voice scarcely above a whisper. "The doorman saw them drive away together. I—I—he has forgotten about it now."

Thomas' eyes widened. "A Conningston giving a bribe!" he stammered under his breath. "Honestly, Conny, you're splendid!"

Major Dingley looked deeply thoughtful. "It would be bad business if ——"

Gregory leaned forward suddenly.

"Just where is Mary putting in her time lately?"

Conningston stiffened coldly.

"If you think ——" he began.

"You know how I stand, Conny, but I happen to know that she's not going to any of the places she used to. She's rarely home ——"

The major still scowled. Finally he blurted out: "I ran into her on Avenue A yesterday. She acted as if she didn't want to be seen."

"No!" It was in half-whispered unison.

"She went into the doorway of a tenement," the major went on doggedly; "after looking round to be sure she wasn't followed."

The men looked at each other in dead silence.

"Larrimore was a gentleman," suggested the major hopefully. "He couldn't ——"

He was lying, and knew it.

"What is more to the point, Mary is ——" began Conningston proudly.

"She's all right!" They were loyally agreed.

Mary came over to them with eyes shining, head erect, proudly, like the young aristocrat she was born to be. Her lips were parted in an eager smile to greet her friends.

"Why, you all look as if you were at a funeral!" she cried, her expression changing swiftly at the tenseness in their faces.

Almost it seemed as if they sighed in relief at her guileless face. No one could be quite a criminal with such candid eyes.

"We were speaking about Larrimore."

Mary caught her breath sharply, but her eyes were wholly wondering as she looked up at them.

"He was so good to me!" she explained.

"Do you think," asked Gregory, unable to stand the suspense—"do you think it better walking on Avenue A than, say, Central Park?" he queried.

She started slightly, then looked thoughtfully into his earnest face.

"It might be more instructive," she answered bafflingly.

Carolyn came by. "I wish you'd come to see Miss Conroy, Mary!" she wheedled. "A little advertising would put you over quick!"

Mary patted her hand disarmingly. "I've got my own little scheme. Let me work it."

"There ain't any schemes, deary," said Carolyn in a blasé voice, "except advertising or ——"

"Perhaps hard work ——" began Mary softly.

"Or a scandal," suggested Carolyn, brightening. "A real honest-to-Gawd scandal, like a murder or something. Remember little Charlina! Gosh, some girls are lucky!"

Mary shivered. The three men looked at each other thoughtfully. Nobody spoke. There was an expression on her face they could not fathom. Almost it seemed like dread.

Conningston looked quickly away, making an inconsequential remark about the dancers.

The major answered blandly, his features absolutely expressionless. But Gregory's lips tightened into a fighting line. Gregory was true to his Broadway. There wouldn't be any fuss about it. Everyone to his own game. But if anyone was trying to put anything over on Mary he was there to say something unpleasant to the offender.

VII

ALL was confusion at the Mayfair Theater. Rehearsals had been going on for a month and things got worse instead of better.

Reyburn tore his hair and stamped angrily up and down the dusty stage.

"Of all bromides, this play is a little the worst I've ever seen!"

"That's what Broadway wants," his partner agreed calmly. "Lots of youth, plenty of looks and a few over-the-line jokes make an original show these days!"

"But this is stupid!"

"All the better. We star Cara. Her name will sell the hick crowd. Then there's that new Carolyn that Conroy's been boosting. She isn't any good, but we can cash in on the advertising."

"Yes, but who puts the show over? Someone has got to carry a little work on his shoulders!" Reyburn demanded sulkily.

"Oh, we'll put in a new lingerie number," his partner said cheerfully.

"'S getting so frills ain't any treat," growled Reyburn.

"Marly's got a girl that wants a job."

"Star!" sneered Reyburn.

"How'd you guess it?"

Round the corner of a propped-up piece of scenery peered a wondering perplexed face.

"Ees Meester Tony here?"

Reyburn rubbed his eyes at the apparition. Had he stepped off a train in Spain he could not have encountered a more resplendent creature.

"Do you see what I see, Sam?" he queried dazedly.

"This prohibition booze is wild!" Eckstein muttered.

The vision walked across the stage toward them. They watched her with unfeigned joy. No one in all the world ever had such an appealingly amusing gait. No one in flesh and blood ever held the bewilderment of expression—the half-entreating, half-confiding smile of this ingratiating creature.

"Honest," Reyburn said under his breath, "I don't know whether to cry or laugh! She's so pathetic—and so damn funny!"

Eckstein stepped forward.

"No Mister Tony here," he told her, drawing his mouth into a lugubrious smile.

"Zo zorry!" she said with a comical finality, and sat down on a box in front of him, looking up at him steadily like a patient animal. He could not resist the ludicrous slump of her shoulders, the quaint twist of her tremulous mouth.

Of a sudden the vision rose to her feet and left the stage with the same slow shamble and the same tragic-comic manner with which she had approached them.

Eckstein chuckled aloud. "Wonder where in blazes that dropped from!"

Reyburn came to life.

"Quick, go get her!" he cried. Already he was on his way across the stage.

"What in ——"

"Can't you see our new peasant girl?"

"But she's not an actr——"

"We'll make Ranis imitate her. Get her!" This was over his shoulder. He was hurrying in an effort to overtake her. He came back in a moment, bewildered.

"It was an apparition!" he confided in an awe-struck voice.

"But I saw it too!"

"It never came in. And it hasn't left. Tom and Larry both swear to it. Been standing out there all the time!" He passed his hand across his eyes in an unmistakable gesture.

"But we both ——"

"We're both ossified!"

Reyburn pinched himself. At last: "Well, if it was human we might advertise for it," he suggested.

Eckstein's brow drew into a frown. He jumped up at last excitedly.

"A full-page ad, Reyburn!" he cried excitedly. "Greatest publicity stunt in years. Every paper in the city! Fortune if we find her! Big mystery stuff if we don't! Get 'em guessing!"

"You got something, Sam!"

Reyburn caught the spark and blew it to flame.

A week later the full-page spread appeared. It was tremendous! The town talked of nothing else. One thousand reward for the unknown peasant girl, and a star part in Reyburn's new show for the girl herself!

Fifty peasants answered the advertisement. Even more sent in letters. Thirty thousand letters of information arrived within the week. Reyburn and Eckstein said nothing. They wore an air of mystery and importance. The story was good for a Sunday feature in every paper in the country.

As Plato is said to have remarked: "They should worry!"

VIII

SLEUTHING is wearing upon anybody, as the hardiest hound will admit if properly questioned. To Gregory it became nerve-racking. He believed he trusted Mary, but he didn't trust anyone—quite. There was nothing he desired less than to pry into anyone's affairs. But there were too many rumors of Larrimore's disappearance. Every time the newspapers hinted of possible developments his heart skipped a beat.

He followed Mary to outlandish places on the lower East Side, flattening himself into doorways when she stopped to look round, keeping a lonely vigil until she reappeared from some tumble-down tenement, lest harm befall her. On the third day he discovered she was taking food to someone. It made him swallow hard. A plain-clothes man drew near. The unchallenged thought dismayed him: "He is hunting for Larrimore—or his body!" Only, of course, she wouldn't take food to a dead body. That thought encouraged him.

The bull kept on his way past the doorway where Mary had entered. Gregory breathed a deep sigh. A peasant girl dressed in native costume approached him. Anything can happen on Avenue A. He stood and watched her fascinatedly. A slow grin overspread his round features. "Gosh, Reyburn ought to see this one!" he muttered. It was the most appealing, most irresistibly funny little trick of a girl he had ever seen. Not so very little either, but slender and quaint and queer.

It stopped before him and peered comically into his eyes.

"Have you seen my Meester Tony?" she asked in a deliciously funny voice, all soft throaty trills.

He choked back an amused smile.

"No, indeed. I haven't seen anyone's Tony!"

"Zank you!"

A ridiculously quaint old-fashioned curtsy accompanied the words, and she backed bobbingly down the street for several paces.

"If she does that again I'll howl," thought Gregory, stifling his mirth as best he could.

Five minutes later Mary appeared, and his attention once more was riveted upon successfully following her home and to safety. But in his heart was a determination to go back secretly and have it out with Larrimore before another day had passed. If that crook ——

That night in the Promenade altered things. It was quiet, almost deserted of the regular crowd that thronged Mary's table.

"It's my last night too," she confided. "I—I'm leaving the city."

Gregory began picturing things that he wished could go unthought.

"But I'll be back," she hastened to assure him.

(Continued on Page 53)

Variety in your summer wardrobe can go hand in hand with economy

Along comes summer, luring us hither and thither—presenting all kinds of complex problems on making one's wardrobe elastic enough to meet the many changes this out-of-door season demands. For whether it's the shore, the mountains or only week-end trips, there are always motoring, boating, golfing, tennis, hiking and informal dances, with their call for variety in dress. And this can prove so expensive.

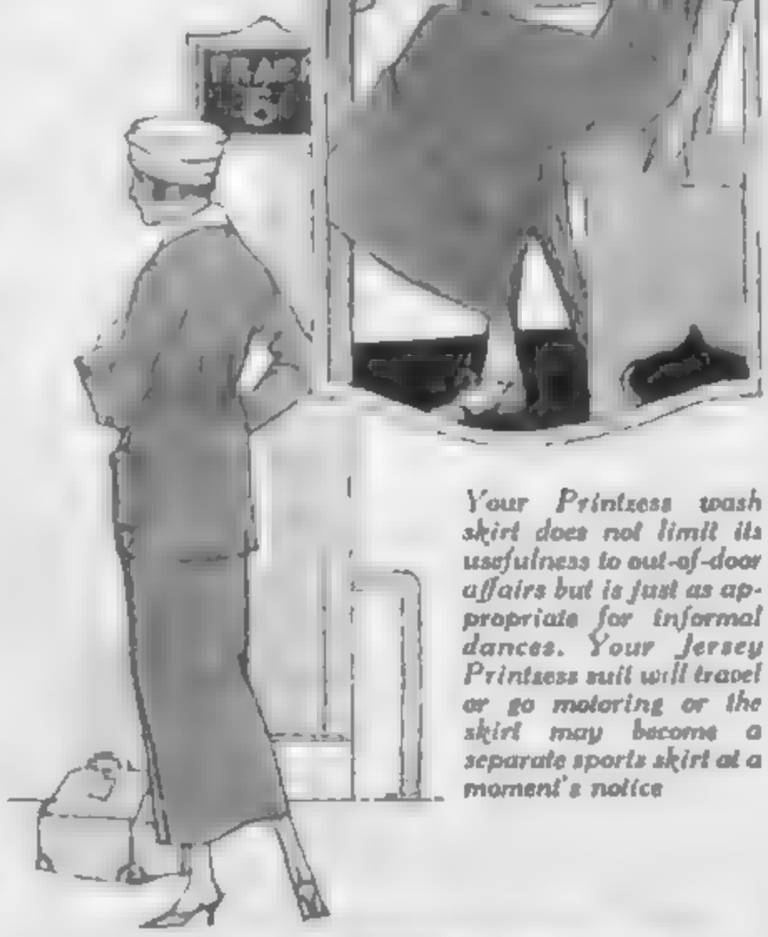
But it certainly is marvelous what a few Printzess wash skirts and a Printzess Jersey suit will accomplish. They are not only exceedingly moderate in price but may be interchanged in such a variety of attractive ways that you can save the purchase price of two or three other garments.

Printzess wash skirts have no fear of the many tubbings that cleanliness requires, but come out looking fresh and delightful as when new. It really isn't a secret of laundering, either—just the careful forethought of Printzess tailors in using only the finest preshrunken materials, rustless hooks and eyes and deft "tailored-in" touches which make these exquisite gabardines and surf satins as serviceable as they are charming.

Of course, you don't have to be introduced to Jersey. You know it has that happy faculty of never looking soiled or mussed. Your Printzess Jersey Sports Suit may be of heather or plain tones with any variety of smart models to choose from. It will prove exceedingly versatile, too, for there are always times when a woolen sports skirt is needed—and this season separate sports coats are quite the vogue.

When you purchase summer apparel you can save all that tiresome shopping around by calling on the Printzess dealer in your town. He has a complete showing of these stylish garments, each bearing the Printzess label, "Distinction in Dress," which is your guarantee of quality and style.

A Printzess Jersey Sports Coat knows that it looks exceedingly jaunty with a Printzess wash skirt on cool summer days and is quite the newest thing in fashion this season



Your Printzess wash skirt does not limit its usefulness to out-of-door affairs but is just as appropriate for informal dances. Your Jersey Printzess suit will travel or go motoring or the skirt may become a separate sports skirt at a moment's notice

If you are not acquainted with the Printzess dealer in your town, write us and we will tell you who he is.

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The method of the modern dry cleaner is one that re-vitalizes as well as cleanses clothing.

New Life for Old Clothes

Despite drastic government measures to reduce, as far as possible, the high cost of clothing, there are certain unmistakable signs that portend only one thing—further revisions upward in the cost of wearing apparel

Weavers are paying record prices for silks of all grades, and other raises are forecast.

Raw wool is selling at high figures, and the market continues strong.

Makers of cotton goods tell of limited material supplies, and little immediate relief is looked for.

But it isn't necessary to join an Old Clothes Club in this exigency, for there's a man in your town who can help you maintain your presentability. He's your dry cleaner.

Perhaps you think you know all about him, but do you? Are you aware that he can give new life to old clothes? Do you know that he can add also to the wearing powers of your new clothes?

Make a collection of what you find in your old clothes closet and the attic, and then call in a modern dry cleaner.

Old coats and trousers, gloves, satin slippers, dresses, gowns and blouses, furs—he will take them all and bring them back rejuvenated, as refreshed as if they had been bathed in sunshine, and ably fit for more months of well dressed duty.

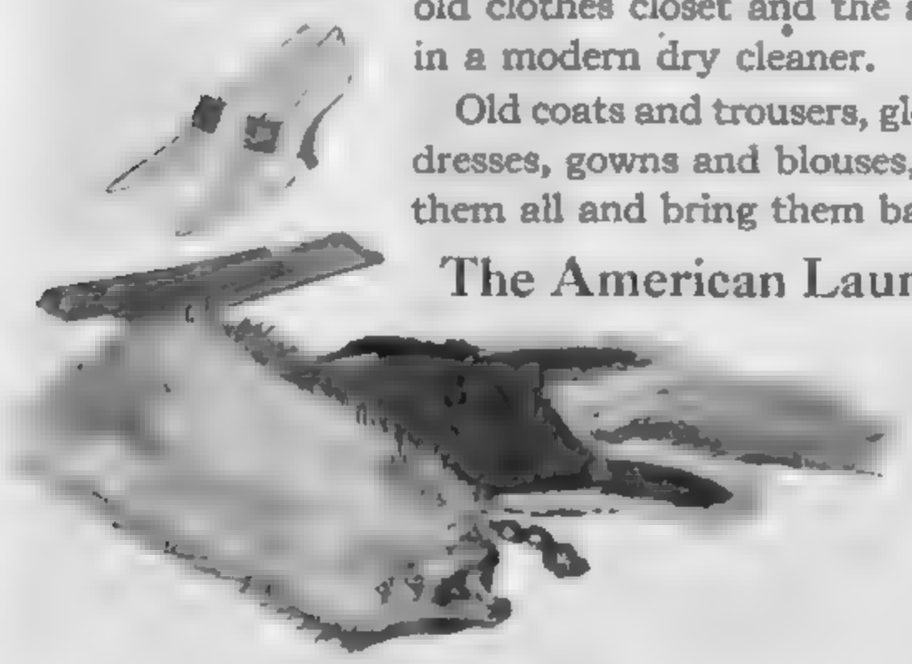
The modern dry cleaner can do this for you because his method is one that *re-vitalizes* as well as *cleanses* clothing.

The process is called "dry" because no water is used. The sole helps of the dry cleaner are a neutral soap, re-distilled gasoline, and finely designed cleaning equipment.

There is no rubbing or scrubbing—the process is one that involves only a gentle sousing up and down in specially constructed cylinders. Your apparel is washed first in a balanced bath of pure gasoline and soap, then rinsed in re-distilled gasoline alone, and finally dried in fresh, warm air. Dull silks brighten up; old suits become younger—and you are enabled with ease of mind to meet any social or business demand that may present itself.

Modern dry cleaners can save your clothes. Patronize them.

Slippers, gloves, furs—your dry cleaner can clean them all for you with equal facility.



The American Laundry Machinery Company, *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

(Continued from Page 50)

Somehow he had a feeling that she was laughing behind the whimsical tenderness of her voice. Of a sudden she put out her hand.

"You're an awfully nice boy, Gregory," she said impulsively.

Gregory's collar felt suddenly tight. He wasn't much on emotion.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said stolidly, trying not to show that he cared.

Her slender fingers began playing a wistful tum-tum on his heavy wrist. She looked swiftly round and then raised perplexed eyes to Gregory.

He knew she had something to say and was hoping it wasn't what he feared.

"About Larrimore," she half whispered.

Because he had expected it he jumped. It was like waiting for a stage pistol to explode.

He did not speak, so she cleared her throat nervously.

"The—the night—he disappeared ——"

He wanted to hear, but now that he was face to face with it he tried to delay it.

"Are you—are you sure you want to tell me?"

"Why, Greggy, you're just the only one I can tell," she said nervously, her fingers still playing ingratiatingly on his wrist.

"You see," she went on, "I can't make up my mind that he really is gone. He"—her voice broke slightly—"he was such a—a—good friend."

Gregory cleared his throat relievedly. He had expected something very different.

"Well—well ——" he began, not knowing what to say.

"And he left a letter in my charge to open—if he didn't come back for three months—and it's almost three months—and ——"

Visions of Conningston's accusations rose before him. He didn't want them to be true, so he had to find out.

"When did he give it to you?" His voice sounded unnatural.

Mary stopped playing with his comfortingly strong wrist and looked up at him, oddly questioning.

"The last time he was here," she answered.

"Oh; in here?"

"Yes." And something told him that she was lying.

Again his mind froze with accusations. She was making an alibi for herself.

"I'm afraid you'll have to decide yourself what to do," he told her a bit stiffly. He hated a mess.

Mary looked down, studying the floor as if the solution of her mystery lay there. A slow flush tinted her cheeks. She was putting his attitude together second by second. What she produced from this puzzle picture seemed to reassure her. She looked up again with the expression of whimsical tenderness with which she had greeted him.

"I'm sorry," she said softly, and once more he sensed a half laugh behind her ingenuousness. "But I was truly troubled!"

He would not allow her to get to him again. Broadway sort of prides itself on the thickness of its shell. He didn't like to be made a fool of, even by Mary.

"Something"—she shot at him as she rose to go—"just something made me think you were—just a little interested in what I did."

He looked hard at her worried eyes, which belied her smiling lips. He made a gesture to hold her from going.

"Really, Mary ——"

"Oh, that's all right, Greggy." She waved the affair aside. "I'm going to the opening of Reyburn's show next Monday. I'll see you there perhaps."

"Not till then?"

He grasped at any straw to keep her with him, now that she was leaving; racked his brain for excuses. Could think of nothing!

"I'm leaving for a week, you know. It—it will be a rest for all of us!" she said enigmatically. "But I'll miss your company. You're such a dear!"

Then she was gone, and Gregory was left to his thoughts. Not pleasant ones either! He kicked himself roundly for having refused the confidence she offered; scored himself for being a coward and a false friend! And then he sat up and took notice of just what her odd smile behind her worry meant. The little minx knew he had been following her round! Was trying to put him off the track! All right! He'd look into the thing to-morrow.

Conningston came in soon and found him grouchy.

Gregory left early, but the next morning found him on the job. At the tenement where Mary had gone no trace of her could be found. No one knew her, nor had they seen a tall slender man with lean features and dark eyes, someone who might have been Larrimore.

At her hotel they told him she had already left the city.

IX

REYBURN'S openings were affairs. Everyone went in spite of the verdicts from New Haven or Long Branch or any of the several places where he was wont to try them on the dog.

Gregory went from force of habit. He had a front seat for the same reason. His motives were not altruistic. He liked a shapely form and a pretty face as well as the next fellow, and Reyburn supplied them. Neither was he caddish. He admired. He did not desire. He left that for wise guys and folks from out of town. Major Dingley and Conningston were with him at the première of this latest production, principally because they were bored with everything else. One gets that way, even on Broadway.

Conningston chafed at the front-row seats. He wasn't quite used to Broadway yet. The major was satisfied. He said little, but one could tell.

Conningston was lonely. He really missed Mary. Broadway without Mary was like Broadway without lights. He could almost have said that life without Mary would be like a darkened world, only he didn't dare let himself think about it.

"Your friend Carolyn is on the bill!" Gregory gibed after a listless study of his program.

The major shuddered. "I hope she won't sing."

"She won't, but she'll make that noise she brags is singing."

Hardwick and his fiancée came in. They had seats almost behind the trio.

"I came in to hear Carolyn," he confided, leaning forward. "It will seem as if I was back in the old Promenade."

"What's the use, without Mary?"

"She's coming back to-night, I hear!"

Conningston was all eagerness.

"By the way," Hardwick went on, "did you hear that someone thought he saw Larrimore in Toledo? It was in this morning's paper."

"Mary won't be back to-night," said Gregory cynically. He had almost said, "Then she won't be back."

The musicians came in and began their Oriental effect of tuning up. The opening chord crashed. Hardwick sat back. The three men looked round the audience in search of familiar faces.

"That's a funny case, that Larrimore," suggested Conningston.

Gregory did not answer.

The lights went down. There was the flutter and stir of folks getting adjusted. The curtain went up. There was a rush of applause. Gregory looked up appreciatively but without enthusiasm. It was a Reyburn setting, worth looking at, of course, but like so many others.

The chorus danced. The music skipped blithely about in trills and chords. Light, gay, festive music! The chorus smiled down intimately at the front row—that is, they smiled down when they thought the manager wasn't looking.

Carolyn did her bit. Reyburn could turn a liability into an asset when it came to stage material. Carolyn had no reason to believe that her method was not topnotch. Reyburn knew his was.

Carolyn smiled at Gregory. He smiled back and stifled a yawn.

The chorus parted in the middle evenly like a bookmaker's hair. There was a peculiar stillness in the audience. A stifled snicker! An amused hushed exchange of grins! Gregory rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Has anyone seen my Meester Tony?"

The audience chuckled joyously. It was the most deliciously funny thing in years. Gregory leaned forward in his seat. He found himself holding his breath. He relaxed, and began holding it again. Before him rose the picture of Avenue A on that fateful day.

Who was she? Well, anyway he couldn't resist her! His features lost their tenseness. Pretty soon he laughed quietly to himself. The audience was in paroxysms of suppressed emotion every time she came on to the stage. They hated to laugh and hurt her feelings when she was so pathetic. But she was so quaint and queer!

Be Curious Enough to Try Them

See what scientific cookery has done

You should try Van Camp's Beans for curiosity sake. They will form a discovery. And a one-time serving will change your whole conception of Baked Beans.

Ask the man

Men like Van Camp's. They are mellow and ... Men who cater to men are buying Van Camp's. Men want them. You will all agree that Van Camp's excel any other baked beans you know.

Mealy and whole

Van Camp's are uncreased and unbroken

Whether you bake at home or buy ready-baked beans, here's a dish that's different. Find it out.

New-day methods

Culinary experts have spent years in perfecting Van Camp's Pork and Beans. The methods are scientific.

The beans are grown on certain rare soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

The boiling water is freed from minerals, so the skins will not be tough.

The baking is done in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

We bake by live steam under pressure. Thus we bake the beans for hours at high heat without bursting or crisping.

They are baked with a sauce—the most zestful sauce you ever tasted on baked beans.

The result is an ideal dish. They will make beans popular—cut your meat bills down.

And they are always ready. You can serve them piping hot in ten minutes. Learn today what such beans mean.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups, Evaporated Milk, Spaghetti, Peanut Butter, Chili Con Carne, Catsup, Chili Sauce, etc.

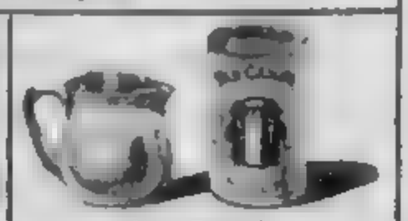
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Tomato Soup

Based on ... Italian, French ... Eight delightful ... There are 18 kinds, but try the tomato.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The prize Italian recipe, but made with ingredients of the rarest grade.



Van Camp's Evaporated Milk

From high-bred cows in seven rich dairying districts.

Chromel
MARSH ALLOYS
THE HEAT-RESISTANT METAL

Electric Heat

—*The Heat That Industry Demanded*

Hampered by the limitations of the erratic gas and oil furnace, industry demanded a new heating process to properly heat treat steel products—demanded a heat that was clean, uniform, and constant. And the electric furnace was developed to meet these requirements.

Today Hoskins electric furnaces are widely used in heat treating plants and laboratories to obtain greater production and work of higher quality. Hair-line control of temperature has been brought about by the development of Chromel.

Chromel, which is the original nickel-chromium alloy, is not only used as the heating element in Hoskins furnaces, but in most of the standard electrically-heated devices, such as irons, toasters, etc. It is also used with Hoskins pyrometers to measure high temperatures and its remarkable ability to withstand gruelling heat conditions makes it the most widely used metal in this field. Thus Chromel has not only made electric heating possible, but it is the greatest factor in positively controlling industrial heating processes.

Hoskins products embodying Chromel—electric furnaces and pyrometers—are described in Catalog 121. Manufacturers, metallurgists, and production managers should write for it. For complete information address Engineering Department, Hoskins Manufacturing Company, Detroit.

ORIGINATED BY
HOSKINS · DETROIT

In spite of themselves a ripple went through the house every time she turned her puzzled face toward anyone and asked: "Has anyone seen my Meester Tony?"

It became too much for everyone at last. They roared frankly and happily each time she brought it out. It became the catch-word between acts. Reyburn knew how to cash in on an idea. He had rewritten the show to put this over.

"Has anyone seen my Meester Tony?"

"Great make-up!" Conningston cried delightedly.

"Gee, she's rich!"

Gregory nodded. When she wasn't on the stage his throat felt tight and dry because of the memory of Mary she stirred. Sometimes it almost seemed as if her voice was Mary's, the picture got so vivid.

The play went on. More music, more bewildering dances, more riot of color. The fun grew wilder, the action faster. The blood raced with it. It was gay—glad—gorgeous!

The ensemble for the grand finale drew near. The little peasant girl came down to the footlights and with a glad cry looked across at the lead, whom everyone else had recognized long since.

"It's my Meester Tony!" she cried. Reaching out her arms to the audience in her quaint appealing gesture she repeated: "It's my—my ——"

Her eyes dilated. The words choked in her throat. All eyes turned to the lower box, where a man had seated himself in the shadow of the curtain.

With a quick cry of joy she stretched her arms toward the newcomer.

"It's my Meester Tony!" she cried, her voice jubilant with eagerness.

It tore joyously from her heart, with an exquisite hurt of rapture, of relief.

"Larrimore!"

The whole theater took it up, whispering the name excitedly back and forth.

The three friends in the front row caught the name, echoed it, then turned quickly back to the vibrant creature who stood there with outstretched arms.

"Mary!"

It came unbidden to their lips in unison.

She heard it; caught herself together; glanced gratefully at them. The finale crashed out its tremendous notes, sweeping the scene together again. Meester Tony claimed his love. The curtain rolled down.

Larrimore had disappeared before the curious could reach him.

The men faced each other. None spoke. They did not dare!

Mary! To have done this marvelous thing! Larrimore to have come back! Or was it his ghost, come to pay tribute to Mary's genius?

The reaction came. They hugged themselves at her success! They went over to the Promenade to have a drink on it, after sending back cards of congratulation. It was a festive night.

In the dressing room Mary sat—tired, contented, exalted! All three.

Larrimore knocked at the door. She knew it was he before he turned the handle in response to her "Come in!"

He came straight across the room and stood before her, looking down at her with his somber dark eyes.

"You are wonderful!" he said simply.

"It's all you!" she said. "But why did you do it? Oh, why did you do it?" she demanded, a quick happy sob strangling further words.

He drew up a chair and sat down opposite her, taking both her hands in his.

"I don't quite understand," he told her. "Why did you let me think you were dead? I heard the shot! I thought I'd—you'd let them kill you—to save me!"

He looked puzzled.

"You heard the shot? Ah, yes, I remember there was a shot. Poor crazy fool committed suicide. His chauffeur was scared. I drove round with him to his house. And then I just dropped out. It came over me suddenly that it was what I had to do."

"What you had to do?" Perplexity in her voice, in her wistful eyes.

His eyes were probing hers, but so filled with tenderness and understanding.

"I didn't think it mattered—until—tonight—when ——"

He cleared his throat and his voice changed abruptly. He was again the cool, contained, always thoughtful Larrimore.

"You didn't happen to open that letter I left?" he asked casually.

She shook her head.

"I wish you would."

She drew it out from her dress, where it was hiding close to her heart. His hand trembled ever so slightly at the message its intimacy conveyed.

She bent her head over it, tearing the envelope with clumsy fingers. A paper solemnly sealed and signed fell out, together with a folded note:

"Inclosed is a deed to a little house in a rose garden. It was my mother's. She lived there all her life. If I don't come back, won't you live there sometimes when the great success you will make can spare you? I have had faith in two women in this world. One was my mother. God bless you! TOM LARRIMORE."

The note fluttered from her fingers.

"Oh, what if I hadn't made good! What if I hadn't tried!" she cried. "What if I ——"

He leaned forward and again imprisoned her hands.

"There wasn't any 'if,'" he told her. "I have had faith in two women. The other is you."

She dared not look at him.

"But I can't see why you went away!"

He drew himself up sternly and his eyes held a hurt she could never fathom.

"Did you think I was worthy?" he demanded. "Did you think I would have dared? Even now with all gambling done with and a decent business, I only dare touch the hem of your garment."

It didn't sound melodramatic; it was too achingly sincere.

Her eyes sought his, held them, and took the burden of their untold suffering into her own heart.

"Not—not even if I want you?" she argued softly. "Whatever I am you've made me."

He pulled himself together and shakily drew a cigarette from his pocket.

"The old game. Uplifting Mary!" he said, trying to break the tenseness. "Everyone's had his try!"

She laughed happily. "Well, if you all keep on I really think you'll succeed—just a little bit!"

He could not quite plumb the undercurrent in her voice.

"I'll just step out while you get into street ——"

He moved toward the door. It was hard to be casual with his heart throbbing with desire for her.

She looked up at him.

"Aren't you even going to—to—kiss me first?" she asked, tremulously bold.

An hour later they strolled into the Promenade. Anyone could tell by their faces all the news they could have voiced except the part they were no longer interested in, his disappearance.

Blushingly, almost timidly, she went over to the old familiar table where her friends, a tableful, stood with glasses raised to greet them.

"Have you seen my Meester Tony?" she inquired impishly, glancing straight at Gregory.

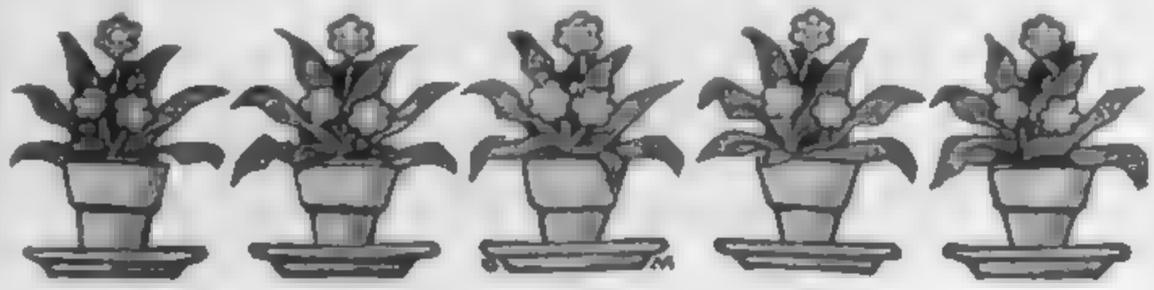
But there was a wealth of tenderness behind the laugh in her eyes. And now he knew all the gratitude in her heart for his anxious care. His happiness beamed through misty eyes, which he blinked savagely.

"Hear! Hear!" they cried, one and all. And then: "Has anyone seen our Mary?"

"Aye! Aye!" Proudly the cheer rang out!

"Funny," they thought, "that all the world can't see what a marvelous place old Broadway is!"

So superior, say, to Hicksville Center or Boston or far-off Timbuktu!



Thirty-nine Motor Cars in one city block. Traffic delays on every MAIN street and high road are largely due to the wide differences in performance ability among the cars that crowd it

Who Makes the Best Time?

AMERICA owned 6,300,000 passenger cars at the end of 1919. A quarter of a million in and around New York. Over a hundred thousand in Chicago. Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco—every city has a like congestion.

With everybody depending on his car for *business* purposes, the faculty of ordinary cars for getting in one another's way becomes a serious matter—and the striking ability of the Packard to *run around and through traffic* is doubly worth thinking about.

THE Packard Company speaks with high authority when it says that *performance of the Packard kind* cannot be "assembled" into a car and cannot be "tuned" into it.

It is *fundamental* with the design and construction of the car.

The Packard Twin-Six engine, with its steady flow of *flexible* power. Throttled down to two miles an hour on *high* in the jam, and picking up to thirty miles or more in half a block.

The Packard brakes—designed by Packard, with large long-wearing braking surfaces; equalized with even, positive braking action on each wheel; easily applied, sure to hold.

The Packard dry disc clutch, positive and velvety in action—and the Packard forged heat-treated gears, with their exceptional strength and long life.

The Packard steering gear and other parts controlling the car, quick and positive in action, easy to handle, tough and reliable.

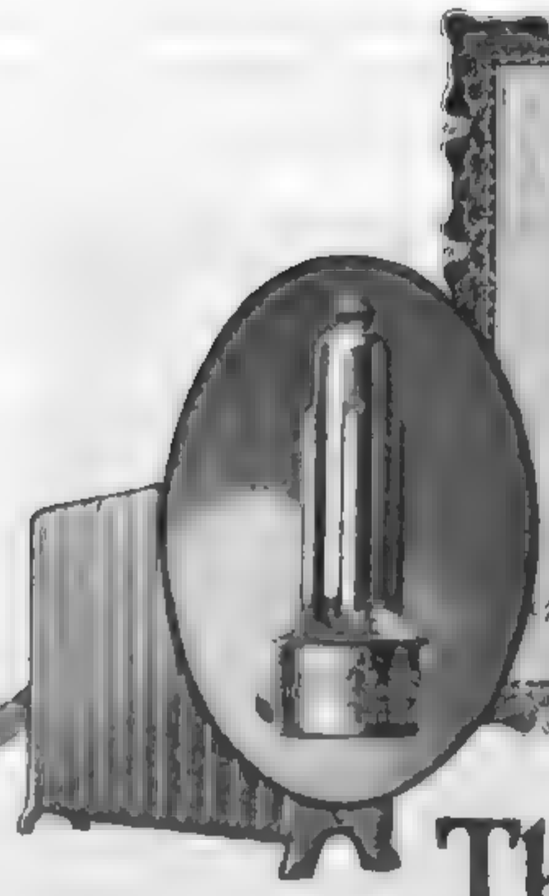
YOU often hear people say that they "get there so much quicker" in a Packard.

The Packard driver watches the *road* rather than the operation of his car.

He has less gear-shifting to do, less strain on his attention—and he can use the flexible power of his Packard *to advantage* every yard of the way.

"Ask the Man *Who Owns One"*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*



ORIGINAL

... ... May 21st ... ...19 20 No. 2227

To insure continued satisfaction on the part of the user

The Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.

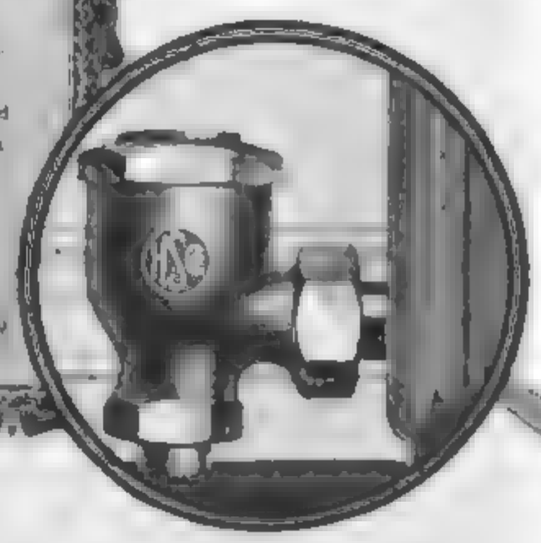
Main Office:—512 Fifth Avenue, New York

HEREBY GUARANTEES 12 - No.2 and 4 - No.5 Hoffman Air Valves
(Specify quantity and style of valves)
installed by Metcal Heating Company on or about April 14th, 1920
in the building owned by John R. Brown situated
at Street 26 Grove St. City Newark State N.J. as follows:
Should any of the Hoffman valves above specified show defects in manufacture or fail to operate in a satisfactory manner at any time within five years from date of installation, new valves or new parts will be supplied without charge, to replace such valves or parts.

We certify that valves above specified are in accordance with our plans and specifications.

Richards & Townsend (Architects & Heating Engineers)

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., INC.
Geo. D. Hoffman (Pres. & Treas.)



The written guarantee for five years' perfect heat!

STEAM is the best of heats for all types of buildings. But there can be one thing so small and insignificant in appearance that it is liable to be overlooked, but unless it is the best of its kind it will ruin the efficiency of any system.

This is the air valve—that little nickel attachment to the radiator or for various other points throughout the steam heating system. The faulty air valve is responsible for 90 per cent. of all steam heat troubles.

It can either be the watchman of the coal pile, or the wilful waster. It may be the lazy sluggard which permits steam to hiss from the radiator, or it can be the ever dependent worker to close the gates against its escape. It may lock its jaw tight against air in pipes and radiators, and so cause bangings and hammerings, strangling the system, making radiators half hot or ice cold.

It may drive this air out to stimulate steam circulation throughout the whole system. The air valve may let water spurt out over rugs and floors, or it may send it all back to the boiler to be turned into steam.

And so these troubles are not the system's fault at all. They are the air valve's—and the air valve can eliminate them. Use a proper valve—immediately you remove the imperfections of the system.

We build the perfect air valve—one for every type of steam heating system. Each valve automatically distinguishes between air, water and steam. It will vent all the air, but not a drop of water or a jet of steam can escape. It does this automatically. It needs no adjusting.

With Hoffman Valves on watch you can be sure to have economical, no-trouble steam heat, giving you the comforts you pay for with coal saving in addition.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

Guarantee you *in writing*—against steam heating troubles

Above is a reproduction of our guarantee form. When your architect or engineer gives you the specifications for your new house or for a hotel, apartment or office building in which you may be interested, see that he specifies Hoffman Valves. The minute they are installed a written guarantee, signed by us, will be given you. Then, if at any time within five years steam heat troubles may come, notify us, and if our air valves are not functioning properly, and so causing you troubles and dissatisfaction, an immediate and complete adjustment will be made.

If you install Hoffmans on an old system, your heating contractor can do it at small cost, and the written guarantee will be supplied through him.

In the meantime, send for our interesting booklet, "More Heat from Less Coal," which explains in a non-technical way—in language that a layman can easily understand—all about steam heat troubles, their causes and how they can be cured.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Inc.
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City
130 N. Wells St. Chicago, Ill.
405 South Hill St. Los Angeles, Calif.

Selling Out Front

By B. FRANKLIN JOY

THE president of a certain high-class Pacific Coast department store, which had always been pretty much a woman's store, got it into his head that the establishment ought to have a men's haberdashery department.

"Right by the side door," he argued with his associates. "I've had a man count made and I believe enough men come in here, either with their women folk or alone, to make a men's department pay. Not suits or shoes or hats, you understand; just haberdashery—a good line of shirts, two or three good brands of underwear and pyjamas, a couple of good, well-advertised brands of gloves, some nifty smoking jackets and dressing gowns; bathrobes, slippers, and all that sort of thing; and, of course, collars and cravats and handkerchiefs and belts—nice belts with sterling buckles—and silk scarfs, umbrellas and all the regular stuff."

The others shook their heads dubiously. It was a radical departure. But the president insisted. He could see two aisles just inside the side door that would lay out very well for such a department. He believed men would shop there if they could shop that near to a door, and off there on the side of the store they would be out of the way of the feminine shopping tide.

Being president he had his way, and in due time show cases and racks and all the paraphernalia for selling to men arrived and the department was laid out. A man by the name of Arkwright, a very shrewd buyer, who had been in charge of one of the upstairs departments for several years and who had earlier in his career worked in men's departments, was put in as buyer and manager, and things started out auspiciously enough, with a handsome stock of fresh, high-grade haberdashery that had been bought very carefully.

There were three salesmen besides Arkwright, for the president was determined that men should get prompt service; nothing, he argued, scared men off in a department store so quickly as having to wait.

Two months passed. The new department didn't seem to be taking well. Three months, four months, five months. Still the trade was small.

"Give it a little more time," the president kept saying to his associates, who were beginning to wear I-told-you-so expressions in their eyes whenever the new department was up for discussion.

A Plausible Want Ad

They gave it more time—two whole years—but still the men didn't flock to the haberdashery department and buy in sufficient volume to make it pay. Not that it was losing heavily; it just didn't quite break even.

Finally the president called a conference. Everybody thought it was to be a funeral service over the men's department. Several had strongly urged that it be discontinued and the old near-the-door women's lines be given the space again. But they were mistaken. The president was not ready to give up. In fact, when the group—consisting of Mr. Du Bois, vice president, and also head of the silk and wash-goods departments; Mr. Marston, the treasurer; the heads of the store's four biggest departments; and the president's son, George B., who was store manager—had assembled, the president proceeded to read a want ad clipped from a men's-wear publication. The advertisement was headed:

"Wanted: 'Sick' Men's-Wear Business or Department."

The ad went on to say that the writer was clerk in a well-known men's store in a certain California city and that he had gone as high in that store as he could, as they had a good manager already. He said he had some very definite ideas of selling to men which he could put into operation as the manager of a men's-wear store or a haberdashery department. He further declared that he would particularly like to take hold of some sick store or department and put it on its feet.

"That," said the president, "sounds like the man we want. Arkwright is a good buyer, but he hasn't the knack somehow of getting to men. He'll make more money for us and for himself back upstairs. I propose that we look up this man and take him on if he looks as good as his ad sounds. He says he'll go anywhere along the Coast."

They all admitted that it did seem worth trying, and so George B., the president's son, was commissioned to go ahead with the negotiations. The president himself left for the East a day or two later to sail for Europe, so he did not see the new man, Miller by name.

Three months later, when the president returned, the first question he asked his son was "How did Miller do it?" He had found a report on the business of the past month awaiting him at his hotel in New York when he landed from the steamer. The men's department had taken a big jump on the sales chart. He had wondered about it all the way across the continent.

"Not how did he do it, but how does he do it?" George corrected.

"Well, how does he do it then?"

"That's what I wondered for nearly a month, and then suddenly an odd fact popped into my head. I had never seen Miller behind any of his counters!

"This interested me tremendously and I began to watch him. I discovered that the sales book we had given him the day he arrived had never been opened. I found it in behind a shirt box. Yet the sales record of the department was climbing steadily. Then it came to me in a flash one morning. Miller sells out front!"

"Out front? In the windows, you mean?" asked the president.

"No, no! He hasn't had any more window displays than Arkwright had. I mean he sells out in front of his counters. From morning till night he just rambles up and down his two aisles in a sort of socially busy way chatting with the men and with women in search of men's wear."

Miller's Selling System

"'Here, Frank,' he'll say to one of the men behind the counter, 'just lift down that box of new shirts that came in this morning.'

"Frank lifts down the box and puts it on the counter, and Miller turns to the man he has been talking with and says: 'I noticed a shirt in here when I was looking through this box that I believe you'd like. Has a very fine lavender stripe. Here it is.'

"And the man does like it, and says he hadn't thought of buying any shirts but he guesses he will have that one. Miller doesn't say anything about buying another shirt, but just keeps on chatting cheerfully for a minute and digs out a couple more thin-stripe shirts from the box and lays them out on the counter, and the man absent-mindedly picks them up and looks at them and says he guesses he'll have those two too.

"Whereupon Miller hands the three shirts to Frank and says: 'Just take care of these, Frank, and take this gentleman's address.' The man gets out his wallet and pays—Frank, not Miller.

"Miller never touches money. The clerks always take care of the sale somehow, and it goes on their books and not on Miller's. Customers never seem to buy from Miller; he buys with them."

The president nodded shrewdly.

"So that was his idea that he mentioned in the ad. I've known two other department heads to work that way in my time and both of them were wonders. Study him, George."

George did study him. And every day his admiration for the man's salesmanship increased.

"He's so casual," he declared to his father. "He never presses anybody to buy anything; he never seems to be selling at all. He just mixes in with the shoppers in an inoffensive way and the first thing you know Frank or Harrison or Brink is digging something out of the show cases or getting out a bathrobe or a sweater, and a few minutes later he's wrapping it up for a customer that half the time had no intention of buying such an article, though somehow Miller doesn't seem to sell a man anything unless he is pretty sure he wants it or needs it."

"Breakfast is Ready!"

And you won't have to wait for your coffee because it's Soluble Barrington Hall—made instantly, in the cup, by adding hot water to a half teaspoonful of the powdered coffee crystals.

You should know the smooth, delicious flavor of famous Barrington Hall in this new, instant form—clear as wine and entirely free from the bitter, woody taste of the coffee bean.

If your grocer has not yet stocked Soluble Barrington Hall, send us his name and 60 cents, and we will mail you a medium size, vacuum-sealed jar which makes as many cups as a pound of the best bean coffee.

You'll never go back to the coffee pot!

MAIL THE COUPON

Baker Importing Company

246 North Second Street, Minneapolis — 116 Hudson Street, New York

Enclosed find 60c for which please send one medium size jar of Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee to:

Name _____

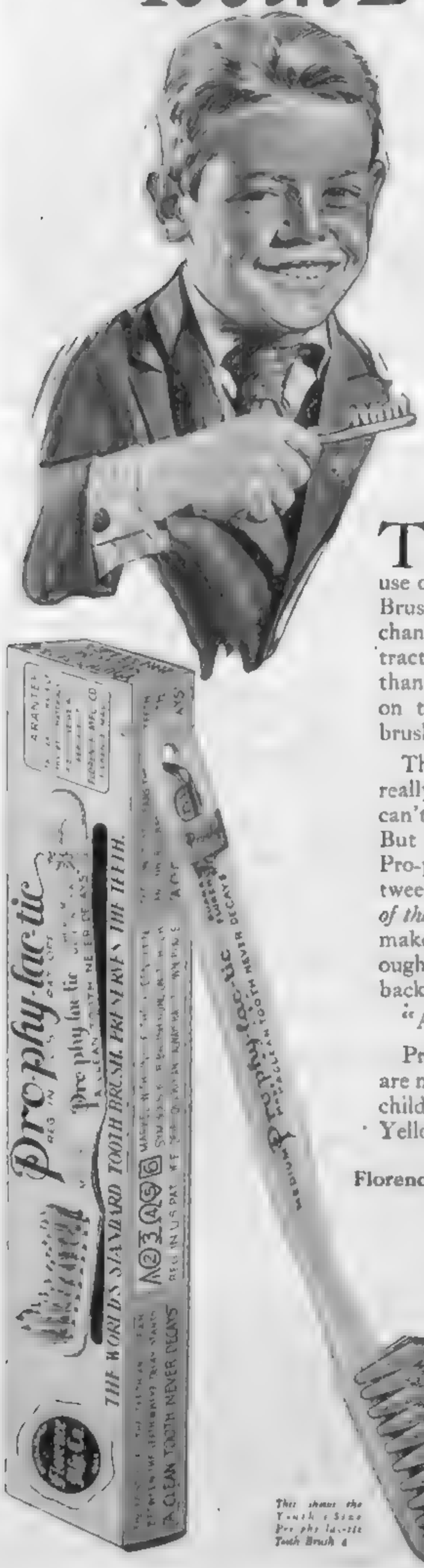
Address _____

Grocer's Name _____

Grocer's Address _____

SOLUBLE
Barrington Hall
Coffee

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



Twice a Day

THE boy or girl brought up on the regular twice-a-day use of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush stands a much better chance of having sound and attractive teeth throughout life than the boy or girl brought up on the ordinary type of tooth brush.

The ordinary tooth brush can't really clean the teeth, because it can't reach all parts of them. But the tufted bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reach easily between and around the teeth—*all of them*. And the curved handle makes it possible to clean thoroughly even the backs of the back teeth.

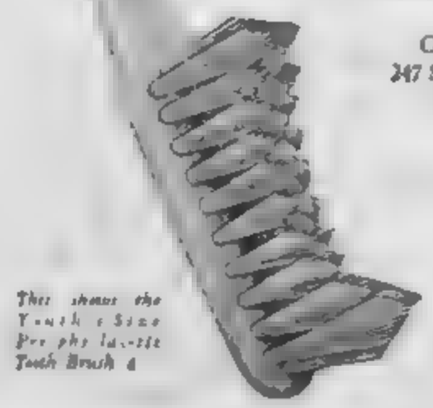
"A clean tooth never decays."

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are made in adult's, youth's, and child's sizes. Always sold in the Yellow Box.

Florence Manufacturing Company
Florence, Mass.

Also Makers of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush and a complete line of Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair and Military Brushes.

Canadian Address
347 St. Paul Street West
Montreal



This shows the Youth's Size Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

The president himself grew very much interested in watching the new manager. Miller was, in fact, an artist in selling, and as fascinating to watch at work as any other kind of an artist.

A man stops and asks sort of good-naturedly: "Any bargains in kid gloves these days?"

"Sure," says Miller, "but not the cheap kind of bargains. Brink," turning to the nearest salesman behind the counter, "hand out that box of four-dollar hand-sewn tan kids, please."

Brink does. The man looks sort of frightened. He has never paid four dollars for gloves in his life. But he takes the pair and inspects them and feels the beautiful leather with his hands.

"Now, Brink, let's see those two-dollar tans."

And Brink hands out the box of two-dollar tans.

"They are both excellent values for the money. The only difference is that you'll get six dollars' worth of satisfaction out of this four-dollar pair. You know how it is with gloves and shoes—the more you pay within reason, provided you aren't paying for mere fanciness, the better bargain you get."

The man generally ends either by buying the hand-sewn pair or both pairs, one for rough and ready and one for dressier wear. And he learns that Miller was right, and the next time they can't sell him anything but four-dollar gloves.

Before Miller arrived on the scene collar sales had nearly always been in twos. After he had been there a week the usual sale was a box of six, and in many cases a dozen.

"You're doing a man a favor to sell him a dozen collars at once," he told his salesmen. "Men waste more time chasing into stores for a couple of collars every few weeks. And they are always getting caught short on collars if their laundry fails to come home or they've been away on a trip and have brought back a lot of soiled collars. Sell them a dozen with a clear conscience. You are saving them time, and time is money to a business man."

Somehow Miller seemed able to sell almost anything in units of from three to twelve.

"I want to look at pajamas," says a man at Miller's elbow.

Increasing Purchases

Miller turns and gets into an easy conversation, standing there beside him in front of the counter. Meanwhile the clerk behind the counter has asked the man's size—or judged it—and has just put out a couple of piles of pajamas. Miller notices in a flash the patterns that take the man's eye and by the time he has progressed to the point of laying to one side the pair that he likes Miller has another pair or two with it.

"About three pairs?" he says.

If the man says "Yes" Miller pushes them toward the clerk and turns the conversation into other lines while the package is being wrapped. If he says "No; only one pair," Miller accepts that in the same matter-of-course way and chats right along.

But many times the man takes the three pairs, for he realizes that he has too few pairs of pajamas, but never thought of laying in a stock of three pairs at once.

"Lots of men lack imagination when it comes to buying duds for themselves," Miller declared to George B. one afternoon after he had sold a man a dozen shirts, a bathrobe and six pairs each of silk and lisle socks. "I try to sell a man a year's or a season's supply of anything he is buying if I can. He has to buy it some time, and if he happens to be in Denver or Chicago or Victoria, B. C., when he needs part of his supply, why, we don't get the sale. The man may be one of our most loyal customers, but loyalty doesn't do us any good a hundred miles away.

"No," he continued, resuming the conversation that had been interrupted by his stopping to engineer a sale of six suits of underwear where the clerk was going to let the man go with a single suit, "I've found that men are grateful to have me make them buy more at one time. It saves them a heap of bother, and they always have the comfortable feeling of being well supplied at all times. It doesn't cost them any more, for they wear only about so many clothes in a year's time anyway, but it means a lot to us to get the sale of their full supply instead of a third or a fourth of it.

"But," he added, "it never pays to press a man."

Inside of a year Miller knew the names of at least half the men who came to his department. He never pumped people's names out of them. But he did study the names on the charge slips. After hours every night before going home he ran through every sales book and noted the name of every customer and just what they bought and how much they paid for it.

And though he was never seen behind the counter during the day, before and after hours he was very much behind the counter looking into stock boxes, keeping in touch with the condition of his stock and getting shirt patterns and the like pictured in his mind. He knew everything in the department and just where it was.

"Good morning, Mr. Bates," he would say to some customer whom he encountered in the aisle. "We have some more of those pepper-and-salt socks in stock. Shall I have a box sent up to you?"

Mr. Bates, feeling rather flattered to have this genial fellow remember that he was rather partial to pepper-and-salt socks, directs that the box of socks be sent. Thus without the passing of a greenback, the asking of a size or the showing of a sock Mr. Bates has bought six pairs of hosiery at a dollar a pair. Miller turns to the clerk:

"Harrison, just send a box of those socks to Mr. Bates and charge them to his account."

Harrison goes to the little card index and finds that Mr. Bates wears size eleven and lives at 14 Seaside Terrace.

Where Big Selling is Done

"Clerks can't yell at customers as they pass down the aisle," Miller once confided to George B. "You have to be out where the folks are so you can sort of wander along with them, stopping here and there to look at a scarf or smooth out the folds of a dressing gown in a suggestive way that makes the man you're talking with see it and get interested in it. If he needs a dressing gown ten chances to one he buys it there and then. If he doesn't he just admires it and that's an end to it. We don't want him to buy it."

"Right you are," remarked the president, who happened along just in time to hear the last two sentences.

"I'd like to know, though, Mr. Miller, where you got this idea of engineering sales."

Miller smiled.

"From a very clever little woman who used to be a buyer for a Los Angeles department store. She and I boarded for a while at the same boarding house. One night I remarked something about being weary of selling behind a counter.

"'Oh,' she said, quite surprised, 'do you sell behind a counter?'

"'Yes,' said I. 'Where else would one sell?'

"'Why, out front, of course. I never go behind the counter in my department. That isn't where the big selling is done. Of course,' she said, 'I don't do all the selling. I have clerks behind the counter who take care of two-thirds of my customers, but I sell more to the other third than they do to the two-thirds.'

"I got to thinking. It seemed like good sense. But I couldn't do it where I was, because I wasn't and couldn't hope to be manager there. But she wouldn't let me rest; kept at me all the time to get out front where the real selling is, until I put that ad in the trade paper, and here I am."

"We can use that woman upstairs," said the president. "Where can we get hold of her?"

"You can't," replied Miller with a chuckle. "She is my wife now!"

The president and George B. laughed heartily.

"Well," said the president, "you can tell her for me that she's dead right. The big selling is nearly always done out front, whether it's in wash goods or Wall Street. Selling is the same in every sphere.

"It's a fact that no salesman is really big till he gets out front, and —"

The president stopped and began fumbling in his pockets for something which evidently was not there.

"Harrison," said Miller quietly, turning to the nearest man behind the counter, "just hand out a couple of those fifty-cent laundered handkerchiefs.

"Here you are," he said, handing them to the president.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed George B., laughing. "Even you aren't safe round this department, dad!"

CHALMERS

WITH HOT SPOT AND RAM'S-HORN

DRIVE THIS NEW CHALMERS TO ESTIMATE ITS WORTH

WHEN you have driven this new Chalmers you will appreciate its marvellous ease of action, its soothing absence of vibration, its great energy—results directly traceable to the Hot Spot and Ram's-Horn.

Hot Spot is an ingenious device that occupies about six square inches. It receives from the carburetor gasoline still in a raw, heavy state and breaks it up into infinitesimal particles.

Then the gasoline, now a "cloud" of dry gas, is rushed into the cylinders via Ram's-Horn (which has no sharp corners to impede the progress). Thus the cylinders get the kind of "food" they should have, and you get a snap, a "kick" from "gas" that you haven't seen in many a day.

Some things you don't get, too, and they are burned bearings, scored cylinders, frequently fouled spark plugs—all traceable to inferior "gas" which most engines cannot "digest." Ride in this new Chalmers and you, too, will say: "Chalmers is one of the few great cars of the world."

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORP., EXPORT DIVISION, 1808 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Quality First

LOCAL COLOR

(Concluded from Page 29)

dying—aboard smoking cars. By night I pounded my ear on decorative iron chair arms, with my feet on the windowpane, right-angled there like some old hooker on a mud flat. The ham sandwiches got rather brassy and gangrenous toward the end.

Not far from Tucson I met an intriguing sort of man, a miner named Axel. We became partners. He had provisions and dynamite, and we hunted for gold until we had detonated all the dynamite and eaten all the food. Local color thereabout should have had a general yellowish tinge. We did not find it.

Ultimately we were forced to pull up stakes and strike across the desert, thinking we could surely get a job in the mines. But the jobs were all in hiding, with a price on their heads. We drifted from camp to camp. Finally we reached a camp which sat, fantastic in that fierce sunshine, a mere nodule of tin shacks, a patchwork of colors put together out of the odds and ends of paint cans.

"My Lord!" whispered Axel. "I see at once we can't get a job here."

Something wrong with the local color evidently. He had been certain of a job before catching sight of this camp.

"How much money have we got?" I inquired.

"Three iron men," said Axel hoarsely.

We leg-motored to another camp. This was in a valley; gigantic dimpled eminences rose on every hand; they glowed hot and exhibited poison-green shades. Strings of enormous crooked palings had been driven into their sides to prevent landslips, for they had been dug out below until they were mere phantom mountains likely to collapse in the twinkling of an eye. In fact thirteen Mexicans had been buried alive the day before in such a cave-in.

At this stimulating intelligence I was the dead spit of that man who went round praying for a job and hoping to heaven he wouldn't find one. It was the corollary to the prayer, and not the prayer, that was answered. I didn't find one.

But I affirm to you that it is a strange feeling that will swarm through a man who finds himself in a strange country where no jobs are and without money in his pockets. You see then at last that the life of a humdrum citizen is after all something more than going through the motions. In such a predicament you may question things that formerly you took for granted. As soon as you are fairly on your uppers you grow bashful, you are afraid to look the sun and moon in the face and you begin to fear that you have bitten off more than you can chew.

Men of substance go by you, infinitely remote, like phantoms. You feel like a phantom yourself, like a ghost that has lost even its power to haunt.

Axel muttered with anguish in his eye: "I ought to know somebody here."

A Bad Place to Go Broke

And sure enough he did. He pointed to a man who had just come out of what had been a bar—you know Arizona entered the Great Thirst ahead of some of her sister commonwealths.

This man had a vast jowl, still blue after the closest possible shave. He wore a silk shirt and no necktie and was picking his teeth, bull-like vacuity expressed on his slumbrous countenance. Axel walked up to him impulsively and held out his hand and said: "How are you, Mr. Stevens?"

Mr. Stevens, without letting the least scintillation of joy escape him, put up one enormous scaly paw and allowed Axel to handle it vigorously.

"You remember that I used to be in Phœnix?"

"Yes," said the man with heart-sickening indifference.

"How's everything in Phœnix?" inquired Axel.

"I haven't been there in two years," said the man with the same chilling impenetrability.

Found out, you see. Something in Axel's glad eagerness, in his propitiatory smile, in his mysteriously hesitant and affable tones, had warned that man that he was bankrupt and meant to presume on old acquaintance.

"He looked into my pockets," Axel told me. "And I knew him once like a blood brother too. I suppose he could see ruin in my eye."

He tried to get a job in a meat shop, but when he came out he looked jaded and swallowed hard.

"Nothing doing," he said.

"What does he say?"

"He won't even speak to me," said Axel in a low voice. "I began to wonder if I was there. He just goes on in there behind the meat block making Spanish sausage. He doesn't get the fine pink color that I do either, damn him. This is just the sort-of hole you would expect a man like that to drift into at last. He is capable of keeping his thumb under the meat while he has it on the scales."

He approached me very close and murmured: "This town is no good to go broke in. I see that. I know this sort of place. It is privately owned by the company, every dirty inch, and the first place to go up was the jail."

He actually tried to urge it on me that one place might be better and healthier to go broke in than another. He had the air of an aëronaut drifting over a chasm and throwing out sand, trying to get elevation for a last little drift. Any place but that place.

"We have got to walk out of here," he whispered. "I have felt that from the beginning. We may have to walk out of Globe too. We ought to be prepared to go right on into the Imperial Valley."

Wasted Realism

"You are simply looking for a choice place to leave your bones, it seems to me," I said to him.

Still, it is a fact, if anything can be a fact, that we were forced to walk. For the next day we were put off the corporation's property—that is to say, out of town—on suspicion of being walking delegates. If we were it must have been with the accent on the adjective.

So we went on into the Bad Lands, and inside of thirty hours we were both hungry and thirsty. A Spanish miner joined us. This man carried food in a handkerchief, a blue-and-white polka-dotted handkerchief. Whenever he was hungry he dropped back a quarter of a mile or so and feasted. Then he hauled up on us again, crumbs at the corners of his mouth, and trailed along in our wake, because he thought we knew where we were going.

At length, halfway up a mountainside, we fell on him, and in horrible Spanish we told him to go his way and take his cursed polka-dotted handkerchief out of our sight if he had food for one man only.

He misunderstood our Spanish and opened the handkerchief in fear and trembling. In it there remained a Mexican chili, a piece of bread, an egg and an apple. These were the materials out of which we reconstructed our universe. The egg fell to me; I cracked it on a stone and swallowed it like a dog.

All the time I was wondering whether I would be able to catch the local color.

We slept that night in an angle of rock twenty miles from yesterday. By the powers, it was cold! Both dark and cold; and we disliked to go rooting round those rocks for wood to replenish our fire—on account of snakes. We stuffed our pant legs full of newspapers to keep out the cold, a trick I had learned in the Colonies. We drew off our coats and buttoned them over our heads, with the idea of breathing our own breath and so poisoning ourselves to sleep by a gentle anæsthesia, induced by carbon dioxide; but the cold devils raced and whirled along our spines and could not in any way be eluded, writhe, twist, compress our bodies as we might.

So we toughed it out till dawn.

We got up, cramped, weak, savage, rumpled, bleary, dizzy and pock-marked by contact with our gravel bed. That vast red faulted crust we had walked on yesterday had sunk out of sight. The valley was brimful of mist. The line of buttes emerged with unfamiliar faces, like rosy islands out of this white unsubstantial deluge. Mist hung in wreaths like smoke over the lofty summits. Overhead the sky was blue.

"There is room here to swing many cats," Axel said.

And yet it was just over this mountain that the Iron Maiden Gulch lay, where a job for one man was waiting in the mine. I took the job and Axel kept house in a 'dobe hut. I went down two thousand feet into the naked rock with a shovel and a maul. It was hot, God wot, but what mine is not? as Dan Chaucer says. Both hot and narrow. Hot water dripped on my head from that rock roof, the breath was pinched out of my lungs, my arms ached like a toothache from prying down segments of roof with a long bar. I grew as white as a ghost and as lean as a starveling.

Then at night I dreamed pleasant dreams of being entombed in the rock. There had been a way in, but there was no way out, some awful monolith had blocked the passage, and there I sat in my dream, clasping my knees, two thousand feet deep in the dark; and then I jumped up and went tearing with my finger nails at that rock like a madman, looking for that cleft which had let me in, and I would awake to find myself crawling round the walls of my 'dobe hut like a lizard, a reek of sweat, and Axel clinging to my flank and trying to batter reason into me.

In the end I was ransomed, of course. I got out of the mines and wrote a sulphurous tale about them. Later I ran across that mining engineer.

He said pleasantly: "I read that yarn of yours. I should think you would want now to take a trip through that country personally to see how it checks up with your imagination of it."

So what's the use? The facts can never be sufficiently known where specialists abound. It is doubtful if there is any such thing as a hard-and-fast fact in the world any more, owing to this battery of experts. They are mustered equally on both sides of the equation of fact, which neatly cancels out.

The latest Encyclopædia Britannica, in its article, Philosophy, says: "A fact is nothing except in its relations to other facts; and as these relations are multiplied in the progress of knowledge the nature of the so-called fact is indefinitely modified"—that is, it is eternally in dispute. That's what I'm telling you. "Even the wildest dream," asserts Professor Mach, "is a fact as much as any other." Says Descartes: "In the same way that I sometimes perceive that others are deceived in the things they imagine themselves up on, how do I know that God has not so contrived that I deceive myself every time that I add two to three or count the sides of a square? For I know that sometimes I deceive myself."

This is the gentleman who began the day by saying: "I think, therefore, I exist."

"But," inquired a philosopher a century or so later, "does he think, or does he only think that he thinks?"

Baffled by Detail

Precisely. Space and time are merely modes of thought, and we are sure of nothing but death and taxes. Can we really put two and two together? Can we say for certain, with the ancients, that the horses of the sun are invisible to us on account of the extreme radiance through which they plunge? Sir Oliver Lodge says there are as many atoms in a thimbleful of water as there are thimblefuls of water in the ocean. Was there ever a prettier conceit than that? Is it more susceptible of proof than the water sprite which the ancients would have found in the same thimble?

There is something ghostlike about the facts of science still, and the greatest of scientists do not disdain to interview the spirit land and to reckon in the impalpable and imponderable factors at last. For every man who cannot see the forest for the trees there are a thousand who cannot see the trees for the forest and who cannot see the leaves for the trees. Detail baffles us endlessly, and the only undisputed things are fancies and not facts.

I hope in time that people will come to be extremely credulous and inclined to believe anything they see in print. It is a matter of predisposition as much as anything. You remember when the late Colonel Roosevelt was attacking the Nature fakers he said concerning one seemingly weird exploit: "That is about as likely as that a pack rat would throw a diamond hitch."

I look for the day to come when people will be willing to hear tell of a pack rat throwing a diamond hitch without a murmur. If we are short on fact we may still be long on fancy.

If there was one man among the moderns whom I thought infallible it was Sherlock Holmes, and yet a friend of mine, a gun expert this time, has caught him in a terrible blunder in The Valley of Fear.

Here the crime that Watson describes, as most of us know—for who is there who does not hang on the exploits of that excellent man?—is committed by a sawed-off shotgun; but there remains on the barrel the letters "P-e-n," from which Sherlock, who has, I think, written a monograph on gun factories, at once recognized the Pennsylvania Small Arms Company.

"This is very helpful, Holmes," the local inspector says, and in fact it centers suspicion on an American tourist who had recently passed through the town, gives an American flavor to the crime, and finally results in the plot itself jumping the Atlantic and coming to America in search of the murderer. Notwithstanding that—"It's all wrong," said my gun expert.

Granting that those three letters on the gun were actually "P-e-n," he contended that the tale should have gone like this:

"Watson," says Sherlock, with a smoldering fire in his eye, "this is a more interesting case than I had at first supposed. I am very glad we got out of Baker Street just when we did. I was fast going to sleep there. Let us take this gun now. It is as plain as the nose on your face, is it not, that its original owner was left-handed, whimsical, vain to a degree and the probable owner, in whole or in part, of a gun factory; in fact of the Pennsylvania Small Arms Company?"

How Sherlock Went Wrong

"My dear Holmes," I gasped, "this is really too much! Nobody knows better than you do the high estimation in which I hold your powers; but surely not even in the case of the Mystic Mit did you let your imagination get the better of you in this fashion. How can you possibly say that the man was left-handed, for example?"

"Watson," said Holmes, fingering the cocaine bottle with loving care, "I recommend you to my monograph on the history and present status of lethal weapons. I think you will find it worth while. It is distinctly an advance over my treatise on the fifty-seven varieties of cigar ash. You would find it there set down, for instance, that guns are made for right-handed people, and hence that the name of the maker invariably reads toward the breech.

"Thus in any ordinary gun, if any three letters remained after the barrel was sawed off they would be 'a-n-y,' the last three letters of 'company,' whereas here the well-nigh marvelous fact is that they are 'P-e-n,' the first three letters of Pennsylvania Small Arms Company, as I happen to know.

"Watson, this is surprising, to say the least. Now a man who had been carrying this gun left-handed would be able to see at a glance the words of the company, I grant you, but what could possibly have induced him to order a gun specially inscribed in this fashion? In the first place he would have to be left-handed, of course, but that alone surely would not account for this extraordinary whim. Why should a left-handed man care to have the name of the company making the gun easily accessible to his eye, unless he had some real or sentimental interest in that name. It is as plain as the nose on your face that he had some powerful interest in the gun factory, if he was not actually the owner of it.

"But surely it follows from this that a man so childish as to wish his eyes to come to rest even during the hunt on the name of the organization which he owns or controls must be vain in an extraordinary degree, and not only vain but whimsical in his vanity. I should think even you, Watson, would scarcely need to be helped further in this argument."

My friend thought that if Sherlock had actually drawn these deductions we might have seen some interesting developments; but, as it was, the book was overthrown in its entirety for him. He had only contempt for the mental processes of a detective who did not know that you read toward the breech on a gun, not away from it.

"Why didn't the author go to work for a week or two in a gun factory?" he wanted to know. But think of the manual labor involved in it.

White Teeth—The Klenzo Smile-Sign

THE flash and glisten of polished white teeth—do you envy them? *You* ought to have white teeth, too. You *can* have them! By using Klenzo—the *white* dental cream.

There is no other dentifrice made exactly like Klenzo. Klenzo's *white*, snowy foam penetrates every crevice—searches out old secretions and food particles, and destroys them. Cleans, polishes, and *whitens* the enamel. And, besides all that, it leaves that delicious Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling in your mouth.

This delightful feeling—more than mere taste—is proof of the cleansing work Klenzo is doing. And results show in *whiter* teeth, a healthier mouth.

Start getting *whiter* teeth this very day. Get a tube of Klenzo at the nearest Rexall Store. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

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This celebrated "million-dollar fire" of airplanes in France after the Armistice aroused a storm of mistaken criticism in this country. An investigation made later by Congress proved that only worn-out planes and parts had been destroyed.

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Like a powerful man who has not learned to rest

THE best commercial planes can fly only 135 hours without complete overhauling. The famous "million-dollar bonfire" of airplanes after the Armistice brought out even more surprising facts about *military* planes. During the war the average plane had to be scrapped after a few months.

Throughout hours of flight the airplane must be continually driven at furious, racing speed. That is why its life is usually measured in months, while the automobile's life is invariably measured in years.

Many men and women force themselves day after day to an exhausting pace in just this same way. In business or in pleasure they constantly tax their strength to the utmost.

Everyone realizes that rest must alternate with work. But most people have not discovered the secret of a brief moment's relaxation at the proper time.

The *leaders* in world achievement have learned how to snatch moments of rest in the midst of crowded days. It is only this secret of *momentary relaxation* that has saved them from breaking down under the strain of their efforts.

Harriman, the great railroad-builder, even at the most critical moments, could drop all business problems and in an instant become absorbed in his favorite author. Roosevelt used to pause to read jingles. Today many hard-driven business leaders gain this momentary recreation, as Woolworth did, from gorgeously furnished offices—from a vase of flowers or a beautiful statuette on their desks.

Each of these men has his own special way of getting momentary relaxation. It is surprising to find what extremely simple things—and how many *different* things—can afford this quick, refreshing rest.

Most of us have noticed, for example, that just washing or rinsing the hands is often wonderfully restful.

To-day there is a new way—an inexpensive luxury—that makes this ordinary, pleasant act twice as effective. Next time you wash your hands in the middle of a busy morning or afternoon let this be a real *momentary relaxation*. Use Jergens Violet Soap. See what a delicious feeling of cool, fragrant cleanliness it gives you—how it soothes both mind and body.

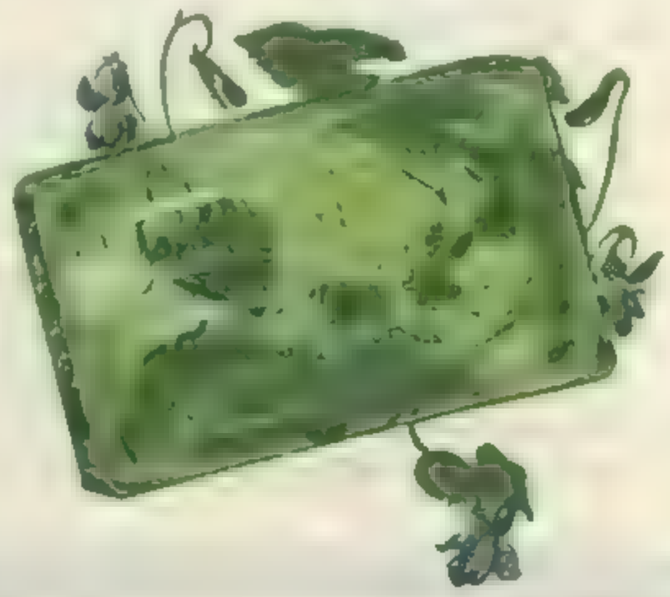
This soap contains a remarkable cooling agent that refreshes and stimulates. The instant the cake touches the water it releases the living fragrance of violets.

Whenever you feel nervous or fatigued—after a trying conference—use Jergens Violet Soap. Use it for each of the five or six times you wash your hands every day—whether in the office or at home. The qualities that make it refreshing during the day are just as delightful for general use. Only after using Jergens Violet Soap do you realize how refreshing, how magically rejuvenating the simple bathing of the face and hands can be.

Send 6 cents for a guest-size cake

Send us 6 cents and we will mail you at once a small size cake of this delightful soap. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Company, 651 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 651 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



JERGENS VIOLET SOAP

TRANSPARENT

WHO'S WHO AND BLYTHE

By FRANK CONDON

THERE is a Samuel Blythe in Phœnix, Arizona, who owns and operates a bicycle repair shop and will do odd jobs of galvanizing at moderate rates, and there is also a Samuel Blythe in Chicago Junction, who guarantees a snappy-and-complete burial, with auto hearse, for one hundred and fifteen dollars, but these are not the Blythe referred to. This Blythe whom we are discussing is the Blythe who writes the articles. It is pronounced "blithe" in America and "bleethe" in England, thereby causing Samuel much poignant anguish, because in a manner of speaking Sam sprang from British soil and has relatives moving round in Sussex or Norfolk. He regards it as rather ridiculous for a highly civilized nation to go on calling him "bleethe," especially when he has sprung from it.

Nobody knows how many hundred or thousand articles Samuel G. Blythe has written, because he began exuding them back in the paleocrystic age, carving his initial monograph on the sunny side of a smooth rock and using the conventional stone fountain pen of the period. This was a spirited piece about the dismal political outlook of the moment, and since then Sam has pounded out political and general articles without let or hindrance.

In later years, bowing before the stride of science, he discarded his implements of stone and began whaling the gizzards out of a typewriter, but upon the human eye the general result is about the same. No one can read anything Sam writes on a typewriter. He uses what is technically termed the single-space system of typewriting. That is, he spaces once along toward the end of page one of the article and that single space suffices for the whole thing. It is then entirely up to the compositors and proofreaders.

In the manner of the historians, Samuel G. Blythe began living a long time ago and is still at it with great earnestness. He is either forty-nine or fifty-six years old and it makes little difference, because after all a man is as old as his enthusiasms, and Sam has some of the youngest and flippest enthusiasms extant.

He is regarded as the foremost article writer in the world, and he can write an article about anything under the sun if given a short start, some daylight and a damp ribbon.

Years ago he switched off from what he was doing at the moment and wrote a series of pieces about how it feels to bowl along through life in freedom from the shackles of the demon rum. Not that the demon had ever sat upon Sam's chest, but as he says himself he was in a certain way qualified to write these pieces, because he had thoroughly and painstakingly tried out both the wet and the dry systems. Those articles upon the joy of a totally abstinent life are the classics of their brood—and there was a large hurried brood of them. Immediately after Sam wrote his survey of bottled perdition every cured and semicured alcoholic in the land tottered feebly into his den, sat down before his shaking typewriter and wrote long paeans about how it felt to be sober. The Blythe articles came first and remain first—at the top of the heap.

Samuel G. Blythe (to the Right) and Peter Clark Macfarlane

Twenty-Eight Thousand Miles in a Hack

AT THE present time Mr. Blythe is playing golf and eating in a restaurant on Twentieth Street in New York, where the diners are notoriously rotund and well-fed. He plays golf to take off weight and he invades the restaurant to put it back. His system of living is unique and consists of moving rapidly from place to place. For a short time each year he resides in Southern California, in close proximity to a golf course. The fourteenth hole is adjacent to his sleeping porch and at noon each day he summons his caddie and plays a vigorous three-hole round from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, after which he calls it a job and devotes the remainder of the day to the general subject of human sustenance.

After a brief rest in California he goes somewhere on a train. It doesn't matter particularly where he goes so long as it is somewhere. Anyone earnestly wishing to locate S. G. Blythe at any season of the year can safely assume that he is on a fast passenger train or is lolling in Suite B of an ocean liner bound for Europe or Asia.

This predilection for sustained travel has long distinguished him. Years ago as correspondent for the New York World he toured the United States with William Jennings Bryan. The correspondents were hived in a private car with little chance to spend money. Their meals were served on the mess system at a daily cost of three dollars and it was therefore difficult for the hard-working scribes to build up a plausible expense account.

The World management permitted little leeway except in the matter of hacks and hack fare, so Mr. Blythe carefully wrote down numerous items referring to "hack from hall," "hack to hall," and so on. When the Bryan tour ended the correspondent returned to New York, turned in his expense account to the managing editor and stood expectantly on one foot. The editor glanced over the statement with a cold eye and signed it.

"Sam," he said thoughtfully, "how many miles did you travel with Bryan?"

"Oh, about twenty-eight thousand," Sam replied.

"You must have made the trip in a hack."

The Encyclopædia Britannica is a fairish work of its sort and contains many detailed facts about the great round world, but alongside of Sam Blythe the Encyclopædia is a sketchy and feeble pamphlet. Sam knows more facts about more things than anyone else and can release them without effort. There is no use arguing with him and no one has ever won an argument with him, except a sweet old lady at the Grand Cañon—and she was deaf.

Take New York bootblacks. Sam knows the name and business address of the one best bootblack in New York and travels there to have his shoes polished, though it is four miles out of his way and costs two car fares. Most persons would naturally assume that there is little difference between bootblacks and that all bootblacks are more or less alike. Not so Sam. He knows that his particular bootblack does not use a certain chemical mixture, which when applied to the completed shine causes the said shine to turn dull very quickly. Who else in New York is aware of such sinful customs among bootblacks?

Mr. Blythe's present life is calm, but it was not always so. He once owned an automobile and learned to drive it. He achieved the remarkable distinction of being able to back up faster than any other driver in his community, after which he gave up motoring and retired on his laurels. He says himself that he has made a serious mistake in writing articles all these years and that after wasting about fifty of them he has discovered his true calling in life. He declares that he is a natural-born carpenter and has gone on foolishly writing pieces when he might have been making ornamental and useful things for a waiting world. He is, he says without undue boasting, not only a carpenter but a highly gifted cabinetmaker. This is his story of how he came to discover it:

"An estimable citizen of the town, named George Roberts, was by way of being the leading carpenter here for many years. Poor chap! He carpentered in the drab days when a carpenter got only $2.50 a day instead of $27, and the result was that when he passed to his reward because of falling off the ridgepole of a house his estate consisted of a chest of tools and a membership in the Order of Eagles. His widow, not being a carpenter and desiring to settle his estate in order that she might have the wherewithal to live, offered his chest of tools for sale. Now, as you know, I am of a kind-hearted and charitable nature. It irks me to see widows of worthy carpenters in distress, so I generously offered the widow thirty dollars for the chest of tools, the tools not being worth more than $150 or some such sum. With a remarkable lack of appreciation of her position, she demanded forty dollars for the outfit, and we compromised on thirty-five and I took the tools and left the place with the knowledge pleasurably within me of a good deed done, the heavy lot of a poor widow being lightened and all this and that."

A Triumph of Engineering Skill

"THERE are about two hundred tools in this chest, of which I know the names of four, but with that latent adaptability and versatility that is the marvel of my many friends I at once set out to experiment with them and the result was that it dawned on me that here is my real vocation—carpentering. I can do things with those tools that you probably could not imagine. For example, my host said he desired some flower boxes made for the top of his porch. In the thoroughly unpractical manner of most home-owners he was talking of having in Michael Murphy, the local builder, to make the boxes. I pointed out to him that by the mere expenditure of a few cents for lumber I personally could and would make the boxes, thereby saving him a great deal of money. So I made them with my tools.

"The outcome is amazing. I fancy that any dub carpenter starting out to make flower boxes would probably make flower boxes, but not a heaven-born carpenter like myself. I am a carpenter with vision. The ordinary carpenter would have made flower boxes that could be used only for that set purpose. Not so with me. I made flower boxes that can be used variously for flower boxes—providing there are enough flowers in California to fill them—wood boxes or watering troughs. I admit that there is scant call now for the watering trough of our boyhood days, but somebody in California is sure to have a horse and he can use them—providing we can find him. And when completed the flower boxes cost only $23.10 each, which is very cheap, considering the soul and temperament that went into them, but does not seem to make such a genuine hit as you might think with my host, inasmuch as Michael Murphy's price was four dollars each."

Upon coming East Mr. Blythe left his chest of tools in California, but brought his one-lunged typewriter—in case he met any articles along the line. This machine is a real curiosity, forty-five years old, and has traveled through every country on the globe with its owner, in a case resembling a child's coffin. It has broken down in the Malay Sea, the Straits Settlements, in Shantung, Suez, Porto Rico and under the white tiles of the Riviera. It has been repaired by dungaree-clad engineers of slimy Java steamers, and the Scotch chief engineer of a British tramp removed its entire spinal column in one of the most delicate sea-operations ever recorded. It carries strange metal parts ravished from the mechanism of ships on which its owner

(Concluded on Page 65)

Every Home Needs the Saw Most Carpenters Use

You have always needed a good saw.

For the next few years you will need one more than ever. Carpenters are going to be too busy putting up buildings to come around and fix your coal bin and your porch screens, etc.

There's fun in doing these things yourself if you have the right tools. A Disston saw, clean, bright and keen, will sing its way through the plank you want to cut. It will stay sharp a long time. And it will give such good service that you will take care of it the way you care for your pet razor. That's the kind of treatment a Disston Saw deserves, and gets from good carpenters and good citizens everywhere.

Disston Saws are made of Disston-Made Steel. They cut true because they are balanced and set correctly. Sold by hardware dealers in all the big and little towns.

How to use a saw, how to take care of it and get the most out of it is told in the Disston Booklet on Saws. Write for it. The book will make you buy a Disston Saw, but you will always be glad you did.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.

General Offices: Philadelphia, U. S. A.

DISSTON

SAWS AND TOOLS

(Concluded from Page 63)

has traveled, and it has been soldered and rejointed so often that little of the original instrument remains. But it still goes, stringhalted and limping. It still can write down any word Sam may find.

He can find them too. It is his chiefest joy to go out for a slow walk and return to his rooms with a wild and fluttering word which nobody has ever heard of before. His is then the restrained delight of the scientist. He examines the word carefully, admires the sheen of its wings and perhaps lets it fly about for a time, after which he recaptures it and impales it upon the old typewriter.

In recent years Mr. Blythe has taken to writing novels and already he has several to his credit. Just as he has written more and better articles than anyone else in the writing game, he will probably write more and better novels before he is through, because once Sam starts a thing he finishes it with a whoop.

He belongs to very few clubs and regards womankind as a strange and interesting manifestation, which may just as well be examined at a distance—preferably four miles. In appearance Mr. Blythe is a moderately short, cheerful-looking man, with a thin mane that curves gently over the top of his head and pauses in its onward flight about the point that saves a man from being regarded as totally bald.

Since taking up golf to the extent of three holes every so often he has reduced his weight from three to five pounds. He admires English writers and feels that they have a background of literature which gives them a decided advantage. His private opinion is that H. L. Wilson is the best writing man in America, and he regards prohibition as a fine thing for the generations to come.

"The present generation," says he, "is like water that has gone over the wheel—or perhaps beer. It doesn't matter."

Mr. Blythe is fond of steak à la Lazarus, deep-dish blueberry pie, musical comedy, English country homes and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. He believes that America has a brilliant future and that the present is not so black as it is painted, but that the current pessimists are even blacker. Whenever anyone writes a good book Sam knows about it first and reads it first. Being first is one of his traits. A few years ago he galloped away to China and dashed off a series of Chinese articles. At the present moment the onrushing editors of America proclaim that there is a tremendous and growing interest in things Chinese and they demand Chinese articles and stories. Sam beat them to it by a scant two years.

He is a genial and friendly individual, and not long ago he encountered in New York an old acquaintance who had toiled for the newspapers in the days when Sam wrote political news for the daily prints. The old-timer was down and out, a victim of drink and drugs, but still clinging pathetically to the ragged edge of respectability. He informed Sam that he was about to make a financial killing that would restore him to affluence and decency. He was going to give up drink and start life anew, but in the meantime he needed funds and would Sam slip him a named sum? Sam said he would.

"I'll mail you a check," said Mr. Blythe. "Are you still living at the old place?"

The "old place" was a well-known hotel on Broadway, where the scribe had lived for years.

"No," said the applicant uneasily. "I'm not there any more, Sam. To tell the truth, I've been forced to leave because of money shortage. Couldn't pay the rent, so I moved to a cheaper hotel down on the East Side."

"That's all right," Sam said. "What's the name? I'll mail the check there."

"Well," continued the man more uneasily, "you see, Sam, I'll have to explain about that. It's a terrible place. The police break in and raid it every so often. When I moved in I felt sort of ashamed of myself, me having always lived in a nice clean hotel on Broadway. I didn't want anyone to know I moved into this dump, so I changed my name."

Sam held his pencil poised above an envelope.

"The truth is, Sam," said the derelict, "I gave them your name"

However, he got his check.

SELF-PITY

MAN is nearest God when he feels pity for the unfortunate; he is nearest nothing when he feels pity for himself. Trained soldiers who are without employment while away idle hours by thinking of their hard lot and the general depravity of all men above the rank of private. They simmer in discontent. But let the bugles call to arms and they are agrin with the joy of action. They welcome hardship and make a jest of sudden death. When they had no just cause of complaint they were at outs with the universe; given multiplied grievances they laugh.

The idle mind is provincial. It stays at home. It finds little of interest in the world save itself and the body it inhabits. The idler thinks of himself. Self is his hobby, his vocation, his pet and his burden, and since all persons have something less than they desire, it follows that the self-centered man discovers cause of grievance. Let it be the impudence of a waiter, the state of the weather, approaching baldness or a persistent corn. No matter. Beginning with the assumption that the universe centers in his person he will magnify his grievance until he generates sufficient self-pity to feel a martyr. Once established in his martyrdom, he withdraws somewhat from the world of men and lives in the plaintive atmosphere where the ego fattens for the benefit of nerve specialists.

The man who is beaten may retire from the contest to regain his strength and return to conquer. The man who finds the blows too heavy may cry "Hold, enough!" and yet not lose the whole of his manhood. But he who quits to mend his wounds and washes them with tears of self-pity is no longer a man, but a thing. The door of hope is closed against him. He has fallen to the lowest depth man may know. He cannot come back; there is nothing to come back save the shell that once housed the spirit of a man.

When a child falls in its play and bumps its head against a chair it knows not whether to laugh or weep until it has had time to measure the pain. If the hurt is trivial the child will decide in favor of a laugh. But let an overfond mother lift the child to her lap and croon tender words of pity and its cries will alarm the neighbors. Children are easily persuaded to self-pity, and men are but children steadied by pride.

Every man of sense knows that work is good for him. Every man who has learned to do good work is proud of his skill and delights to make it manifest.

Yet let him who loves labor be visited by one who toils not save with his tongue and told of the pity uplifters feel for poor wretches who have a job to keep them decent and respectable, and forthwith he will find fault with his lot. Eight hours of labor! God pity us! Why must we toil more than two hours and twenty minutes? How pleasant it would be to loaf always and listen to the jargon of theorists who get a fat living by talking nonsense to suckers! And if necessary tasks could not be completed in the shorter hours we could all pleasantly starve to death.

When we observe a man making an ass of himself we cringe with shame. The shame is not for him but for ourselves that we are related to one of so little sense. The folly of one man hurts all of his breed.

Americans—and by Americans I mean men of every race who have made America their home and know the love of liberty and the pride of manhood and of service that is America—these are hurt and shamed when one of their fellows sobs to the tune of an air written for those under the yoke of a czar. Americans need not creep on their bellies to the governor's door, nor sit at his gate and howl for crumbs.

They know the meaning of a square deal and will have it under a government that is themselves. And if they find abuses in the system they have fashioned they will set about correcting them with their chins up and a level eye.

There is no place for whiners in a land where there is no master with a whip. Ease up on the soft pedal and give us more man talk, else this gentle drama will become a farce.

ROBERT QUILLEN.

Don't Rub It In

Every man owes something to society. He might as well not have been born as to leave the world no better off than when he found it.

I have dedicated my life to teaching men the futility and harmfulness of rubbing in shaving lather with fingers.

At first thought, that may seem a humble purpose, and yet, with my work hardly begun, over a million and a half men are a little happier each morning and more bearable at breakfast, because they have shaved according to my new code.

Of course I have a selfish motive, because you have to use Mennen Shaving Cream to get my kind of shave.

Without wanting to get into an argument with the Government, I will admit that we own the tightest little monopoly in the world—for once a man has learned to shave rightly with Mennen's, there's no more chance of his switching to another Shaving Cream than there is for the recent Kaiser to become a naturalized Belgian.

The trouble with rubbing in the lather is that the friction raises microscopic blisters which the razor slices, causing those painful blood spots which have darkened men's lives since the early Egyptians learned to shave with bronze knives.

No rubbing—no friction—no inflamed skin.

Mennen's is one lather that not only doesn't have to be rubbed in but to get best results you *must not* rub it in with the fingers.

Three minutes with a brush revolving at low speed will take the fight out of the scrappiest beard that ever bristled. Your jaws emerge from Mennen lather so soft and cool and free from burning that you would swear you hadn't shaved at all—if your skin wasn't as smooth and beardless as a baby's.

Hundreds of my friends have learned of the tonic effects of cold water because Mennen's works great with cold water.

I'll compete with your druggist to the extent of sending a demonstrator tube for 15 cents. Then he will sell you a giant tube for 50 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 17)

to the side so favored, and which, on the other hand, by holding in reserve its potential power, could control the situation in its own interest for this or that purpose, or, in the common interest, for the preservation or restoration of peace.

Such was the position of Russia under Alexander III before she concluded her alliance with France and by joining one of the sides in the coming contest gave up her control of the situation which was the surest guaranty of the maintenance of peace, because her then still unimpaired and overshadowing potential power was obviously sufficient to discourage either side from attempting the enormous risk of a resort to arms.

I mentioned above two conditions which had no existence as yet in the first half of the last century but which were destined to impart to the next great European war a character quite different in many respects from previous wars and pregnant with most serious menaces to the existing social and political order and to modern civilization itself. They were: The adoption by all the great Powers of Continental Europe of the Prussian system of universal compulsory military service, and the appearance of the question of nationalities in an acute form, in the shape of a revival by various nationalities of theretofore dormant claims, by some to unification, by others to self-determination and severance from states to which they had been subjected.

The consequences of the general adoption of the Prussian system of short-term universal service, which originally had been devised as a means of circumventing oppressive treaty stipulations, as explained above, were manifold and mostly disastrous from many points of view. The best that can be said for this system is that it affords a means of training the youth of the country in discipline, orderly work and unquestioning submission to lawful authority, at the same time combating illiteracy, spreading some elementary instruction and greatly benefiting the physical condition of the conscripts.

The advantages of military training are self-evident indeed and may be said fully to compensate the conscripts for such hardship as may be entailed for them in removal from their homes and accustomed fields of activity and in deprivation of liberty for a short term of years.

Now the question may be asked whether all these advantages might not be secured by a system of conscription, not for military service but simply for educational purposes, which would confer the same benefits on perhaps an even greater number of the youths of a country and would at the same time provide ample human material for filling the ranks of a volunteer professional army of such size as might be required by a state whose aim would be, not the pursuit of an imperialistic foreign policy but solely the maintenance of law and order within its confines, and defense in case of attack by a foreign enemy.

I can see, of course, the reply that would be returned to such a question, namely: That the proposed plan would answer very well if all Powers, without exception, were to abjure the pursuit of what is generally meant by the term "a forward foreign policy," and were willing to settle by negotiation or submit to arbitration any and all questions, not excepting so-called questions of honor or of vital interests, which might arise between them, but that as long as even a single Power were left unwilling to renounce ambitious views of conquest and domination or the use of force in furthering what it considers to be its vital interests, so long will all other Powers be compelled to remain armed to the extent necessary in order to protect themselves; or, to put it in other words, as long as any one of the great Powers chooses to maintain the system of universal short-term service, enabling it to put in the field millions of trained soldiers, so long will all other Powers have to do the same—or run the risk of finding themselves in case of attack in a condition of perhaps fatal numerical inferiority.

Far be it from me to contest the soundness of this argument. The remedy would obviously be the creation of some supreme power able to enforce general disarmament, or rather general abolition of compulsory universal military service, and limitation of professional standing armies; able also to curb the ambitions of individual Powers and to compel their obedience to its dictates. It is, however, no less obvious that contemporary mankind will never submit to such enormous power being intrusted to or arrogated to itself by any individual Power or any group of Powers, a supreme power such as in the ancient world was actually exercised by Rome and for some time secured indeed the peace of the world—the Pax Romana.

The only chance, therefore, of creating such a supreme power would lie in the organization of all civilized mankind as a league of nations, to whose supremacy all individual nations would render voluntary allegiance. This would undoubtedly be an ideal solution of the problem. Only, what stands in the way of its realization is the need to which President Wilson called attention in his address to the Italian Parliament—the need of a new international psychology.

But, then, the World War, with its accompaniment of a skillfully organized propaganda, has intensified the traditional international psychology of distrust, of hatred and of revenge, and one would indeed be embarrassed in trying to discover at present any symptom of a serious abatement of its influence. The present abortive attempt at creating a League of Nations proved abortive for the very reason that it was plainly an outflow of that same international psychology, and that it had created, not a league of all nations but a coalition of two principal nations, with two others admitted on a footing of, so to speak, limited equality, and a numerous following of minor ones relegated to the back of the stage, at the same time excluding two of the greatest nations, numbering more than two hundred million souls and occupying by far the greatest part of the European continent, one of them being put off with the prospect of being admitted to the league after an indeterminate probationary period—if unanimously awarded by its members the requisite certificate of good behavior—and the other completely ignored and having her territory carved up without even as much as her ex post facto consent.

Whether this result of the labors of the peace conference, as embodied in the Treaty of Versailles, intertwined with the covenant of the League of Nations, is to be considered an achievement of far-seeing statesmanship is a question which need not be discussed on these pages. As a Russian, however, I may perhaps be permitted to express my sense of gratification in finding that the sound and generous instinct of the American people seems to show a decided reluctance to indorse a settlement sanctioning among other things the dismemberment of my country.

Whatever may be the likelihood of mankind ever acquiring a psychology admitting of a realization of the ideal of a true league of nations—that is to say, of a state of things when nations will be content to dwell on the earth side by side in peace and amity—as millions and hundreds of thousands of their representatives have hitherto been living in this happy land, under the friendly shelter of its glorious flag and its free institutions, insuring liberty and equality of opportunity to all—there is one way in which the danger of war may be successfully eliminated: It is by discarding the sinister and fatal fallacy of the famous dictum, "If you wish for peace prepare for war."

The two great nations to whom belongs the leadership of mankind have shown us the way, by preparing not for war but for peace. For something more than a hundred years the boundary line of some three thousand miles dividing their territories has remained absolutely defenseless on either side, and the two nations have enjoyed the blessings of a century of uninterrupted peace, though on at least two occasions friction has arisen between them such as would have led most probably to an armed conflict if they had been prepared for war, having at their command conscript armies numbering millions, and if they had had in their respective capitals such institutions as grand general staffs on the European model, with their pigeonholes full of elaborate plans for the invasion of their neighbor's dominions.

To anyone who doubts the possibility of such permanent peace, as human nature ever will allow of, being secured by the abolition of universal compulsory military service and the reduction of the size of permanent armies to such dimensions as would be required for maintaining order in the interior—to anyone who entertains such doubts it would be sufficient to point to the shining example set to the world by Great Britain and the United States of America. In following this example would lie the best hope for the future of mankind.

But to return, after this somewhat lengthy digression, to the subject of universal compulsory military service and the consequences of its general adoption. As mentioned above, it was first introduced by Prussia as a matter of necessity, in circumvention of the stipulations of the treaty concluded with Napoleon after her complete defeat at Jena, by which the armed force she was to be allowed to keep up was reduced to a minimum. The adoption of this system had enabled Prussia to train in the course of a few years a sufficient number of men to form an army little inferior in numbers to the armies of her allies, Russia, Great Britain and Austria, and to take an equal part with them in the victorious campaign which ended with the dethronement of Napoleon and the entry of the allies into Paris.

However, the advantages of the Prussian system of universal military service did not apparently commend itself sufficiently to the allies to cause its adoption by any of them. It was only after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 that the necessity of following Prussia's, or rather, since then, united Germany's, example, in order to keep pace with her armaments, seems to have been realized by the other great Powers. But once launched on the road of emulation a progressive growth of armaments in all Continental countries was unavoidable, and indeed very soon it began to assume alarming proportions, naturally entailing a corresponding growth in the volume of the respective budgets for military expenditure. The constantly increasing burden of taxation which had to be imposed on the populations to meet these expenditures was in itself an evil that could not but contribute very materially to the growth of discontent and social unrest which were ripe among the masses everywhere.

Besides, in constitutionally governed countries, where the consent of parliaments to increased military expenditures had to be secured, governments were led, in order to obtain such consent, to resort to such devices as maneuvering with the specter of threatening international complications. This in its turn meant the systematic keeping alive and embittering of inveterate national animosities or the creation of new ones when none had existed before; in short, the ministering to that same international psychology to the change of which for a better one President Wilson pointed as to the prime necessity of our troubled times.

Another consequence of the adoption of the short-term universal-service system was the possibility, considered by some as a great advantage, to have always in reserve millions of men partially at least trained for military service, who could be mobilized at any time. But the huge dimensions of the armies which under this system could be put in the field in case of war rendered necessary the maintenance—aside from the reserve officers who could be again withdrawn from civil life and mobilized for the war—of a greatly enlarged corps of professional officers on permanent service.

Thus in every country was being maintained at the public expense a body of men counting by hundreds of thousands whose sole aim and business in life was war and preparation for war. Let alone the evident loss to a nation resulting from the permanent withdrawal from the pursuits of civil life of such large numbers of members of the educated classes, it is easy to see what a powerful influence this must have had on the creation of that peculiar mentality or tendency of the public mind commonly termed "militarism," which, of course, would not by any means be confined to any one country, and whose extermination was supposed to be one of the principal aims of the World War.

Moreover, the constant irresistible growth of formidable armaments was bound to reach a point where the temptation to utilize them for what was indeed the only justification of their existence must, to the responsible ruling Powers, become irresistible, leaving open only the question as to the precise moment when it would be most advantageous to resort to the arbitrament of war, or, in other words, when there would be the best chance to surprise the potential adversary in a state of less complete preparedness. There we have the genesis of the idea of a "preventive war," such as the World War was undoubtedly meant to be in the minds of the German military authorities.

But the most far-reaching consequence of the general adoption of the system which for brevity's sake let us call conscription, was that it fundamentally altered the character of future wars. Whilst theretofore wars had been fought by comparatively small professional armies at the bidding of rulers whose aims and ambitions they had to serve unreasoningly, without the life of the nations concerned being thereby profoundly affected—as in the comparatively rare cases of civil war—henceforth wars, carried on no longer by professional armies but by whole nations in arms, were bound to become truly wars between peoples, with all the ruinous and catastrophal consequences that would imply.

Thus, when war had been decided upon by the ruling Powers, it became necessary to raise the naturally peaceful disposition of the peoples, who had no quarrel with one another, to the required fighting pitch and to excite them by the artificially kept-up instigation of hatred and of fear. Hence the birth of an institution upon which the nations, returned to sanity, will look back with confusion and with shame—propaganda, that sinister Moloch on whose altar millions of lives of the flower of the manhood of great nations have been ruthlessly sacrificed, and whose degrading influence has poisoned the minds of whole peoples for a generation with the ignoble virus of hatred and of revenge.

If now we proceed to an analysis of the second of the conditions mentioned above, which were absent in the beginning of the last century—that is to say, of the European situation as affected by the appearance on the political horizon in an acute form of the question of nationalities—we shall at once perceive that it meant—though the Emperor Napoleon III was the first to have proclaimed it as the guiding principle of his policy—the awakening of elemental forces which had theretofore been lying dormant but which were destined to play a part of ever-growing importance in the development of events. This awakening manifested itself in one of two well-defined but apparently contradictory tendencies among the nationalities concerned—either as a tendency toward unification or as a tendency toward disruption of the political organisms or states of which they were forming parts. The form in which the community of European states had found itself crystallized after the Congress of Vienna had left two great countries, Germany and Italy, in a condition of merely geographical entities, politically divided up into a number of states, which in Germany formed a confederation under the headship of Austria, and which in Italy were quite independent of one another, apart from Lombardy and Venetia, which remained in the possession of Austria. Poland had been partitioned between Russia, Prussia and Austria. The population of Austria, or as it later became, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, was composed in the main of three nationalities as follows, in the order of their numerical importance: Slavs, Germans and Magyars, the Germans, however, being the dominant nationality; besides Italians in Lombardy, Venetia, part of Tyrol, Istria and Dalmatia, and Rumanians in Transylvania.

In the Balkan Peninsula the Christian population of various—mostly Slav nationalities were in an overwhelming majority, but subject to the domination of the Turks. All these heterogeneous elements in the countries of southeastern Europe constituted naturally centrifugal forces in the states of which they were component parts and in the eventual disruption of which lay the only hope for them of achieving their independence. On the other hand the political ideal of the homogeneous populations of the numerous German and

(Continued on Page 69)

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Italian states was their unification and organization as a German Empire and a Kingdom of Italy. It was plain, however, that all these conflicting tendencies among the European nationalities and their aims, which could be realized only by war or revolution, were bound to keep Europe in a state of perpetual turmoil if there had not been some element of control strong enough to prevent or restrain reckless attempts at breaking the peace.

This restraining influence had been the so-called Holy Alliance, of which Alexander I had been the originator and which later was reconstituted by his successor, Nicholas I, on a narrower basis as the Grand Alliance. But after the French revolutions of 1830 and 1848, and the revolutionary movements in Germany, Austria and Italy, followed by the Crimean War, waged against Russia by a coalition of the Western Powers, nothing, of course, survived of these alliances but a vague something known as the *Concert Européen*, the concert of Europe. This concert, as its name alone would imply, was nothing but a loose or even simply tacit understanding between the five so-called Great Powers of Europe—Russia, Prussia, Austria, France and Great Britain—to consult together on questions of common interest as they might arise, with a view to their settlement by some kind of concerted action.

Russian Peasants

Napoleon III, who was said to have in his youth become a member of the Italian secret society of the Carbonari, whose aim was the liberation of Italy, was the first to deal a decisive blow to the at best shaky edifice of the concert, whose object was the maintenance of the order established by the treaties of Vienna, by raising the question of Italian unity on the basis of the rights of nationalities, and by declaring war on Austria in 1859, with the object of her expulsion from Italy. The serious condition of Europe and the likelihood of its ultimate tragic outcome impressed itself then already on the farseeing mind of that great, perhaps greatest, British statesman of the century, Benjamin Disraeli. In a speech to his constituents shortly before the outbreak of the war between France and Austria he expressed in eloquent, lofty and verily prophetic language his fears for the fate of Europe, fears which have all come true. I can do no better than quote his words from Monypenny and Buckle's Life of Benjamin Disraeli:

"The day is coming, if it has not already come, when the question of the balance of power cannot be confined to Europe alone. . . . You have on the other side of the Atlantic vigorous and powerful communities, who will no longer submit to your circumscribed theory of authority. The Australian colonies, though now in their youth, but in the youth of giants, have already, as it were, thrown their colossal shadow over Europe. And it is for old Europe I lament, that she is exhausting her energies and her resources in these wars. I could wish that she would rather prepare for that awful competition which in coming times she must encounter. I would rather see France and Germany and Russia develop their resources, improve their agriculture, increase their population, and cultivate the arts of life, social and scientific, instead of wasting their strength, risking their stability, and sinking, when the era to which I have referred arrives, by their own mismanagement and want of prescience, into an inferior and exhausted position. Remember always that England, though she is bound to Europe by tradition, by affection, by great similarity of habits, and all those ties which time alone can create and consecrate, is not a mere Power of the Old World. Her geographical position, her laws, her language, her religion connect her as much with the New World as with the Old. And although she has occupied not only an eminent but, I am bold to say, the most eminent position among European nations for ages, still, if ever Europe by her shortsightedness falls into an inferior and exhausted state, for England there will remain an illustrious future. We are bound to the communities of the New World, and those great states which our planting and colonizing energies have created, by ties and interests which will sustain our power and enable us to play as great a part in the times yet to come as we do in these days, and as we have done in the past. And therefore, now that Europe is on the eve of

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war, I say it is for Europe, not for England, that my heart sinks."

Truly, words of wisdom, worthy of a great statesman. They went unheeded. And yet those were times when statesmanship had not yet been hopelessly swamped by demagogy, propaganda and the yellow press!

Soon after the establishment of the nucleus of the kingdom of united Italy, which was the result of the war of 1859, an event occurred which was to start Prussia on her ambitious career aiming at the unification of Germany by a policy of "blood and iron," as Bismarck used to express it, an event which might have been prevented and the history of the world might have taken a different turn if the European Concert had been more than an empty sound and had been willing to uphold the public law of Europe and to stand up for the principle of right against the unwarranted assault of might. It was the unprovoked invasion of the so-called Elbe duchies, Schleswig-Holstein, by the joint forces of Prussia and Austria and their ultimate annexation by Prussia, all of which took place under the eyes of the three other participants of the concert of the Great Powers—Russia, France and Great Britain. Of these three Russia alone—I mention this as a tribute to the memory of her chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff—was willing to protest, the two others for various reasons holding aloof. Part of the inside history of this episode in European diplomatic history is related in Lord Redesdale's Memories, to which most interesting and charmingly written book I beg to refer those of my readers who might wish for some fuller information on this subject.

Those who looked upon the permanent weakness of a divided Germany as best suited to their own interests and who held it to be a wise policy and a policy which could really be carried out with success to oppose indefinitely the realization, by a great nation of some fifty millions, of her ideal of the political unification of her country, should have prevented the first step in the direction of its realization to be taken by Prussia when there was still time.

The next step was taken by Prussia barely two years later by declaring war on Austria, with the view of ousting her from participation in the German Confederation. This result was obtained by a brief and victorious campaign, wound up by a peace which left the defeated adversary unhumiliated and unharmed, and the door open not only for reconciliation but for a possible future alliance as well. The complete unification of Germany, however, was not accomplished, the newly erected North German Confederation not including the South German states, Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden. Nevertheless, French public opinion being seriously alarmed by the sudden increase of the power of Prussia, Napoleon III found himself in a position where it became incumbent on him, in disregard of his own favorite idea of the rights of nationalities, to oppose any further aggrandizement of Prussia by the absorption of South Germany.

The situation thus created was fraught with danger to the peace of Europe. Napoleon III after his victorious Crimean campaign, followed up by his victory over Austria in 1859, had become the most influential personage in Europe, and the preponderance of France in European affairs appeared to be well established, with the resultant tendency of the public mind in France to regard any event apparently threatening such preponderance as a grave national peril.

On the other side there was a strong military power, flushed with victory, bent on achieving the realization of a great national political ideal.

In these conditions of public feeling on both sides a clash between the two Powers was unavoidable, as in similar circumstances will presumably always be the case between Powers similarly situated, until the reign of reason shall be established among mankind—if such a happy consummation may ever be hoped for.

The result of Prussia's victory was the unification of Germany and the creation of the German Empire.

The right of the German people to form a national state, like that of the Italian people, had been vindicated. But in both cases the recognition of this elemental right had to be conquered by force of arms—in the case of Italy mainly with the aid of France, which had to be paid for by the cession of Nice and Savoy, the cradle of the Italian dynasty; and in the case of Germany mainly by the military efficiency of Prussia, an apparently complete vindication of Bismarck's policy of blood and iron.

In the settlement of the war, however, statesmanship on the victor's side had to give way to the inspirations of the military mind, preoccupied with the idea of the necessity of pushing home the knockout blow, the result being that instead of leaving a door open to the possibility of converting a defeated adversary into a potential friend and ally, as had been the case in the settlement of the war with Austria, that door was closed, apparently forever, by the infliction on the other side of conditions which added to the bitterness

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of military defeat the loss of territory, originally, indeed, conquered from Germany, but since become a part of the living body of France, thereby creating in the feelings of a proud and warlike nation, accustomed to victory and preponderance, an ever-open sore, never to be healed until the day of revenge and restitution.

Moreover, the phenomenal success of Bismarck's policy of blood and iron, which in the short space of seven years had succeeded in raising the small Kingdom of Prussia from the rank of a merely honorary great Power, so to speak, to the rank of one of the greatest and most powerful empires, had produced a decidedly disastrous effect upon the psychology of the German people, or rather of their officer and Junker caste, and perhaps even more pronouncedly of their intellectuals—writers, professors, preachers, and so on—by developing among them a spirit of overbearing pretentiousness and megalomania, which rendered Germany and her people more and more intensely disliked by all the world.

The perennial historical struggle for supremacy between the Teuton and the Gaul had thus been temporarily decided in favor of the former, but under conditions which rendered its reopening in the future merely a question of time. The latent antagonism between France and Germany became the dominant element in European politics, consciously or subconsciously influencing the policies of statesmen everywhere and keeping alive the spark which some day was bound to be fanned into the flame of a general European war.

But this is a subject of which I shall have to treat in another chapter. For the present I must return to a further development of the idea set forth above—namely, that aside from the general adoption of conscription by the great Powers of Continental Europe the question of nationalities was in a great measure responsible for the catastrophal character assumed by the World War which was to come.

We have seen how and by what means two great nations achieved their unification, though one of them, Italy, had not been completely successful, inasmuch as some Italian populations in Southern Tyrol, Istria with Triest and partly Dalmatia still remained under the sway of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, constituting what was known as Unredeemed Italy—Italia Irredenta, the watchword of militant patriotism—the conquest of which was manifestly the object of Italy's participation in the World War.

The numerous nationalities inhabiting the Balkan Peninsula—Slavs (Serbs, Croatians and Bulgarians), Greeks, Rumanians (Moldo-Wallachians) and Albanians—had been for centuries under Turkish domination and in a state of latent revolt against their Turkish masters. The process of their liberation from the Turkish yoke had been very gradual and had been achieved mainly through the instrumentality of Russia, whose claim to intervention was based partly on racial affinity with the Slavs, who constituted the majority of the population, partly on community of religious faith, not only the Slavs but also the Greeks and the Rumanians belonging to the Greco-Orthodox Church.

The liberation of the Greeks was the first to be completed, by the creation of the independent Kingdom of Greece under the Treaty of Adrianople, concluded in 1829 after Russia's victory over Turkey, and by the London Convention of 1832, by which Greece was declared to be an independent kingdom under the protectorate of Russia, Great Britain and France, who had been acting more or less in concert throughout and whose united fleets, by the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, had dealt the first blow to Turkish power in the Peninsula.

As an illustration of the jealousies and bickerings prevailing among the three allied Powers I would mention that a foremost British statesman in announcing to the House of Commons the annihilation of the Turkish fleet by the united squadrons of the three Powers, called it "an untoward event."

The liberation of the Slavs from Turkish domination was entirely the work of Russia, not only unaided by any of the other Powers, but even to some extent opposed by some of them, from the general apprehension lest Russia's influence might become too powerful on the Balkan Peninsula.

Thus when Russia, by the Treaty of San Stefano, had secured the liberation from Turkish vassalage of the principalities of Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro, and the organization of Bulgaria with what became known as Eastern Rumelia and part of Macedonia as a vassal principality, the Congress of Berlin, convened for the purpose of revising the Treaty of San Stefano at the instigation of Austria-Hungary and Great Britain, cut in half the newly created principality of Bulgaria and abandoned Macedonia again to Turkish misrule, thereby creating in the Macedonian question a perennial ferment likely at any time to inflame the passions of the rival nationalities of the Balkan Peninsula and furnishing food for the latent Austro-Russian antagonism.

Another composite state presenting a conglomerate of various nationalities was Austria, or rather, as she was known until now, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, since Hungary, after Austria's defeat by Prussia in 1866, had succeeded in securing its semi-independence as a separate kingdom, united to Austria merely in the person of the common sovereign, the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary.

The majority of the population of the non-Hungarian half of the Dual Monarchy was composed of Slavs belonging to various branches of the Slav race—Poles, Ruthenes, Czechs, Moravians, Slovaks, Serbs, Croatians, Slovenes; some of them Roman Catholic, like the Czechs and Poles, some belonging to the Greco-Orthodox Church; politically, likewise, mostly at odds with each other, a circumstance which the Austrian Government's policy used to exploit in its own interest, practicing with more or less, mostly less, skill the ancient rule: "*Divide et impera.*" The result was that most of the Austrian Slavs, except, of course, the Poles, even the Czechs, took to coquetting with Russian Slavophiles, finding willing response from that particular element of the Russian Intelligentzia, to some extent even favored by popularity-hunting parts of the ruling bureaucracy.

The Austro-Hungarian Government, as might have been expected, retaliated by entertaining underhand relations with so-called Mazeppists, or Ukrainophiles in Russia, ready to conspire against the unity and welfare of their fatherland. These conditions, superadded to the forward policy that some Russian agents with the connivance, or at least with the toleration, of their government were pursuing in the Slav countries of the Balkan Peninsula, which was considered to create a perennial menace to the security of the Dual Monarchy, contributed not a little toward embittering Austro-Russian relations.

The populations of Polish nationality, owing official allegiance to three different states, were placed in a peculiarly difficult situation, always exposed to the danger, in case of a falling out among themselves of the three empires, of having to fight their own kin in the armies of the warring Powers. The Poles of Galicia, enjoying exclusively considerate treatment at the hands of the Austrian Government, because they could usually be found willing to support the government's policy in its contentions with their rivals, the Czechs, were as a rule loyal to Austria, the Vienna government in its turn leaving them a free hand and even favoring them in their oppression of the "Ruthenian," or, as it would now be called, "Ukrainian" part of the population of Eastern Galicia. The Poles of the kingdom and of the Polish provinces of Prussia were divided in their antipathies—there could hardly be any question of sympathies—between Germany and Russia—the balance being perhaps in favor of Russia, because the process of denationalization of the Poles was being carried on under Prussian rule with infinitely more system, energy and harshness than in Russian Poland, where harshness of the methods of Russification practiced by our bureaucracy was mitigated always by their inefficacy, sometimes by their ludicrous clumsiness, and generally by the inefficiency of the personnel intrusted with their application, its easy-going good nature so characteristic of the nation, and its easy accessibility, in its lower, very poorly paid grades, to blandishments of which the less said the better.

From whichever point of view one chose to regard the question of Poland and the Polish nationality, it should have been perfectly plain to even the most blundering incompetence that this question was destined to play a most important part in the development of coming events and would have demanded imperatively the most careful consideration and the most enlightened treatment at the hands of Russian statesmen if there had been any such at the head of affairs in the solemn hours of the approach of the supreme crisis in the country's history.

Another condition connected with the question of nationalities was the growing estrangement between Russia and Germany.

This had its source in the development of intellectual movements in both countries—Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism—which, unchecked, were plainly destined to become equally fatal to both. The growing influence in both countries of these movements, supported by militaristically thinking statesmanship, led to the conclusion of the Austro-German alliance, aimed at Russia and joined later by Italy; and then, as a counterpoise directed against Germany, of the Franco-Russian alliance.

Thus was created the system of alliances—completed by the Entente with Great Britain, Germany's commercial, industrial and naval rival—which rendered the final outbreak of a general war, as soon as any two of the Powers concerned should fall out, automatically unavoidable. Inasmuch as the Russia haters in Germany and the Germany haters in Russia—both parties representing small but noisy and powerful minorities—had contributed to bring about this result, they may both lay claim to having achieved the ruin and the destruction of their respective countries, whose greatness and prosperity a century and a half of peace and good will between them had helped to build up.

I hope that in thus briefly reviewing the condition of things in Europe as I found it at the time when I was about to settle down in Paris, I have succeeded in making my readers see the reason why I was so profoundly impressed with the proximity of the outbreak of the general European war as to make up my mind to attempt the verily quixotic task of trying, single-handed and alone, to arrest by raising a voice of warning the fatal tendencies in our government circles which I felt convinced would end by landing us in an irreparable catastrophe. The several reasons why I considered the participation of Russia in a European war as being bound to end in a catastrophe I shall endeavor to explain in the following chapter.

Editor's Note—This is the eighteenth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

THANK-YOU-PLEASE PERKINS

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galloping cubes, which is played with dice, and is accompanied by peculiar terms and phrases such as "Come on, Big Dick!" and "Baby needs shoes." Their pastimes did not, of course, interest me, and I also feared, from what I sometimes overheard, that they not infrequently made bets on the outcome; naturally I made no effort to become a party to such infamy. I was in fact occupied at the time with my own affairs, having found in the city six motion-picture theaters, each of which was running a different serial picture on a different night in the week.

These I discovered to be engrossing stories, though at times obviously impossible, and I found it quite a task to keep up with their respective progresses, though they were extremely broadening to the mind, as well as instructive.

IV

THIS, then, was the situation when November the eleventh brought the glad news of the capitulation of the treacherous Hun to the prowess of our arms. We had all been somewhat excited at the prospect of the signing of the armistice, and on the previous Thursday a rumor was freely circulated that the terms had actually been accepted. Lacking official confirmation from

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That's **Cracker Jack**!

No wonder that children beg dimes from their fathers and mothers so they can buy Cracker Jack. No wonder that grown-ups the country over still find their mouths watering for Cracker Jack.

There's only one Cracker Jack—remember that! Its goodness is thrice protected within the famous **wax-sealed package which we originated!** This is your assurance that the contents are fresh, clean and wholesome. Insist upon it. A toy or novelty in every box adds joy to the purchase.

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Rueckheim Bros. & Eckstein

Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and Other "RELIABLE" Confections

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Cracker Jack

America's Famous Popcorn Confection

(Continued from Page 72)

our office, however, it was not widely believed, and Eastville was spared the mortification of having celebrated the signing of the pact before that event actually took place.

It had been arranged that the time gun should fire from the Fortress on the official receipt of the news. When, therefore, on the morning of Monday, November the eleventh, I was wakened at about four A. M. by the noise of many factory whistles I restrained my enthusiasm until about an hour later, when the sound of the gun plainly reached my ears. I heard the signal repeated, and at once leaped from my couch in glee.

"Hurrah!" I cried aloud. "Hurrah! The cruel war is over!"

And hastily donning my dressing gown, which was given to me on my twentieth birthday by my aunt, and is of red flannel with a white-and-blue cord, I hammered on the wall of the suite where my two American friends were lodged.

I received, however, no reply, and so I hurried into the hall and knocked loudly upon their door. Still receiving no answer I turned the handle and, finding the door open, I went in. Of course in ordinary circumstances I would not have intruded, but the occasion was at least unusual.

I found them in their respective beds quite sound asleep, and I called them aloud by name. Then, when they did not reply, I shook each of them by the shoulder.

It was Sergeant Cassatt who first wakened. He turned over on his side and gazed at me for some moments. Then he said sleepily: "Where's the fire?"

"There is no fire, my good friend," I called to him joyfully. "Wake up! The brutal Hun has capitulated. The war is over."

"Then," he said, holding stubbornly to his first mistaken impression, "if there isn't a fire what the h—l do you mean by coming here in a fireman's shirt waking me up?"

But I was so enthusiastic I was not to be lightly rebuffed, even by profanity.

At this moment Sergeant Bailey also turned over and opened his eyes.

"What's the riot about?" he said.

"It's old Thank-You-Please," replied Cassatt, sitting up in bed and yawning and rumpling his hair, which was beginning to grow decently once more. "He says the cruel war is over, and the brutal Hun has capitulated. What shall we do with him?"

"Put the poor nut out," said Bailey, most unkindly, I thought, since my only aim was to please.

I could see, however, that Morpheus still had them in his grip. The sandman had not yet departed from their eyes.

"It's true!" I insisted, dancing up and down in the middle of the room. "Listen to the pealing bells and the shrieking sirens. The gun has fired. The war is over. Come on and get up!"

"Shrieking sirens is right," said Bailey. "How do they expect a chap to get his proper sleep, making that row?"

"Who could think of sleep on a morning like this?" I chaffed him. "Come on. Get up! I'll sing God Save the King. That will wake you up."

"Very likely," said Cassatt; "but if you start to sing God Save the King in here you'll never wake up again. I am as patriotic as you are, but there's a limit."

I have to confess that I was somewhat disheartened, but feeling that I should make due and proper allowances for their sleepy condition I said nothing, but went to the window. Already, though it was not yet six o'clock, there were several pedestrians and two automobiles abroad. The automobiles had wash boilers and various tin things of that nature attached. As they drove madly up and down the street they made quite a clamor. There was also a small boy or youth on a bicycle, with a tin pan attached behind, and he was vigorously pedaling to and fro. It was an inspiring sight, and my enthusiasm returned.

"Let's get dressed and go out and make a jolly row," I said. "Come along, you fellows! Let's celebrate!"

They had both wakened by now, and indeed sleep was out of the question what with the noise of the factory whistles and the sirens on the ships in the harbor and the pedestrians and the automobiles and all. It was Sergeant Cassatt who next spoke.

"Say, Bill," he remarked, addressing Bailey, whom he always called Bill, though his given name was, I believe, Horace—"say, Bill—think of Broadway at this moment!"

"Wow!" said Sergeant Bailey, who was sitting on the side of his bed drawing on his socks. "Wow! H—'s bells," he continued; "what would you give to be there?"

"Every d—n thing I've got or ever expect to have," replied Sergeant Cassatt, apparently overcome by the thought. "Think," he continued, "of all the places in the world, we have to be caught here, on this day. Holy bald-headed cheese!" he said. "What luck!"

Such was their daily conversation, interspersed with strange oaths, and advancing the most remarkable views. I attempted at once to cheer them up.

"Come, come," I said, "do not be so disheartened. Are we downhearted? No! I can understand that you will miss your Broadway, but let us celebrate as well as we may. Come!"

"And what," asked Sergeant Bailey, who was still struggling with his socks, "what would you suggest by way of a celebration?"

I confess that I was taken aback, for I had formed no plan.

"Let us at least go out and mingle with the joyful crowds on the street," I said after thought. "We will call for three cheers for the King, and perhaps we can buy a flag and wave it."

"Good idea," said Sergeant Cassatt. "Three of us waving one flag. Good comedy."

And to my amazement he turned back to his bed.

"Go ahead and mingle," he said. "I'm going to get my sleep."

And after a few moments' hesitation Sergeant Bailey also returned to his couch, with his socks still on his feet, telling me only to be sure and close the door as I went out.

But I was not thus easily defeated in my determination to enter fully into the spirit of the occasion, and I quickly dressed and went out upon the street myself, where I joined the eager throng, which was now excitedly discussing the tremendous event upon the sidewalks. I met several acquaintances, and purchased a flag and a tin horn decorated in the national colors, which I blew lustily, and in fact generally joined in the gayety until my wrist watch warned me that if I were to breakfast and reach the office in time to sign in at the proper moment I must speed my footsteps.

At the office I found both Bailey and Cassatt, apparently not in the least moved by the stirring events which were transpiring, and interested only in speculation as to when it would be possible for them to secure their discharges and return to the United States. I had so often read that the Americans were a volatile and rather excitable race that I was somewhat disappointed by their utter failure to show any enthusiasm at the great news. I had thought better of them.

It was, I fear, a somewhat disrupted day at headquarters. No one, indeed, was very inclined for the common round of the daily tasks while matters of such tremendous import were pending. The lady stenographers were given a half holiday, and as for the rest of us we were allowed much more freedom than was usual; in fact, at about four o'clock everyone was prepared to go home for the day.

I was myself engaged in oiling and cleaning my typewriting machine, having no more pressing task, when Sergeant Cassatt, who had been engaged with the colonel, entered the room, and remarked to Sergeant Bailey: "Some guys have all the luck."

A cryptic sentence, which I did not particularly notice at the time. The conversation then continued, the while I plied my brushes industriously, barely hearing the words, and attaching no significance to them.

"Meaning which?"

"The Old Man"—he meant of course the general, to whom it was their custom thus disrespectfully to refer—"is in there with Forsom. He's giving a party tonight, and old John Barleycorn will be the guest of honor."

"Tell me"

"The Old Man was telling Forsom he's got a case of wet goods coming in on the night train. He says he's looking for some trustworthy person to send after them."

"Volunteers for perilous work, forward! Why don't you go?"

"I thought of offering, and then I caught Forsom's eye, and I thought again. That old bird sure can look an earful."

"I'll say he can. Nothing cooking for us, then. Sacred Egyptian cat! What a chance in this man's town though. A case, did you say?"

"I gathered that; or maybe three cases; I don't know. Some well-known names were mentioned. The Haig Brothers and J. Walker and others. My tongue was out a yard. Forsom chased me. He must have seen that I was cracking under the strain."

"It ain't right. There'd ought to be a law against it."

Thus aimlessly their talk ran, being without meaning to me, though apparently quite intelligible to their minds. I was idly turning this thought over in my mind, recalling the incident of the Tower of Babel, when I was brought back to present affairs quite sharply as the buzzer rang three times, which was my signal.

When I entered Colonel Forsom's room the general was there. I was, of course, prepared for this, and I came smartly to attention.

"Perkins," Colonel Forsom said, "I have a job for you. The general is expecting some important packages by the evening train. You will take a taxicab and go to the station and receive them, taking them with you to the hotel, where you will deliver them to the clerk for the general. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and recited the instructions.

"That is correct," said the general. "If they should ask you questions at the station you will say that the packages are important military business for me personally. You understand?"

"Very good, sir," I said.

"You are quite sure he's safe, colonel?" asked the general.

"Safe as a newborn babe," said the colonel, which was, I thought, rather a strange speech; but I was so excited at the opportunity to carry out an important mission for the general himself that I gave the matter no further consideration. Such a chance did not often come within the scope of my duties, and I was determined to fulfill it faithfully, come what might.

Injudicious it may have been for me to speak of my mission outside the office of the D. A. A. and Q. M. G., and I must accept whatever just censure may be visited upon me for that error. It will surely be understood, however, that I was led to this action because of my enthusiasm for the task intrusted to my care and by my natural sense of pride at being chosen for so delicate and important a task. Upon my return to our office I informed both Sergeant Bailey and Sergeant Cassatt of the honor which had been done me. Their reception of the news was typical of their peculiar mentalities.

"Can you beat it?" remarked Sergeant Cassatt; and said Sergeant Bailey: "It's better to be born lucky than handsome."

"But it don't mean anything in his young life," Cassatt then remarked.

"Oh, I suppose not," said Sergeant Bailey, and then asked of me: "Do you know what is in the parcel you are going to get?"

"Most certainly," I replied. "There are important military documents for the general."

"My sacred Italian aunt!" said Cassatt; and Bailey hummed two lines of some vapid ballad which he often sang round the office for no apparent reason. They went:

Hang crape upon the door, mother,
From the neck up he is dead.

The obvious absurdity of anyone's being dead only from the neck up apparently never even occurred to him, such was his unthinking manner of conducting himself in his lighter moments.

▼

AFTER we had all left the office, much before our usual time, I saw no more of these two until, surprisingly, I encountered them as I rode in my taxicab to the South Terminal that evening. Rather unexpectedly the night train from the West was on time, and as I descended and instructed the chauffeur to await my return I observed Cassatt entering another automobile which was drawn alongside the wooden runway, in the interior of which I could observe Sergeant Bailey already seated. I called a friendly greeting to them, but apparently neither of them noticed me, for they paid no attention and their conveyance at once drove rapidly away.

I thought no more of the incident. Neither did I attach any particular significance to the remark of the expressman who handed me across the counter upon my request a rectangular package plainly addressed to the general, saying "What's the big idea that it takes a blooming regiment to fetch a couple of parcels?" or words to that effect. As a matter of fact I was absorbed in the successful discharge of my important task and so took no notice of the fellow, allowing his words to pass, as the saying is, in at one ear and out at the other. I found the parcel quite large and heavy, but I managed to convey it to my taxicab without much difficulty, and drove at once to the hotel, where I delivered my burden to the person at the desk, instructing him carefully to arrange for its delivery at once to the general. Satisfied then that my task was well done I returned on foot to my rooms.

Upon entering the large hall I became at once aware that there was something unusual afoot. Sounds of revelry by night came from the quarters of Messrs. Cassatt and Bailey; and thinking perhaps that they had taken to heart my advice to make the best of what after all was a legitimate occasion for mirth and laughter, I knocked upon their door, actuated by no spirit of idle curiosity, and intending indeed to do no more than offer my congratulations upon their change of heart. This, however, was not to be. In answer to my knock Sergeant Bailey appeared.

"It's the mayor of Middle Musselburrah," he called over his shoulder.

Absurd, of course. As a matter of fact, as is known, I have not yet even attained the dignity of a town councilor, but what may happen later remains to be seen.

"Bring him in," said Sergeant Cassatt from the interior of the room.

"In a minute," replied Sergeant Bailey, and closed the door. Then taking me by the arm he led me aside. "Well, old Secret Service," he said, "did you put through your vital task?"

Sensing at once that he was asking me of the message I had carried to the general, I assured him that all was well.

"Great stuff," he remarked, and then asked me if I were disengaged for the rest of the evening.

It had been my intention to go abroad and join again in the merry revel upon the street—only, of course, in a discreet and proper manner. Otherwise I had made no plans. Accordingly I thus informed him.

"Shucks!" he remarked to this. "We've got that beaten forty ways from the jack. Come along in and meet the gang. Be a regular guy for once."

I observed then that I was pleased to see that he and his boon companion had decided at last to accept my advice.

"What advice?" he asked me, remarkably.

"My advice to make the best of circumstances, and seize what opportunities may be at hand for innocent enjoyment of so tremendous an occasion," I said.

"Oh! Sure! I get you You're right, too, kid. I'll say you are You've got the right idea. Seize the opportunities at hand. You said it! Shake!"

He extended his hand, which I grasped, and we shook hands warmly. Thus, arm in arm, we entered their rooms.

There were a number of people present, even at that early hour. As we entered, two civilians, Messrs. Williams and Sharp, cable operators, who occupied rooms on the same floor, were exchanging light conversation with Lieutenant Wangrove, a returned officer, in one corner. Corporal Wangrove, a brother of the lieutenant, was also among those present. He was employed in the Central Registry. There were also a number of the sergeants and staff sergeants from other headquarters offices there, and two naval officers, one of the British fleet and another in the uniform of the American naval flying corps.

"This, gentlemen," said Sergeant Bailey, "is one of Middle Musselburrah's most sterling citizens. He leads the Bible Class, and he has never robbed a bank. Have you, Perkins?"

"Certainly not," I said at once.

"You see, he admits it. I may say, however, in passing, that my partner, Sergeant Cassatt, and I have hopes of him. We think that with training he might be made regular. There are times when we are almost convinced that he is human. Be good to him, gentlemen; though he doesn't know it he is the *deus ex machina*, the god in the buzz wagon, the guy who put the rum in romance."

In these strange though characteristic phrases, then, he introduced me to the merry assemblage, and I at once proceeded to make myself friendly with the company.

(Continued on Page 77)

The Captivating
Four-Passenger Sport Touring

ANDERSON 6

THERE is a spirited distinctiveness in the Anderson Four-Passenger Sport Touring. Its smart, rakish lines are indicative of its power and speed. It is a car you will be proud to park at the golf links or club.

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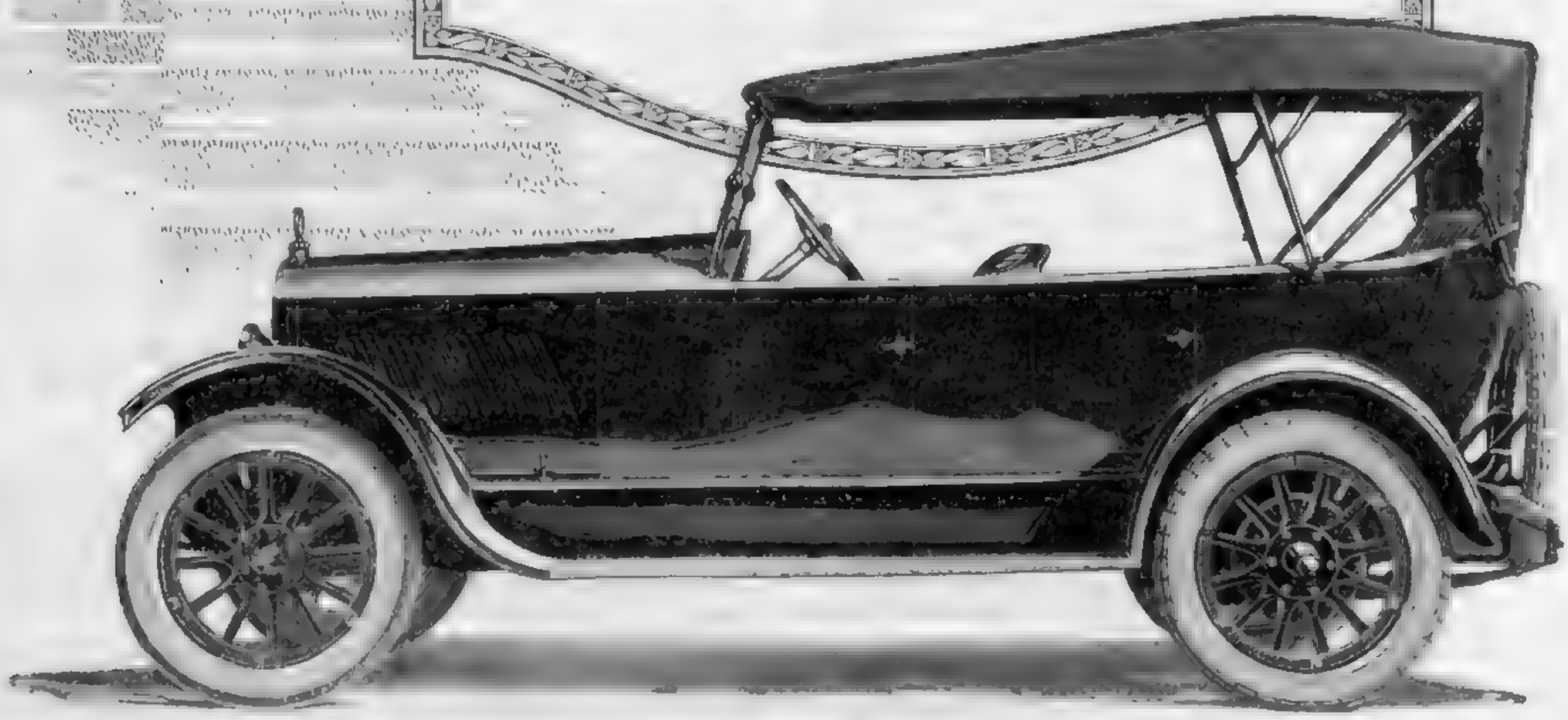

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I attached myself to Lieutenant Wangrove, and talked for some time with him of happenings on the Western front. I may say, without seeming to boast, that he was amazed at my familiarity with conditions in the war zone; in fact, he even went so far as to say that I knew more about the trenches than he had ever imagined possible, though he had been in them for almost three years.

So interested indeed did I become in our conversation that I was quite unaware of what was passing in the room among our companions, and it was not until Sergeant Bailey approached the corner where we were comfortably established on his bed, bearing with him a tumbler half full of some dark liquid, that I was brought to understand that refreshments were the order of the day.

"It's your turn, Perkins," he said, addressing me. "Hurry up. We need the glass. Drink hearty!"

"But what is it?" I inquired, very naturally.

"Manna from heaven upon an arid waste," was his reply. "Liquid ambrosia. The drink of the gods. Otherwise known to the initiated as a Manhattan; and, let me tell you, dog-gone seldom met with in this desolate desert. Drink it. It won't bite you."

I wish to make it quite clear here that my compliance with his request without further ado was entirely mechanical. The liquid which he offered to me thus, in a thick glass which I am quite sure was normally used as a receptacle for toothbrushes, was in fact not unlike the root beer which we sometimes brought into the office from the little shop just outside the gate of the headquarters yard. It gave out a faint seductive aroma, which sounded for me, alas, unfamiliar as I am with the demon rum in its more sinister aspects, no note of warning. Obviously there were others to drink after me, and there was a need for polite haste. So engrossed had I been in my discussion with Lieutenant Wangrove that I had been, as I have said, entirely oblivious of what might have transpired since my entrance into the room. In short, refreshment was offered to me, a guest, by my host. I took it. I ask, in all fairness, am I therefore to be held up to the scorn of Middle Musselburrahians as an intoxicated reprobate, a willful sinner lost to all sense of righteousness in conduct? Surely the answer must be "No!"

In any event I accepted the proffered glass and hastily gulped down its contents. The flavor, though not in the least like the root beer to which I had been accustomed, was not unpleasant, though I thought perhaps a little more sugar might have added to its attractiveness. I handed the empty glass back to Sergeant Bailey.

"Over the hot sands," he said with seeming irrelevance. "How does it taste?"

"Very nice indeed," I said, quite as much, I firmly maintain, because of my proper desire to act with a decent courtesy toward my host as because of any real impression which the flavor of the concoction had made upon my palate.

Whereupon Bailey seized the glass and took it away, returning a moment later with a further libation, which he handed to Lieutenant Wangrove.

"Put her away, loot," he said, a form of address, by the way, which I could not approve. I thought it not only disrespectful but also showing a marked unfamiliarity with the niceties of pronunciation, since we do not fall into the error—which is, I understand, common in the United States—of speaking the word "lieutenant" as if it were spelled "lootenant," but rather pronounce it "leftenant"—which is, of course, correct.

"Cheero!" remarked my companion, and drank his refreshment immediately, smacking his lips and exhibiting every sign of pleasure.

"Some drink!" he remarked to me. "These chaps certainly struck it lucky."

"It is very nice," I said.

"He can surely mix 'em," said Lieutenant Wangrove, referring, I suppose, to Sergeant Bailey.

I agreed with him politely, and we entered then upon a discussion of the two Americans, in the course of which something which I said must have been misunderstood, for, quite suddenly and for no apparent reason, Lieutenant Wangrove began to laugh and, turning over on the bed, kicked his heels in the air in a fashion which I thought quite undignified for an officer. Indeed so violent did his spasms become that I feared he was about to have an attack of some kind, and only the arrival of Sergeant Cassatt with a further ration of the Manhattan drink enabled him to recover.

"Take this chap away from me," he said between gasps, "before I choke to death."

"I'll fix him," remarked Sergeant Cassatt, and offered me also some of the drink, which he was now serving in a shaving mug.

From this point on I must regretfully admit my recollection of the evening's proceedings is not entirely clear, though certain incidents are quite indelibly registered in my memory. I mean that I have a more or less confused remembrance of the entire affair, with one or two sharp points of clarity which stand forth boldly in my mind. This condition of mentality, due, of course, to the potent liquid which I had been so blindly led into accepting, is somewhat of a handicap in my self-appointed task of faithfully recording my unfortunate adventures on this particular night. But, nevertheless, I shall do my best to continue buoyed up by the recollection that no man can do more.

I remember that shortly after this I was somewhat amazed to find that there were other people in the room who were perfect strangers to me; in fact, every time I looked round I seemed to observe someone I had not before noticed. It was rather as if the place had some fatal magnetic attraction for the entire male population of the city. I felt that since I was in a sense associated with the hosts it was my duty to see that these visitors were properly welcomed, and I can recall that I passed from one to the other as rapidly as possible, shaking hands with each one, and inviting them to make themselves at home and have a jolly time.

I can recall also that I suddenly observed that the Manhattan drink was being mixed almost continuously by Sergeants Bailey and Cassatt, who in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged with some half dozen bottles at the table. From each bottle in turn they would pour a portion of its contents into the tumbler, and then, inverting the shaving mug over its mouth, would shake the ingredients together rapidly for some considerable time. I was much interested in the process, and offered my assistance, making known my idea that possibly a little sugar would help the flavor. I recall that I met with scant encouragement, and indeed after a second attempt to make myself of use, I was taken by Corporal Wangrove and flung with some violence upon the bed, where he and his brother and several others sat upon my recumbent form for several minutes, and Lieutenant Wangrove sternly told me that no amateurs were needed; which I thought was rather unkind, it being my sole idea to help the jollification along.

I recall also that after a time the mixing of the Manhattan drink ceased, and thereafter refreshment which was taken direct from its native bottle became the rule. Of this I found myself most enamored—a pale-yellow liquid something like dry ginger ale in color, and not unlike cider in taste, which I discovered afterward, to my amazement, was champagne. Of this celebrated wine I had, of course, heard, but it is my personal opinion that it has been greatly overadvertised, doubtless by the French, who are given to the vice of exaggeration.

It was while one of these bottles of the champagne wine was being passed round that the noise of a band assailed our ears from the street, and thus made us aware that the hastily organized parade in celebration of the downfall of the bestial Hun was approaching. There was an immediate rush for the windows, and much confusion, in which I found myself—with a bottle of the French wine in my hand—hanging far over the window ledge and in imminent danger of being thrown into the street, except for the fact that leaning over me were two or three members of our merry company, whose weight made it quite impossible for me to move in any direction, save to wave my arms.

Naturally we all applauded the parade, more especially the nursing sisters and the wounded heroes who accompanied them, and it is this incident which is to blame, of course, for the unjustifiable report that I was responsible for emptying a bottle of the champagne wine over the head of the mayor as he passed under our window in his automobile. It is possible indeed that the worthy gentleman may have been sprinkled by a few drops of the wine, but,

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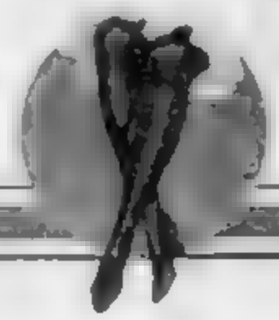

if so, the act was purely involuntary upon my part, and solely the result of the unfortunate position into which the circumstances had forced me.

After the parade had passed most of us withdrew from the windows, but Messrs. Williams and Sharp, the cable operators, who had procured from some source a quantity of paper in narrow strips and wound upon a spool, which they called a tape, remained, unwinding these spools upon the heads of the crowds which thronged the sidewalks below, and apparently enjoying the proceeding greatly; and it was indeed ludicrous to watch the efforts of the happy people on the street to grasp the fluttering ends of the so-called tape.

It is true also that the manager of the five-and-ten-cent store which was immediately below our rooms came up and begged us to stop unwinding the tape, stating that he feared for his plate-glass windows. I do not for a moment admit, however, as has been said, that I referred to this gentleman as a crab or that I urged him to have a drink and forget his troubles. Those were the words of Sergeant Cassatt. I merely poured out a glass of the French wine for the newcomer, and pointed out to him that even did his windows give in under the surging impetus of the crowd he would find his insurance ample compensation; which straightforward businesslike presentation of the case had, in fact, much weight with him, since he stayed with us and even joined in the tape-throwing pastimes of the cable operators himself, and that with considerable zest.

Eventually the supply of paper gave out, and since the parade was long since past those of our party who had been engaged in this amusement returned into the room, and we furthered our innocent enjoyment with some songs. I have to admit that a favorite with all was the vulgar parody upon a popular ballad of the time, which had been written by Sergeant Cassatt, following the hair-cutting incident already referred to, and which went somewhat after this fashion:

We have a bald sergeant major;
Also a bald G. O. C.;
And when they see hair on a poor rank-and-filer
It makes them as mad as can be.
It's true that a haircut's expensive,
But why should a poor soldier care,
When without any cost,
By the G. S. M. bossed,
The janitor butchers your hair?

Needless to say, in the singing of this offensive and ribald verse I took no part; in fact, except as one of the chorus which repeated the words of various patriotic selections, I took little part in the singing at all, since the whole party refused remarkably to allow me to render the charming ballad Sing Me to Sleep, which is my favorite among the secular music of the day.

I can recall, however, that the proper international amenities were maintained, and that after we had all sung The Soldiers of the Queen and The Gallant Little Lads in Navy Blue we sang also, led by the American naval officer, a song which begins "We're on our way to Helgoland," which has some relation to the prowess of the United States Navy in the great war; and another one called We Don't Want the Bacon, for which Sergeants Cassatt and Bailey seemed to have a remarkable affection—both of which ditties are, as I understand it, quite American in thought and sentiment, and also very tuneful, though it was my impression that in the first-named melody undue stress was laid by many of the singers upon the first syllable of the word "Helgoland," which gave it a profane interpretation, which I am sure was not the intention of the composers.

It was only natural that after some time we all felt an instinctive urge, if I may so phrase it, to seek the outside air; and accordingly we marched from the Peters Building into the street, where our appearance created somewhat of a sensation. Headed by our two American hosts we all paraded for some time up and down Eastern Street, which is, of course, the main thoroughfare. Amazingly there were very few people about, but it is the Eastvine custom to retire early, and it was then fully ten-thirty o'clock.

I am quite unable to describe exactly what transpired during the next thirty minutes or so, but I have certainly no recollection of being concerned in the rolling of the rubbish receptacles down the Montcalm Street hill; nor do I believe that I aided in transporting the wooden Indian from the front of the cigar store to the steps of the City Hall. I remember indeed that some members of our party moved a piano case from an alley beside a music warehouse and completely blocked the entrance to a barber shop with it, because I can recall that I remonstrated with them on the matter, pointing out clearly that such a procedure involved a tremendous amount of labor for comparatively small results. I have a clear recollection also that some others took a bulletin board from in front of a newspaper office and stood it in front of a show case placed outside a department store, in which there was an embarrassing display of ladies' hosiery, quite indecently exhibited upon wax models of the lower limbs; but as to this I claim firmly that the step was a wise one, it being my conviction that such displays border upon the obscene, and cannot but have an evil effect upon the morals of the youth of the town.

I remember also that Sergeant Bailey removed from the front of the Royal Shoe Hospital and Shine Parlor a large Greek flag, which he draped round his shoulders after the fashion of a cape, stating that only Allied flags should be allowed to be displayed at such a time, a patriotic instinct in which I could not but concur. It is true also that my sergeant's cane became in some way broken during the course of the evening, but I cannot admit that the mere breakage of the cane is any proof that I hammered upon the hoardings with it, and called for three cheers for the King. I am quite sure that no court of law would take that view for a moment.

VI

IT WAS, I am quite sure, as we were returning to the Peters Building, with the idea of partaking of a little further refreshment before disbanding our party, that I encountered Sergeant Smith, of the military police, who was later responsible for the circulation of these vile slanders upon my good name among the citizens of Middle Musselburrah.

He it was who halted me, as we passed him, and warned me that I had best take heed to my conduct.

"You're for it," he told me quite abruptly. "All h—l's loose in this town tonight, and if what I hear is right the best thing you can do is to go to bed so I'll know where to find you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Indeed I was indignant, and righteously so.

"I don't want to put you in the clink," he replied, "but if you wasn't a friend of mine, and if you didn't come from my home town I'd take a chance. You'll get yours to-morrow anyway."

"Fellow!" I said, "I am afraid you are under the influence of the demon rum."

"Not much," he told me. "But I ain't afraid you are. Your breath'd make a brewery jealous. Best it, before I put you where I know you'll be safe."

In my indignation at being thus slandered I was reduced almost to tears. In the meanwhile my companions, noting that I was delayed, returned and rallied round me, led, I am pleased to be able to state, by Lieutenant Wangrove, whose uniform had its natural effect upon my detractor.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"This man is threatening to arrest me," I told him. "He charged me with being intoxicated."

"Impossible!" put in Sergeant Cassatt. "He hasn't had more than ten drinks all evening, to my personal knowledge."

"That's all right," said Smith. "Some of you chaps think you're mighty clever, but if you think you can get away with robbing the Old Man of his booze and putting the whole b—y town on the blink you've got another think coming. Wait till you go before the general in the morning. He'll give you a gold watch."

Now all this, of course, was as so much Greek to me. The impression grew upon me that the man was intoxicated, and I was on the point of advising him to return quietly to his quarters when Sergeant Cassatt clutched me by the arm and drew me away.

"Time for the show-down," he said. "Rally round, men!"

And strangely enough he led me not toward our rooms but back over the route we had traversed, the rest following.

"Might as well have it over with now as any time," he said to Sergeant Bailey, who walked on my other side. "If the Old Man sleeps on it we'll have a tougher session."

"You said it!" was Sergeant Bailey's remark, and we went on our way, while I struggled as best I could in silence with the problem which confused my brain. It was apparent that something was wrong, but of the enormity of the entire proceeding I had still no inkling.

We made our way, then, to the hotel where the general was quartered, though with what object I could not possibly divine. Our entrance was somewhat unusual, for in my mental confusion I neglected to step out of my compartment in the revolving door at the proper moment, and becoming still more confused was carried round several times by the impetus of those who came behind me, so that finally dashing suddenly forward I came unaccountably in contact with the edge of the door, and tripped, severely bruising my forehead in the fall. My confusion was further increased as I picked myself up and observed that the general himself, with Colonel Forsom and Major Talbot, his aide-de-camp was standing in the center of the rotunda. The rest of our party, which now included only the two Americans, Bailey and Cassatt, Lieutenant Wangrove and the American naval officer, were standing very stiffly at attention before him. I therefore composed myself as best I could and also sprang to attention with them. I could not but observe that he was apparently in a state of great excitement.

"What's all this mean?" he asked very sharply, addressing Lieutenant Wangrove.

"I understand, sir, that these men have some explanations which they wish to make to you personally."

I am not sure that I should characterize an exclamation made by a major general as a snort, but I cannot find another word which will convey my meaning exactly. I have to write therefore that the general snorted. As to face, he was quite purple.

"I would suggest the writing room," said Major Talbot, and we adjourned consequently to the small room at the side of the entrance.

It was entirely deserted. Major Talbot carefully closed the door.

I now come to that part of my tale which I must from force of circumstances abbreviate to some degree. Not only is it quite beyond me to reproduce here or on any written page the remarkable profanity which was forthcoming from a certain party to that memorable interview, but so bewildered and beset was my brain by the astounding revelations which burst suddenly upon me from every side, that verily and in truth I had no cognizance of what was transpiring for the greater part of the time. I gleaned the impression that all the officers of the general's staff present were in a high state of indignation, and that the specious pleas of those two miserable wretches, Cassatt and Bailey, were quite unavailing to stem the wrath of the general. Indeed had it not been for the intercession of Lieutenant Wangrove and the American naval officer, whose name to this day I have not learned, it would have gone hard indeed with us.

Briefly the tale there unfolded was this: The important package which I had been commissioned to fetch from the station for the general was, it appears, nothing more important than a case of assorted alcoholic liquors, intended, I take it, to provide for the general's table the stimulants which he could not publicly secure. Moreover, originally there had been three of these packages. The cunning Americans surmising in some strange fashion exactly what were the contents of these parcels had forestalled me at the station, and had willfully appropriated to their own use two of them, signing in wicked forgery my name to the expressman's sheets. I gathered also that the contents of the single parcel which had been left for me to remove, that I might have no suspicion of the deception which had been practiced upon me, were mainly a drink called "slow," or possibly "sloe" gin, and some kind of bitters, which the general called repeatedly "D—n rotgut, fit only for mixing." It seemed that this outrage had particularly infuriated him. He returned to it constantly.

I gathered gradually, from the trend of the conversation that the illicitly received packages had formed the basis for the refreshment which had made so popular the rooms of the two Americans throughout the momentous evening. It seemed that Lieutenant Wangrove and the American naval officer had been ignorant of the origin of the stuff until later, when they had been taken into the confidence of the American criminals, and had volunteered to help to adjust the matter, if it could be adjusted.

I have to confess that I was completely overcome by this story as it was revealed to me, and envisioning myself as the prisoner in a district court-martial I completely broke down, whereupon the general ignoring my quite pitiful condition turned upon me almost brutally and said: "Stop that infernal sniveling!"

When I could not stop, having entirely lost control of my nerves, he ordered me removed from the room. I did not therefore hear the end of the interview, but I learned later from the two Americans who had so despitefully used me that after raging at them quite furiously for several minutes, the general agreed to count the matter as closed, on the understanding only that they should refund to him the entire amount of the cost of the shipment of wines and liquors, which he placed at one hundred and thirty-six dollars—an amount which I should think is excessive.

I was informed also that it was only because they were Americans and by reason of the intervention of the American naval officer and Lieutenant Wangrove that the general had decided to agree to this very light sentence, a quite amazing conclusion, in my opinion, for a major general of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces to reach, but none the less illuminating as to the attitude which even some of our high officials are all too prone to adopt.

This, then, was the end of the incident which has occasioned so much evil talk in our quiet settlement of Middle Musselburrah. It will be quite evident to the just reader that I was in no way to blame for the happenings of the evening which have been painted in such exaggerated terms by those who would discredit my standing in the community, but was rather the victim of a foul conspiracy plotted against my happiness by two unconscionable foreigners who little recked what the consequences might have been.

One or two observations, and my task is done. Already I feel as if a great load had been lifted from my shoulders. How true it is that "Truth will out."

I was for a while quite nonplused by the calm fashion in which Sergeants Bailey and Cassatt took their sentence. Light as it was compared with what it might have been, nevertheless, one hundred and thirty-six dollars can hardly be regarded as a mere bagatelle. On this subject I commiserated with them.

"Forget it," said Sergeant Cassatt. "We've got money in the bank; and it was worth twice the amount."

"It was worth a million," said Sergeant Bailey quite seriously. And they left me at the door of their rooms to go to bed, singing, actually, their ribald ditty about a bald sergeant major.

An extraordinary race!

The attitude of my father also distressed me very much. When Sergeant Smith first returned to our quiet settlement with his vicious tale about my having been drunk and having stolen the general's liquor my father wrote me a remarkable letter. Though normally he is a poor correspondent, being chiefly concerned with the weather and the crops and the state of the market for hogs, and such commonplaces, he addressed me on this occasion an epistle of five pages, in which he warmly commended me, amazing as it may appear, and declared for the first time in his life he was proud of me. Actually he also inclosed a twenty-dollar bill, with the remark that it seemed that army life had made me a son after his own heart.

Yet, when I returned home myself and made a complete explanation of the affair, demonstrating quite clearly that I was the innocent victim of a vile conspiracy, in order that I might answer the wicked innuendoes which were already rampant throughout the settlement, my father inexplicably turned again to his morose and profane habits, and upbraided me in bitter terms, declaring even that I had taken money from him under false pretenses.

Furthermore, my Aunt Abigail affirms positively that he actually sent, on the day after my arrival, a check to the two Americans for one hundred and thirty-six dollars, the sum in which they were so justly mulcted by the general.

As to that, though, I am sure that my Aunt Abigail must be mistaken. It is a circumstance which I cannot conceive, even of my father, whose rough and uncouth habits of speech are still a source of much grief to both my aunt and myself.

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SPOTLESS

(Continued from Page 15)

attempt to get his family out of Kieff; and then he had attempted it, and always with the showy ineffectuality with which he had made his mark upon his generation.

His family numbered four—himself, his wife and his two daughters; and there were, besides, a widowed cousin of his own and a nephew from the country, a silent youth who had been studying agricultural science in the city. And with these and various baggage packed into two carriages he purposed to drive to Vasilkof, where he had a summer villa.

So, upon an evening when noises of shooting from distant parts of the city were like voices urging haste and secrecy upon them, the two carriages, conspicuous as cannon in that hate-crazed town, came round to the door of the apartment house where the count had his dwelling, and were duly loaded. First was a closed landau with two horses and a padded and booted coachman of much splendor; in this went the count, his wife, his widowed cousin and his elder daughter. Baggage, like loot dangled before the eyes of robbers, was piled on outside. Second was a hooded victoria, with a junior coachman and a showy black stallion; and in this the count's younger daughter, Elena, and Emilian, the nephew, were to sit among bags and parcels and follow the wake of the landau.

There was all the fuss and business of loading up, which might easily have brought about then what did happen later, for loafers collected to stare; but at last the landau thundered off, its iron tires and the hoofs of the big horses noisy in the half-lighted streets, and Emilian was helping his cousin Elena to her place in the victoria.

A dim light came forth from the arched gate of the house behind them and he watched her face as, bareheaded, he handed her to her seat. She had a large traveling cloak about her, and the fur of its collar made a soft frame to her countenance. She returned his look calmly—the calm of one to whom service, protection, deference have always been due and forthcoming, who for lack of the need to fear has never known fear. With extreme care and gentleness he inserted himself into the little carriage beside her, gave the word to the coachman, and they were off.

The Kreshtchatik, the street which is to South Russia what the Cannebiere of Marseilles is to South France, its offspring and its ornament, was forlorn as a slum in its darkness and emptiness.

The center of attraction for the crowd was elsewhere that evening, and it seemed to Emilian, peering forth under the hood and listening to the growing sound of the shooting, that they were heading toward it.

Their wheels crashed once or twice through a litter of broken glass from some yawning shop front; they swung out of the Kreshtchatik and toward the hill that should take them down past the station and forth from the city. And still the noise grew louder and clearer, and presently they were round a bend and Emilian could see forward under the coachman's elbow.

He had it for a singular gift in Russia, the native land of expletives, that he was not prone to ejaculations. But he gave a swift glance back at the soft shine of the girl's face under the hood of the carriage and turned away again as swiftly.

Before them, some three hundred yards ahead, the great landau with its blazing lamps, its high-stepping team and its splendorous coachman was bowling down the hill toward what awaited it at the bottom. For where the arch of filigree iron that spells "Welcome" to arrivals from the station spans the road there were folk moving as boiling water moves, a mob that seethed and broke asunder and fell together again in aimless combat. A burning house sent ebbs and flows of ruddy light over it; flurries of shooting woke and died: and already, above the noise of their wheels on the paving and the crash of their horse's shoes, Emilian could hear the quavering voice of a mob with unglutted mob appetites.

He glanced back once more to the girl; then spoke to the coachman. "Go slower," he ordered. "Let the landau pass through first." And he was aware within himself with surprise of a motion of admiration for that terrific phenomenon, the Count Udiloff, who would thus make war upon the millions of Russia with only a word of command and a pair of silver whiskers.

The landau came to the iron arch and passed under it, and now it was sunk to the height of its windows and the horses' withers in the lives of the crowd. And at once they were upon it. The light of the burning house was too unsteady for Emilian to be sure of any detail of what followed, but he saw the old coachman standing up in his place; he thought he saw the count's white beard come forth; then one of the horses reared and went down again, and next the black shapes of the mob were piled high over carriage and occupants.

"Halt!" commanded Emilian of the driver. They had closed in while he watched, and were now no more than a hundred yards or so from where the landau had been overwhelmed. The man pulled the stallion to a slow walk; and at that moment came another flurry of shooting. The horse, hit somewhere by a flying bullet, bounded and fought with the bit; something tore the top of the hood rendingly; and the coachman, with a noise like a squeal, dropped his reins and dived from his seat to the road.

Emilian, scrambling fiercely, was over the low rail at the back of the box and in his place in a matter of seconds. By good luck he recovered the reins ere they were tangled under the horse's hoofs, and set himself to stop and turn the frantic animal. He laid his strength to it and hauled, and when at length, on the very fringes of the crowd, a byway opened to the right, running steeply uphill between gardens, and while he was conscious of men who ran beside him and screamed orders to stop, he managed to tear the stallion's head round, put him at the turning and let him go.

The horse fled like a thing in torment, dying on his flying feet; the little victoria leaped and bounded at his heels. Very soon they were out of reach of the crowd and whoever it was that had been firing sent no bullets after them. The top of the hill was at hand when the animal first faltered and began to fail; then without warning he went down, and the little carriage ran upon him, to the noise of the splintering shafts, lurched and came to a standstill without upsetting.

Emilian descended from his seat and took stock of the situation. He realized that actually they were in a position of more safety without the carriage than with it. He went to the side and spoke into the darkness under the hood.

"There is nothing to do but walk home," he said. "Will you come, Elena?"

She murmured acquiescence. "But the other carriage—what happened?" she asked. She, of course, had seen nothing.

"We cannot hope to catch it up now," he answered steadily. "There is nothing to do but walk home for the present. There we can decide what is best to be done."

He held out his hand to help her forth and she alighted, and together they threaded the by-streets till they stood again before the dwelling that had been her secure and untroubled home. Already, though the riots and the general looting had not yet spread to this quarter, some of its customary sheltering aspect had disappeared. The *dtornik*—the official doorkeeper—was no longer at his post; the street-number lamp had been smashed by a stone; and the only lights visible in its vast façade of windows were a few that leaked through closed shutters.

But in the apartment itself Masha, the *ekonomka*—cook and housekeeper—was not yet gone. She received them with no change in her customary genial calm, straightening up from the cedar-wood chest in which she was packing away household linen. She was a large apple-cheeked woman of the better peasant class of South Russia; her parents had been serfs of the count's father, and she had been born and bred on his land. She had served him since before the birth of his two daughters; for them she had always been there.

"You are come back, then?" was her greeting. "And the count—the others—where are they?"

"There are riots by the station," explained Emilian, "and our horse was shot."

"Ah!" She gave him a single searching look but for the moment inquired no further. She turned to relieve the girl of her traveling cloak and cap.

It was not remarkable that Elena should scarcely have spoken since she had alighted from the carriage. It was her way to be a serene and beautiful presence, speaking and smiling seldom, expressing herself rather by her existence than by her actions. She showed now, after her adventure, a calm nowise discomposed, a gracious and tender young beauty of which tranquillity was as much a part and a feature as the bronze sheen of her hair or the curve and bow of her lips. When Masha had taken her cloak she sank into a near-by chair and seemed to wait, not eagerly nor anxiously but with faith and complete assurance, while these her ministers should readjust her world for her.

Emilian gazed at her thoughtfully. In him there was no question of her. Always he had known her like that, sufficient in her beauty and the fragrance of her girlhood as a flower. He was perhaps twenty-five, a dark youth, long in the limb, black-haired and with a longish serious face; content, like her, to be largely silent in the company of his kind. That night in the carriage had been the first time he had been alone with her.

"You will be safe here, Elena," he said; "and Masha will look after you."

"Yes," agreed Elena, like one who accepts a statement of commonplace truth.

"So if you don't want me just now I'll go out and see how things are, so that we can decide on something."

"Yes," she said again, and no more.

Masha stood apart, staring with quiet interest from one to the other; and presently he took his leave and went out to the mystery and chaos of the streets.

Riots have always been a feature of the life of the Russian people; they were the safety valves of the system, so that from time to time they were provoked and encouraged by those in authority, for the relief of political and revolutionary steam pressure. A good deal of drinking, a little looting and a sportive murder or two were wonderfully cooling to an occasionally feverish populace. But when, in the early hours of the morning, Emilian returned to the apartment he knew already that what was taking place in Kieff was no mere riot. There were looting and drunkenness, outrage and murder enough; but whereas before

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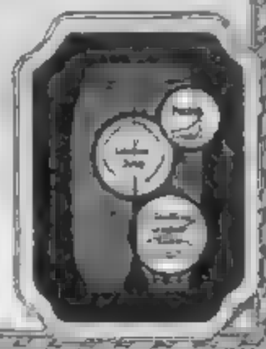

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these things had been incidents of the commotion, now they seemed to be taking place upon some recognized and accepted principle. He had seen a mob invade a hotel and drag its shrieking inhabitants forth, men and women both, and deal with them in its own fashion. He had seen girls as young as Elena ——

That was the thought that would not let him sleep, as he lay on his bed at dawn.

Elena was still asleep in her room in the morning while he sat in the kitchen with Masha and told her the true tale of the fate of the occupants of the landau.

"And the *barishnaya*, the young lady?" she asked with a motion of her head toward Elena's room. "What will you do about her? For, you know, they are searching all the good houses, and they will come here."

For answer he only returned her look gloomily, with a kind of dark anger.

"There is Piotr Ivan'itch Denischuk," she continued. "He was a *dvornik;* now he is a leader among them. If he knew she were here —— What will you do?"

He sighed and moved wearily on the wooden kitchen chair. "I have been thinking," he said uncertainly. "Elena—nothing must happen to her, whatever else happens. She's so—so ——"

He did not complete his sentence, but sighed and made to rise.

"But," persisted Masha, "what will you do? That lamb, that little queen—you must do something! You are a man; for you it is only killing and you are done with your troubles. But for her—listen! I will tell you what they will do if they get their hands on her. You shall understand at least what is waiting for that sweet and pretty innocence that we have guarded like a saint's relic. Listen!"

He had paused by the door and he raised his hand and silenced her. He was remembering the fate of the young girls which he had witnessed the evening before, and there was that in his eyes that told her she had no need to speak further.

"Yes," he said, "you are right, Masha. I will do something."

"But what? What will you do, Emilian Alexievitch?"

"I will join them," he said in loud tones, and went out and left her staring.

Over their cocktails in the smoking room of the Black Sea transport the British captain continued to talk, jerkily, disconnectedly, to his young guest. He had the little glass of liquor between his fingers on the way to his lips when he paused and asked a question irrelevantly.

"Ever hear of the Demon Commissary of K ell?" he said.

"Yes," said the American. "Kind of blood-drinking Bolshevik, wasn't he? Did you ever see him?"

The Englishman nodded and drank.

"Her cousin," he said briefly. "That girl's out there, I mean. Had a chat with him when he brought her down to the coast. Ah, there's the bugle. Lunch at last!"

Emilian's decision was made easy for him within an hour. He had been fretting to and fro in the two great salons of the apartment when from below, within the house, he heard uproar, the noise of shouts and footsteps that ascended. A hatless man tore up the last flight of stairs and flung himself upon him. Several flights below the noise of the pursuers was augmenting.

"Let me in! Let me hide!" implored the fugitive, desperately trying to thrust past him through the open door. "They're after me; they'll kill me!"

Emilian recognized the man as a bookseller in the same street. He gripped him and thrust him back from the door.

"You can't come in here," he answered. "They'd follow you in and find ——"

The fugitive's bearded face, disordered with terror and appeal, gibbered at him.

"They'll kill me! They'll kill me!" he quavered deliriously.

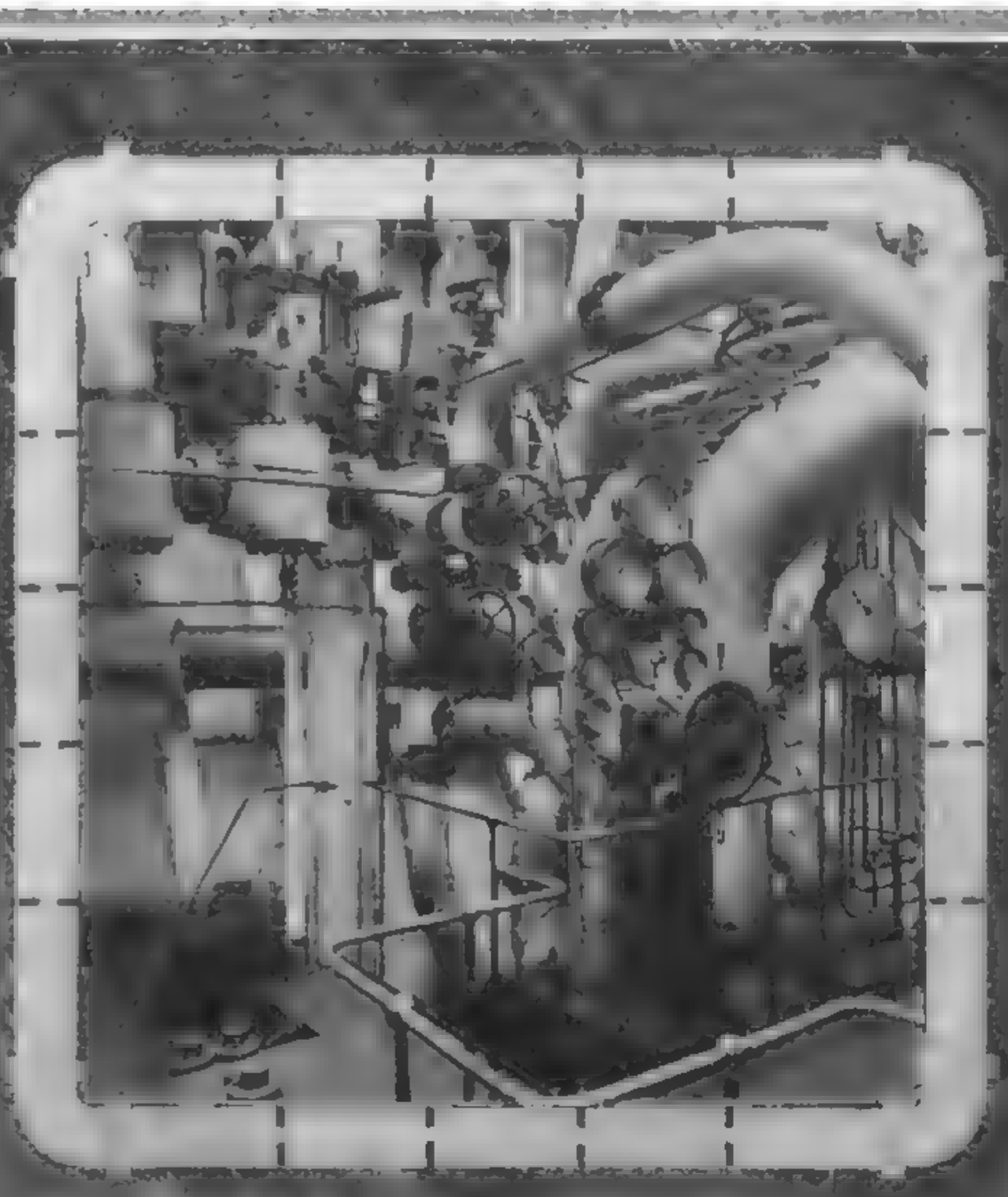
"At least they shall kill no one else," said Emilian. His own words had evoked in his racing brain a lightning vision of that smashing plundering hunt through the big still rooms, of the murder among the broken overturned furniture, of the discovery of Elena in her bed, of horror unspeakable. The pursuers were near at hand. His grip tightened on the desperate man he held, and his voice went echoing down the well of the staircase.

"I have him, comrades!" he shouted. "I've caught the bourgeois for you!"

The bookseller's ghastly face showed a sudden ghastly surprise. And as though his surprise were a tonic upon the brink of his doom, even while the rabble with their knives and bludgeons stormed into view at the turn of the stair below, a twist of contempt threaded a sneer upon his features.

"Judas!" he breathed as Emilian forced him backward.

(Concluded on Page 85)



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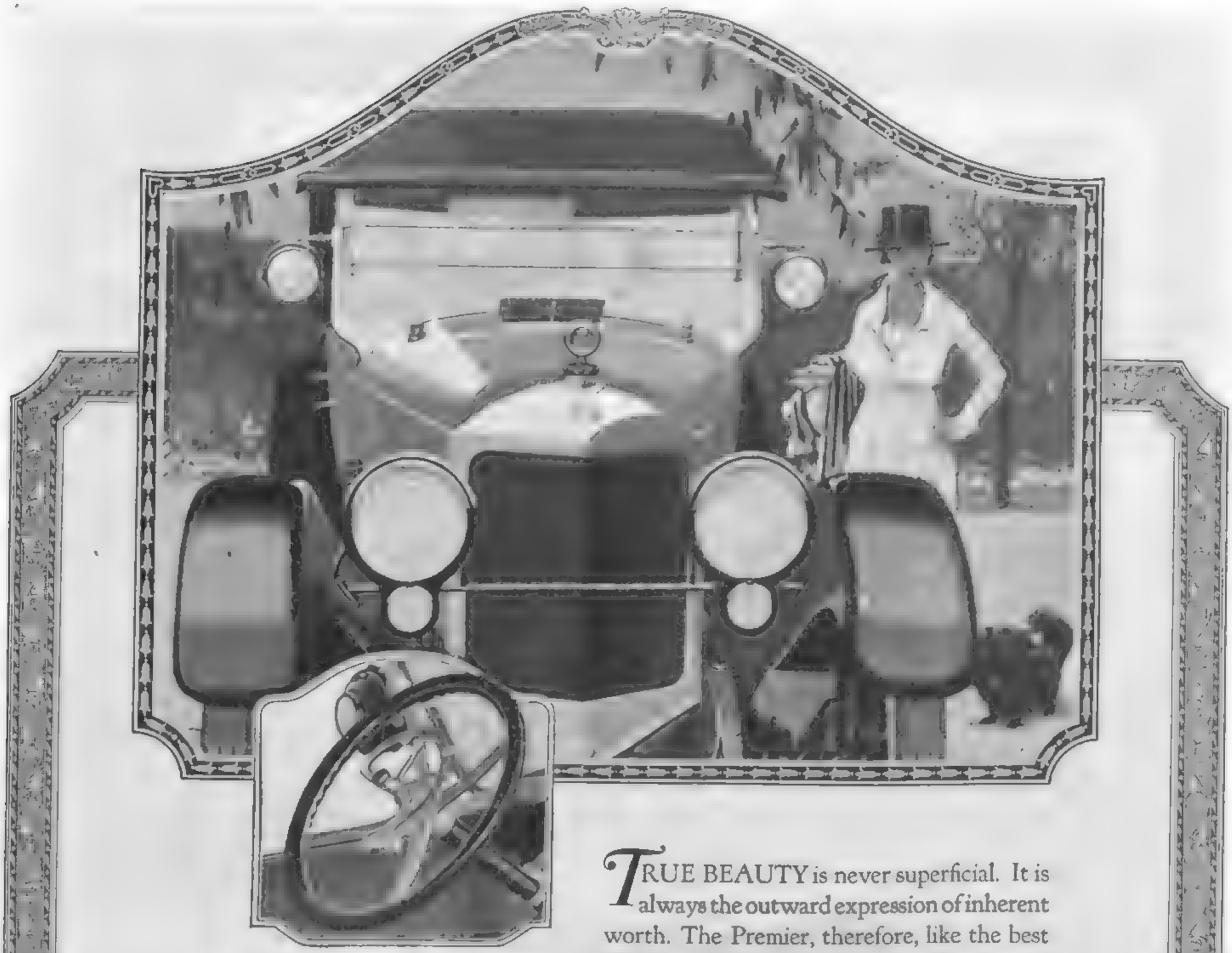

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THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT

(Concluded from Page 82)

"Take him, comrades!" shouted Emilian, and hurled him backward down the steps to those who sought him.

It was fortunate for Emilian—or was it perhaps the most tragic of his misfortunes? that they were too busy for the next minute or so to look up to where he stood and mark his face. Then one glanced up.

"What have you got up there, comrade?" called one. "Something good, eh?"

Emilian came down the steps toward them. He laughed in their faces.

"We've come too late," he said. "Others have been before us. But I know one place where we'll be the first—and there ought to be liquor there! Come along, comrades!"

The lure of drink was a sure one. He plunged through them and down the stairs, and they followed, yelling, leaving on the landing behind them a wreckage that had no longer even the shape of the bookseller.

It was from the wrecking and plundering of a friend's house and cellars—the friend, it happened, was gone, but there was a slaughter of old servants—that Emilian returned home. He had had some trouble in escaping from his new acquaintances, for he had led them to abundant liquor and he was high in their esteem and good will; he was already on the threshold of that hectic destiny which was accomplished during the five weeks in which he came to the knowledge of a sickened and incredulous world as the Demon Commissary of Kieff.

There was yet food to be had, and Elena had not delayed the midday meal for him. She sat at the table in a white frock that was the fit envelope for her slim grace and dignity.

"You are late, Emilian," she remarked.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I had several things to do and there is still rioting."

Over Elena's head Masha's eyes were fixed on his face.

"I think," he went on, "that you will not be troubled here. But as the count decided you should all leave it might be well not to let people know that you are still here. D'you mind, Elena?"

"Mind?" she queried. "You mean I must stay indoors? Will it be for long?"

"I hope not," he answered. "But at present traveling is—disorganized."

"Well," she agreed, "you must keep me company or I shall be very dull. You weren't meaning to go out and leave me again this afternoon?"

"I must, I'm afraid," he said; "I really have several things to do."

It was then that there rose to view and to power that new force of direction and action in the days of the horror in Kieff. Who shall tell—and to what end?—of the prominence and activity of the new subchief of the Extraordinary Commission; of the lives that fell before him like cornstalks before a scythe; of the legends that grew up about him concerning his secret life in the apartment of the late Count Udiloff, where Red Guards stood sentry outside and none penetrated save himself? Passers-by in the street looked up at the lighted windows of that home of mystery and shuddered or sniggered according to the fashion of their souls and their politics, while within Emilian would be sitting at table opposite to Elena, apologizing that his affairs took him out so much and dwelling forever upon her quiet, the beauty of her face and shape, and the girlish purity and innocence radiant in all her being.

"The Demon Commissary?" repeated the British captain, as lunch came to a close. "Oh, there wasn't anything very wonderful about him. You wouldn't know by looking at him that he was anything out of the way. Dark, bony sort of chap, something under thirty, I should say. He was chiefly anxious to hand that young woman over."

"And what happened to him?" demanded the American. "He must have a thousand murders to answer for. Did you hang him?"

The Englishman shook his head. "No," he said. "Fact is, he was pretty badly worn out and I—well, I stood him a drink in my quarters. I'm no hand at spinning yarns; but what he wanted was to get back to Kieff."

"But ——" The other was all at sea. "Wouldn't Denikin hang him when he got him there?"

"Oh, yes," said the other. "That's why he wanted to go, I gathered. So I wrote him a railway pass and sent him off. Will you have a cigar with your coffee? Mine are all spotted with mildew, but they're quite smokable. I like things—and people—not to be quite unspotted!"

His languid eye, fatigued with onlooking at the kaleidoscope of life and death, was humorous and merciful.

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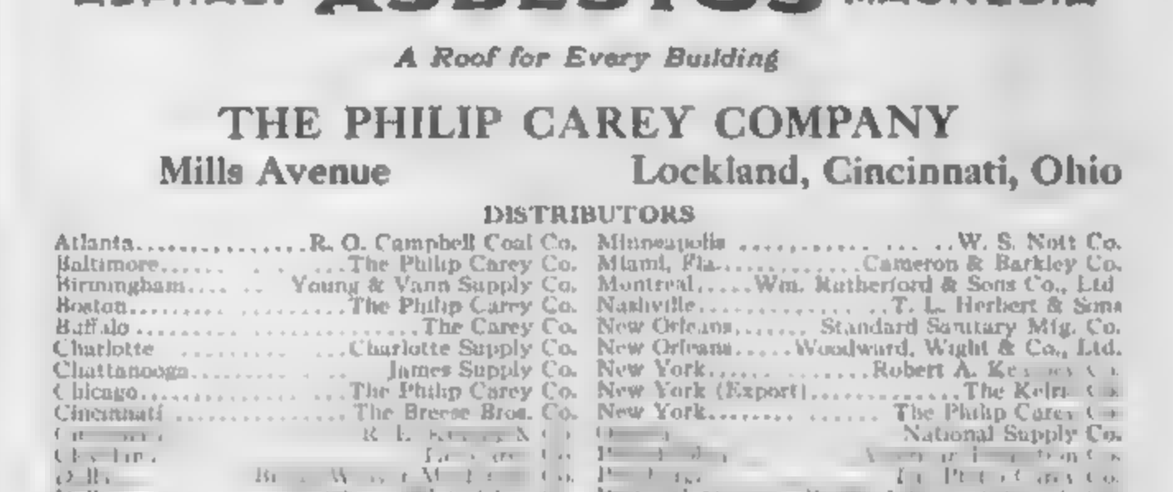

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THE SALESMAN AND THE STAR

(Concluded from Page 14)

"I read that in my mail every day. Spring something new or else get out and leave me here in peace."

"I'm not going to get out, because I intend to sell you a Millennium car."

"Let's see you do it. What's the price of the omelet?"

"Sixty-nine fifty-four, including war tax."

From her bulging beaded bag she actually drew out a roll, counted out the money and laid it in her lap.

"There!" she said. "There's the dough. Now I'll tell you what you're going to say. You are going to tell me that you drive a Millennium yourself, from preference; that you don't get any commission, that you don't care whether I buy a Millennium or not, except that you know it is the only one on the market which would suit me!" She spoke with an air of reminiscence. "You see, I know your little story better than you do."

"But the engine! Do you know Demonstration Hill?"

"It was named after my uncle."

"She'll take Demonstration Hill on high, and you won't hear a sound from the engine.

"Most engines, when you start up Demonstration Hill, sound as if they were trying to climb out to kiss you. We could put your monogram on the windshield ——"

"It's terrible!"

She gazed at him with a spoiled insolence which made him tingle.

Why was it that when he wanted to make the impression of his life he succeeded only in irritating the person whom he wished above all others in the world to please? Why didn't those gaping grinning salesmen look the other way? He wondered, if he stopped being humble, if Miss De Lorne would like him any better.

"I don't want to insult a customer, but after all you're nothing but a little cuty with a pretty face. If you went cross-eyed you'd lose your job. My job has nothing to do with the way I look; it takes brains, brawn, perseverance, character and ambition.

"You're only one of a million pretty girls; I'm the best salesman on Motor Row. I've sold cars to ——" He enumerated two or three of her rivals, some grand-opera stars, and a society leader whose smallest move cast shadows in the shape of large headlines.

"How you hate yourself!"

She smiled at him wickedly, for she knew, quite as well as he, that he had lied; that he didn't think she was one of a thousand, that she was for the moment, anyway, his despair and his mad delight.

There was no use; Eddie couldn't keep up his end. He began to slip, slip, slip, and then to flounder.

"Let me show you how the silk curtains work!"

Before Miss De Lorne realized Eddie's intentions he leaned forward and put an opaque curtain of silk between them and the world. It was his last wholly conscious act.

"I was going to fight with you, but you couldn't keep up your end!" remarked Miss De Lorne, who was no more afraid of being behind a curtain with Eddie Hines than she was of a mote of dust that danced on a sunbeam.

"Please fight with me! I'd love it, especially the making up!"

"Some fights become feuds."

"Let me take you out in this car, will you? The park ——"

"You've wasted enough gas."

"Will you go to dinner with me tonight?"

She hesitated, and to Eddie Hines hesitation spelled hope.

"I might go out to dinner with you—if I don't forget!" And her smile had no similarity to the two-hundred-and fifty-thousand-dollar one; it was something private and personal.

"Where may I call for you?"

"The Ritz at eight. But don't count on me. I never know, myself, until the last minute, what I shall feel like doing."

With trembling fingers he handed her his card.

"The uncertainty will only make it sweeter. And I know a wonderful little joint."

Eddie's eyes shone—just the sporting chance of taking Mae De Lorne to dine went to his head. If she really let him buy her a dinner it would be something to brag about all the rest of his life. "Yes, it's a wonderful little joint, with ——"

"I know the joint you mean."

"Where is it?"

"I know it because I know 'em all."

"Eight o'clock?" he urged, to clinch her half promise. She was getting out of the car.

"Eight o'clock if, as I said, I don't change my mind or forget."

He took her obsequiously to the door, he bowed low after she went out into the spring, and he remained staring after her, wrapped so forbiddingly in his own thoughts that no other salesman dared approach and ask what color Mae De Lorne had chosen for the upholstery of her new Millennium car

In a few moments he went for his hat and stick, and passed out, with the information that he would not be back that afternoon.

Regardless of all else but his own appearance he went to the most expensive shop that he knew about and bought ties, gloves, and even a new silk hat. His old one wouldn't do for Mae De Lorne. He called a taxi, he drove home with his bundles, and waited feverishly until the hour to dress.

It was five minutes of eight when Eddie Hines, who had never before seen the inside of the Ritz, strode through the door and inquired for Miss De Lorne. A factotum in livery called her up and told her that Mr. Hines was waiting.

"Have a seat!" said the factotum to Eddie, and forgot him.

She had asked him to wait! She was coming down! In a minute she would be here! He fumbled to see that his roll was still there.

At eight o'clock it happened that two other men, garbed as irreproachably as Eddie, went up to the desk, singly, and asked for Miss De Lorne.

One of these men Eddie had never seen before; the other was Pete Lasher, his only rival, salesman for the Sagamore Twelve. Pete and Eddie first pretended not to see each other, then their eyes meeting unavoidably they shook hands overenthusiastically, and separated.

Whereupon for all three gentlemen who wished to see Miss De Lorne ensued a period of hectic waiting, which lasted until eight-fifteen, when Eddie heard his name. He was being paged!

"Mr. Hines, call for Mr. Hines, Mr. Hines, Mr. Hines, Mr. Edward Hines, Mr. Hines ——"

"Here!" said Eddie, giving the boy a dollar.

The perfumed letter, in dashing misspelling, told Eddie that Miss De Lorne thought he was the worst salesman she had ever seen. Instead of selling her the car he had tried to sell her himself. What she had wanted was not Eddie Hines, but a limousine, and her check was inclosed. She would take the one she had smoked in. Having Eddie come to the Ritz was his punishment for forgetting real business—for her.

As he read the last word she came down in the elevator, brilliant, exquisite, sumptuously clad, and she saw only the third man who had asked for her; the man Eddie didn't know.

Before Pete Lasher could reach her side she passed through the door, followed by her lucky escort, and went down the steps to a waiting car. Eddie, who had followed in mad pursuit, dashed round behind the car, so that when Mae De Lorne got in, Eddie's face was framed in the window opposite.

"You haven't seen the last of me!" he cried.

And his jealous ears heard the lucky one telling his chauffeur to drive to the very joint at which Eddie had engaged a table.

"I don't want to see the last of you!" said Mae De Lorne hurriedly. "I love my public, and you're one of them. Come tomorrow night at eight. I won't disappoint you."

"You mean it?"

"To-morrow!" she assured him. And as her escort got into the car she whispered again, "To-morrow, at eight"; and added the most tantalizing word in the language: "Perhaps!"

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THE WASTED HEADLINE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well, sir," he said, "that job is done—and to your satisfaction, too, I trust."

Mr. Gillespie was a kindly enough man. In his own business he was not given to maintaining discipline so mercilessly as this. The thing he had just seen gave him almost a guilty feeling. In a sudden rush of compassion he forgot the principal object that had brought him hither.

"I've got to go—just remember an important engagement," he said. "I'll probably be back later in the day."

And out he hurried to overtake this man Overton—or whatever the little fellow's name might be. He caught up with him at the elevator. Together in an awkward little silence they descended to the street floor.

"Say, listen here," blurted out Mr. Gillespie when they had stepped out of the car—"say now, that was pretty rough on you. I realize that you didn't know me—that you had no malicious desire to hurt me in what you wrote—that you merely got the thing twisted round the wrong way. Really I suppose it's the sort of thing that might happen any time. Newspapers have to fill up their columns somehow. I'm sorry about this—really I am. Don't you suppose that if you waited here and I went back and had another talk with your city editor and told him that I wished he'd take you back that maybe—well, damn it, man, I'm supposed to be the aggrieved party to this transaction anyhow and he ought to listen to me if I put in a word for you!"

The discharged man shook his head.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," he answered miserably, "and I'm sure it's very kind of you to volunteer to help me, especially under the circumstances, but really, sir, it's no use. I've broken the strictest rule in this whole place and I've got to take the consequences. One slip-up, and out a man goes. It was just my luck that it happened to be me. No, sir, I'll take my medicine and get out."

"But say now," pressed Mr. Gillespie, "you're not exactly a young man. It might be sort of hard for you to get another job. If you should need help now to sort of tide you over while you're looking round for something else to do ——"

"Thank you for that too, sir," said Overton. "But please don't concern yourself about me. I'll get along, I guess—I always have. And I don't need any help, sir—honestly I don't. Good day, sir."

He shambled away toward the rear, heading presumably for the cashier's department, and Mr. Gillespie, after watching his retreating figure for a moment, passed out into the street, filled with a sense of vague indefinable regret for things in general.

As for Overton, he bided where he had stopped in an elbow of the wall until Mr. Gillespie was safely gone. Then without visiting the cashier's office he took a walk round the block, came back to the Beam building, rode upstairs to the third floor, silently and unobtrusively reinserted himself into the busy city room, passed behind the locker cabinets to a sort of alcove within hearing but out of sight of the others, and there hung his hat and coat on pegs and sat down at a cluttered desk and went to work as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

As a matter of fact, so far as Overton was concerned, nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Being fired by Crisp—publicly and ignominiously fired before all the city room and before irate complainants—was the principal part of his job. He was used to it. It happened to him at least once a fortnight, once a week sometimes, occasionally as often as twice a week. In the organism of The Daily Beam machine he was a humble but a useful cog, for he was the scapegoat, the vicarious sacrifice, the official whipping boy for the sins of others. A whipping boy at fifty—that was what Overton was.

Once upon a time he had been a reporter of indifferent sorts; but that had been so many years before that Overton hated to think back to the time of it. When his legs began to wear out—and his imagination—he had been put on the exchange desk reading papers for reprint stuff; odd times he compiled clippings for the "morgue," where the published doings and sayings of notables were kept in envelopes filed and indexed, and once in a while he subbed for the frowzy ex-copy reader who under the pen name of Beth Blair wrote the column called Balm to the Lovelorn. When Wendover bought the old and moribund Evening Star and renamed it the Beam and gave it a new and a yellow life Overton came as a legacy from the old ownership along with the hacked and battered office equipment and the green shades on the dangling electric globes and the rest of the fixtures.

It was Crisp who saw in Overton possibilities for the rôle of scapegoat and developed him in the part. The little man had a sort of cheap histrionic talent. Cast in another mold of environment he might have made a fair actor. Crisp discerned this and worked to bring it out in him—and succeeded amply well. Physically Overton was qualified from the beginning; he looked—well, so hang-doggish. With mighty little prompting he learned to simulate to the very life the guilty aspect of a self-confessed, yet well-intentioned incompetent; and he learned to take his cues from Crisp, as Crisp in turn took his from those indignant persons who came to protest against this or that published thing. So well did he learn that his play-acting very often served a double purpose. Primarily it was designed to give Crisp a chance to prove the seeming determination of the Beam to be strictly accurate and to punish by instant and ignominious dismissal any member of the staff who might unintentionally break the rule. Secondarily Overton's very mien of sorrowful resignation to his make-believe fate, his dumb and stricken acceptance of dire consequences more often than not so quickened the sympathies of the injured party that the latter—as witness the case of the forgiving Mr. Gillespie—forgot or forewent his original intention of suing the paper for damages.

Considering all things, it might be said that Overton earned his salary, which was thirty dollars a week; just what it had been for long years. He sat at the exchange desk using shears and paste pot and a leaky fountain pen, and on the pay roll was carried as exchange editor, but really, as has been stated, his job was to be fired as frequently as Crisp's system of office policy dictated that somebody should be fired before witnesses. To Overton it made no difference who had turned in the offending story or who had telephoned it in or who had rewritten it. His task was to assume sponsorship for the slip-up, to be dismissed with harsh words, to get his hat and coat, to leave the office, to walk round the block—and come back again. The city room had its nickname for him. With a sort of half-pitying contempt it called him The Worm.

He had no friends in the office, unless Flynn, head of the copy desk, might be called his friend. So far as anyone knew he had no friends outside the office; nor any kith or kin. It was vaguely understood that he lived in a lodging house somewhere up on Third Avenue and that he took his meals in mean restaurants—places where scrap meat masqueraded as Irish stew and chopped-up gristle as Hungarian goulash. If he drank he drank alone; certainly no one had ever seen him buy a drink for another or accept a drink which another bought. If he had ever had a romance in his life, or a sweetheart or a wife or a child or a tragedy, nobody knew about it and nobody cared. Anyhow, he did not look to be the sort of person who would have a romance, but only the sort who would have loneliness and hopelessness for a portion through all the days of this life. From eight in the morning until four in the afternoon he sat at his desk in the alcove behind the lockers, at noontime eating his luncheon out of a paper parcel and emerging only on those occasions when Crisp summoned him forth to play his appointed character. At four he went away; at eight next morning he returned; that, so far as the staff of the Beam kenned it, was the sum total of his existence. Once in a great while, when the tides of copy moved slackly, Flynn would invade his refuge to sit for a few minutes on the edge of Overton's cluttered desk and exchange commonplaces with the little man. It always was commonplaces that they exchanged; never confidences. Even so, Flynn saw more of him than any other man in the shop. He was not a mystery, because to be a mystery a man must rouse the interest or the curiosity of his fellows; must awaken on their part a desire to understand the reasons underlying his aloofness or his isolation, as the case may be. This colorless, solitary creature had not even the elements within him or about him to quicken interest. The office accepted him for what he was—its official scapegoat—and called him by that singularly cruel and singularly appropriate title of The Worm.

As for Crisp, it was characteristic of the man that he never saw in Overton a figure to rouse one's sympathy or one's compassion, which is the next of kin to sympathy. It probably never occurred to him that the rôle he had drilled Overton to play so excellently well was a rôle calculated to undermine a man's sense of self-respect. Or if it did occur to him ever he gave the thought no consideration. For Crisp, with all his *flair* for sensationalism, was a good city editor, which is another way of saying he worshiped the great brazen god Results. He was all for action, subsequent reactions concerned him not a whit. He rarely pressed a reporter to reveal how the reporter had got a difficult story. He was too deeply gratified if only the reporter had got it to inquire regarding the deceit, the evasion, the twisting about of facts or the subterfuge that might have been practiced. This did not imply delicacy on Crisp's part, nor was it indifference to details. It was in the day's work, that was all. To him journalistic ends amply justified journalistic means.

"It Was Just My Luck That It Happened to be Me. No, Sir, I'll Take My Medicine and Get Out"

Outside the shop Crisp may have been a reasonably human and a reasonably kindly being—probably he was. Inside he was a bloodhound; the picked leader of a trained and greedy pack. Chronicles of misery or misfortune or disgrace were things to be caught at and elaborated and spread-eagled in print. Privately the victims might have his personal condolences; professionally they constituted merely so much good live copy, and as such were to be exploited. Loss of life in a steamship disaster or a tenement-house fire or a railroad wreck was to be desired; the greater the loss of life the bigger the story. After he locked his desk and went away he might have such thought for the dead and the maimed as any average man would have. But before that his solicitude was all aimed at gathering up and weaving into the printed tale every morbid charnel-house detail of horror and suffering which would twist at the heart-strings of the reader and make the reader buy later editions.

Crisp may never have heard of the editor who said he was not too good to print anything which the Almighty permitted to happen, but just the same that was his creed. City editors—some of them—get to be like that; just as reporters, trained to read hidden motives and secret causes under the vanities and the pretensions and the seeming disinterestednesses of those with whom in the discharge of their duty they have daily to deal, become in time the most cynical, the most suspicious, the most skeptical of modern breeds. There's a nigger in every woodpile—find said nigger! That briefly is your average seasoned reporter's viewpoint of the affairs of life as they relate to the news.

Crisp had another characteristic common among his kind, but in his case developed to a degree which would have made him a marked man any place except in a newspaper shop—the one place where the type is somewhat prevalent. He thought in headlines and he frequently spoke in headlines. Tell him a man's name and promptly—and mechanically—his fingers began checking off the letters of that man's name as he counted up and balanced off to see whether the name would fit into the top deck of a headline built of this size type or that size type. For obvious reasons he was drawn instinctively to individuals with short names and instinctively disliked individuals with long names. To him a suicide agreement between two or more persons was a Pact always, just as an official investigation was a Probe and a country-wide search for someone was a Dragnet and an anarchist was a Red and a child of a few years was either a Tiny Tot or a plain Tot, depending upon the caption he mentally set about constructing in the same instant that the subject was mentioned in his hearing. One of the headquarters men would get him on the telephone to report, let us say, that a six-year-old tenement dweller crossing a street had been killed by a trolley car under particularly distressing circumstances.

"Forbes," he would call out to a rewrite man, "take this story from Doheny, will you? Tiny Tot With Penny Clutched in Chubby Hand Dies 'Neath Tram Before Mother's Eyes! Write about six sticks of it."

You see, before ever the tale of the tragedy had been detailed by the outside leg man to the inside desk man Crisp would have framed in his mind a suitable heading.

Similarly if you stated to him that a young woman defendant was on the witness stand up at the Criminal Courts Building undergoing a searching cross-examination at the hands of the prosecutor, and thanks be to the latter's persistent proddings making significant admissions, he simultaneously would be translating the intelligence

(Concluded on Page 91)

WRIGLEY'S

Sealed Tight - Kept Right

Don't be without it. Keep it always on hand.

The tiresome day's work goes much easier with WRIGLEY'S to soothe, sustain and refresh.

It aids appetite and digestion, allays thirst, helps to keep teeth clean and breath sweet.

Chew It After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

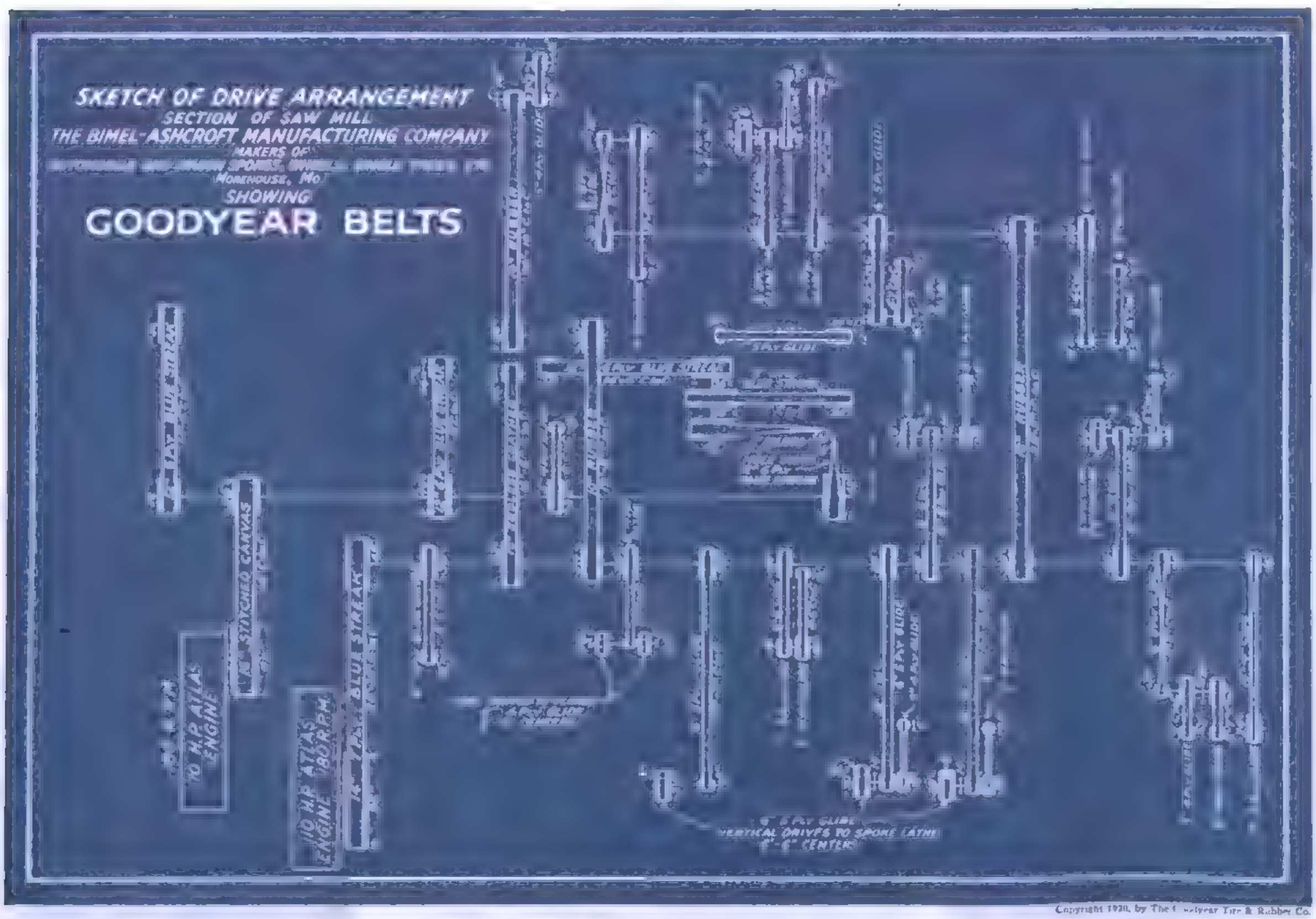
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT

UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS

The Flavor Lasts

A83



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An Order, Two Plants—and the G. T. M.

The first time the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—talked with this Company that today has two plants practically standardized on Goodyear Belts he virtually declined an order. He had an opportunity to sell a belt of the same dimensions as the one which had just worn out after a short term of unsatisfactory service. Instead, he took the larger opportunity of demonstrating the value of an expert study of belting quality and working conditions.

The Bimel-Ashcroft Manufacturing Company had been having costly trouble with a 14-inch, 5-ply belt on the main drive in their Morehouse, Mo., plant. Time after time they had had to cut it because it stretched. Every cut meant a shut-down of the main drive, involving heavy loss of production. When finally, the stretch was eliminated, the rawhide lacings began to break, the lacing holes pulled out, and the belt began to open at the plies. So they decided to get a new belt, and told the G. T. M. to send on one of his 14-inch, 5-ply belts.

"Let me recommend a 14-inch, *7*-ply Goodyear Blue Streak," said the G. T. M. "Your drive calls for a stronger belt than you have been using. Among the drive factors affecting the belt is a starting load 50% heavier than the running load." He went on to show how his analysis included every factor of power, pulley dimensions, and general service conditions. His recommendation finally was accepted on the strength of what he showed he had learned about that drive.

The Goodyear Blue Streak's success not only put an end to the main drive troubles but opened the way for analysis of the entire plants of the Bimel-Ashcroft Company at both Morehouse and Poplar Bluff. Today, two and a half years after the G. T. M.'s study of that one drive, 82 of the hundred belts in the Morehouse mill are Goodyear, and so are 50% of those in the plant at Poplar Bluff. As fast as any other kind of belt gives up a job, a Goodyear Belt, G. T. M.-specified to its work, takes its place.

In the racking service of the high speed saws and lathes, Goodyear Glide Belts serve the tools; on the heavier drives of the bolting saws and the heading saws, Goodyear Blue Streak Belts withstand the severe duty with an in-built strength. These belts vary in length and width and plies and type of construction, but they are uniform in the quality that repays their slightly greater first cost with an ultimate operating economy. They deliver full power, hold the pulleys in a friction-surface grip, hold at the plies and wear both evenly and long.

The G. T. M. is at your service. If his recommendations prove valuable to you, our return will be increased, as it has been in this instance, by your satisfaction and the good word you will pass on to your fellow manufacturers. For further information about the G. T. M.'s method, and about the belts which Goodyear builds with the care implied in the command, "Protect our good name," write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

(Concluded from Page 38)

inside his brain to something after this fashion: Accused Girl, on Rack, Bares All. Probably in his sleep he dreamed headlines; certainly he lived with them by day.

This in some share was due to his training. He had been a copy reader before he had become a city editor; but more it was due to the fact that he sucked up and absorbed and made part and parcel of himself whatsoever pertained to the trade he followed. To the job he held, the work he did and the paper he served he gave a wholesouled, single-purposed devotion, which in a more lucrative field than this might have made a rich man of him. The Beam was at once his child and his father. Its twisted ideals, its dubious moralities, its shrieking fakeries, its hysterical crusadings, its frequent service in the public good, its blatant assumption of pure motives, its uncoverings of secret corruptions, its deliberate misrepresentations of causes and individuals, its vain boastings and its actual worthy performances might offer to others a paradoxical mixture of commingled great faults and great virtues, but to old Ben Alibi, sitting there coining imaginary headlines in his head and shaping the news to suit his mood, they were all virtues.

Why not? He had been a main factor in modeling the Beam into what it was, and mortal man rarely quarrels with his own pet creations. In his service to this mud-footed, brass-mouthed idol of his he spared neither himself nor any other. Wherefore it was quite natural that Crisp should take no heed of little Overton's private feelings touching on the sorry contribution which Overton made to the Beam's well-being. To Crisp, Overton merely was a cog in the machine and to be treated as a cog.

Accepting such treatment, Overton cogged along, at intervals coming forth from his hiding place like a timorous mouse from behind a wainscoting to be scolded for another's fault and fired for another's transgression and then to take his regular walk round the block and return to potter over exchanges while waiting the occasion of his next public appearance. The staff lost count of the number of times its members had witnessed the byplay at Crisp's desk.

No doubt Overton lost count—if indeed he ever tried to keep one—of the number of times he went through it.

But there is an old saying to the effect that the worm will turn. Probably in the instance of the original worm the turning thereof occasioned all the more surprise among the other worms present because of its very unexpectedness; probably if the truth were known the impulse for revolt had been stirring and stewing in that wormly soul all unsuspected for a long time before it was made manifest in the astounding fact of acrobatism. No doubt it is hard enough to fathom the phenomena of these reactions in worms; and in humans even harder by reason of a human's superior facilities for concealing the secretly working inner emotions.

As regards Overton, it already has been stated that he had somewhat of the acting instinct, which means the instinct for dissembling. Just precisely when his submerged sense of self-respect, his half-drowned, half-dead manhood began to grow sick of the hateful thing he did to earn his daily bread is past knowing and past guessing at even. It must have been through months, possibly it was through years, that the spirit of rebellion was quickening within him, never by word or deed or look from him betraying itself, yet constantly strengthening and fortifying itself upon the bitter mental food it fed on, against the coming of the hour when the worm, turning, would cease forever thereafter to be a worm and would rise to another plane—a plane as far remote from its former estate and estimation as John Hancock is from Judas Iscariot.

One blistering hot day about midday there came to the Beam office a fluttered young woman with a grievance. Having been brought to Crisp, she stated it. It seemed she was a professional entertainer; she did turns at Sigmund Goldflap's all-night place uptown. Her name—or anyhow the name she gave Crisp—was Lotta Desmond. Two nights before one of the other girls in Sig Goldflap's troupe had killed herself after a quarrel with one now referred to by this Lotta Desmond as the other girl's "jumpman friend." And the Beam had printed a picture of Lotta Desmond with the other girl's name under it, whereat Lotta had suffered deep humiliation. She couldn't understand why this awful mistake had been made. She'd always liked to read the Beam—it was her favorite evening paper. She had never been mixed up in any scandals herself. She was a lady all over, if she did say it herself. She felt as if she could not hold up her head again. People who knew her, seeing her picture in the paper, would naturally think she was the one who had killed herself. And somethin' would have to be done right away to put her right with people. Stating her case, she raised her voice shrilly as persons in her walk of life are apt to do under stress of emotion. She repeated the main points of her indictment over and over again, each time using the same words, as might also have been expected of her, considering what—plainly—Lotta Desmond was. Before she was through she was weeping noisily and—one might say—vulgarly.

The city room listened to the vehement outburst, grinning collectively to itself. The city room felt it knew good and well what had happened. It had happened before. To dress up the story of the suicide Crisp had demanded a photograph. Accordingly the reporter assigned to the job had brought in a photograph. There had been difficulties in the way of fulfillment of Crisp's order, and the reporter had taken a chance—so the city room, harkening, figured the thing out. Possibly the reporter had abstracted a photograph from a grouped presentment of Goldflap's talent. In such case one might assume he—being naturally hurried—had selected a likeness of the wrong girl. Possibly he had induced a Tenderloin photographer to let him have a photograph, in which event the photographer might have made the mistake with the coincidental result that a picture of this Lotta Desmond had been bestowed instead of the picture of her dead sister performer. Anyhow the main point with the reporter had been to get a photograph—some photograph, somehow. Dealing with individuals of no social or financial importance the Beam quite often made these little mistakes.

As he sat hearing Lotta Desmond's indignant recital Crisp had been studying her. It was easy to appraise her. It was easy to assign her her proper niche in the scheme of existence. She had a young body and an old face. You might call her a youthful hag. Her hair was a straw yellow—darker, though, at the roots where the dye had been carelessly laid on. Her frock was a monstrosity of cheap gaudiness. It combined certain of the primary tints—green, blue, brick-dust red; it might have borrowed its color scheme from a map in an atlas. The jewelry she wore would have been worth thousands if it had been genuine. She had about the mentality of a guinea pig—just about. She should be easy—the customary artifice should amply suffice to cajole her out of any idea she might have lurking in that two-cent brain of hers touching on a claim for cash damages for injury to reputation and peace of mind. So he worked the office trick—he questioned Flynn, as per the regular routine, and he sent a boy to summon Overton before him.

Up to a certain point the game of subterfuge was played through as it had been played many a time before. Overton, faithful and letter-perfect in his part of the penitent criminal, took cue from Crisp's snapped questions and made—or rather began to make—the expected answers. It was not in the book for him to be allowed ever to complete a sentence; he must be caught up sharply with his admissions half framed and incomplete. It was the effect of the confessed delinquent's demeanor that Crisp desired to produce rather than any definite statements which might be remembered and used afterward in the event of punitive proceedings legally forwarded.

In the midst of the dialogue Overton raised his whitish head and looked full into the face of her for whom the scene had been devised. If he had read compassion for his seeming plight in her shallow pale eyes it was more than any other person there read in them. To the rest she seemed still what she had been from the moment of her appearance—a fit subject for Crisp's favorite scheme of deception; a young person indignant, yet somewhat pleased at her elevation into prominence before so many strange men; rather embarrassed, and sure before many ticks of time had passed to be suitably placated by the prospect that on her account a man had been discharged from service and sent adrift. It is not probable either that she reminded him of anybody that he had ever known—of anybody, say, that he might have cared for once upon a time. Past doubt what happened was that regardless of contributory causes or the lack of them this hour chanced merely to be the particular hour of Overton's declaration of independence. It was the hour ordained for his private honor to come forth and walk abroad among men, and since a private honor was a thing which none there had ever credited him with owning, what followed now was all the more unexpected by the audience.

"Stop it, Crisp!" broke in Overton in a voice none there had ever heard him use. "Stop this damn mummery!"

The strangest part was that Crisp did stop—stopped with his eyes goggling in amazement and his lower jaw ajar on a half-finished sentence. He had such a look on his face as a bulldog might have in the event of a sudden counterattack by a bunny rabbit. Overton spoke to the girl.

"Young lady," he said, "this whole thing was got up and staged to fool you—but it ends right here. I never heard of you before and I never heard of your photograph before and I had nothing to do with the printing of it either. But if I'm any judge of such things—and God knows I should be, considering what I know about this shop—you've got a claim for damages against this newspaper and I advise you to get out of here as quickly as you can and go find yourself a lawyer and put your case in his hands. You heard this man fire me just now. Well, he's fired me fifty times before now, but it didn't take because it wasn't meant to. But now it does take, because I'm firing myself here and now."

He swung back on Crisp.

"Listen!" he ordered, and his words came from him straight and hard like bullets from a machine gun. "They call me The Worm round this shop. And that's what I have been and that's what I am—a worm. But you've heard, I guess, that a worm will turn, and that's what I've done—I've turned. And if you open your mouth to me again I'll smash you in it—you white-livered yellow cur dog!"

He set his back to Crisp and the girl and walked away. He nodded a farewell to Flynn as he passed the copy desk, went behind the lockers, came out again with his hat on his head and his coat on his arm; and in the shocked hush which possessed the room he walked out, head erect and shoulders up, for once in his life a figure of force and dignity. The girl followed—a new-formed resolution plainly quickening her to a brisk gait. The city room watched her until her skimpy skirts flipped out the door, then with one accord all present looked toward Crisp.

"The worm turns, eh?" he said casually, half to himself, half to those within hearing. "Well, Flynn, I guess we'll have to find a likely candidate somewhere for the vacancy that's just occurred and break him in."

He checked off sundry letters on the fingers of one hand, repeating the letters aloud as he did so: "W-o-r-m T-u-r-n-s."

And the city room knew that its chief was translating an experience into a headline—a headline which must go to waste.

The "Free and Easy" Outdoor-Coat!

Pelters make the ideal outdoor-coats—they're smart in appearance, comfortably "free and easy"—no bundled-up discomfort about them.

And besides being an outdoor-coat, your Pelter is a top-coat, rain-coat, motor-coat, sport-coat—all in one!

You can't buy a more useful coat for Spring—or for any season, for that matter. Pelters are good for any season and for many seasons—for everywear, everywhere.

Pelters are reversible, too "Gabardine and Leather"—there's a side for every weather". The Gabardine is "Cravenetted" to make it 100% rain-proof.

Get a Pelter this Spring—you'll get more wear and longer wear out of it than any other coat you could buy.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

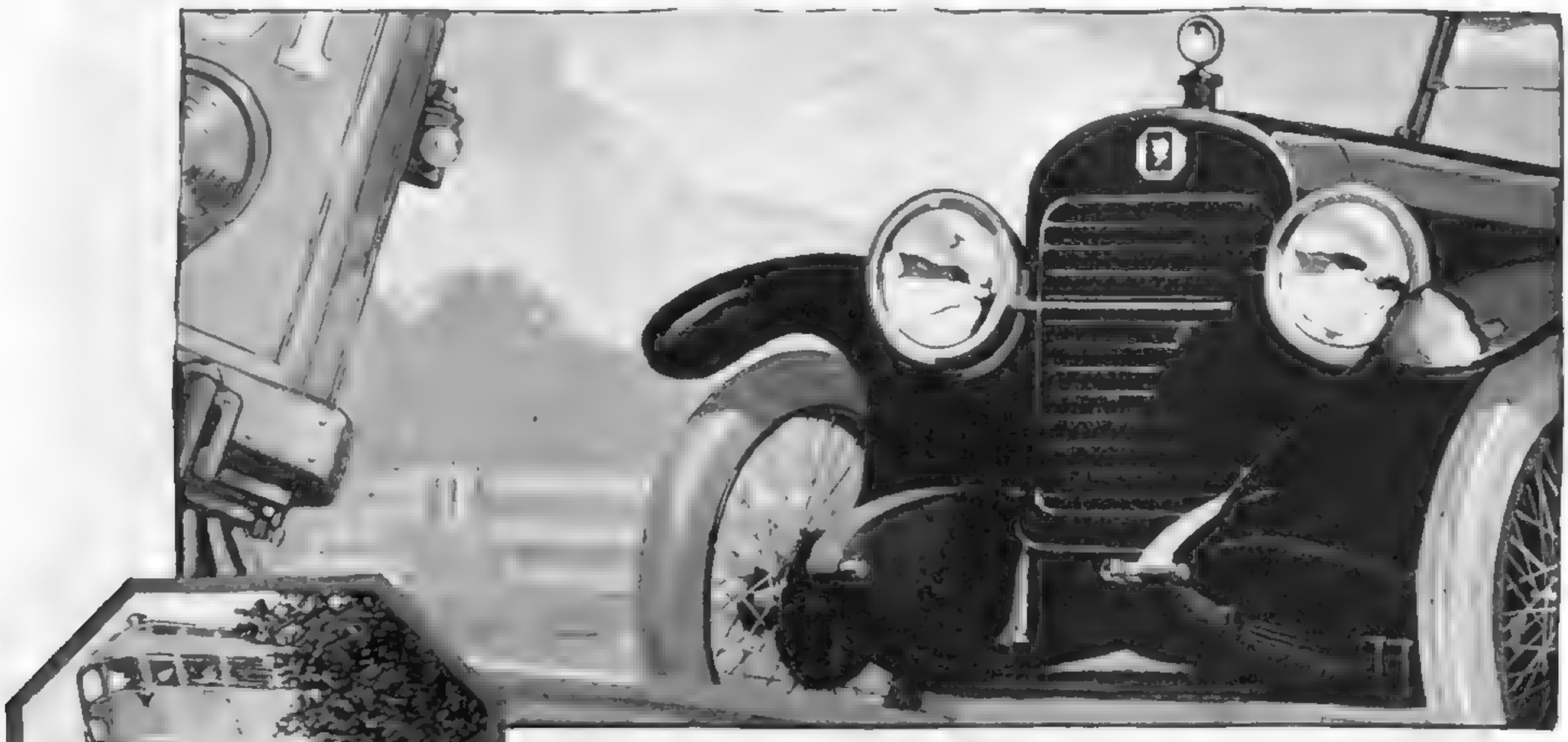
Go pick out your model at the store that sells Pelters. If you don't know one in your locality, write us.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114-116 Fifth Avenue New York City

Columbia Six



The Car for the Critical Moment

If things always "went right" we could drop the word failure from our language.

It is the critical moment that searches beneath the surface and discovers the real stuff of which either a man or a car is made.

With the high-grade parts, the expert workmen, and the immense amount of data today available to all manufacturers, it is no great credit to build a car which performs well under average conditions.

The real difference in cars today is the way they act in those critical, sometimes dangerous tests familiar to every driver—such as abrupt stops, steep grades, sharp bumps and curves.

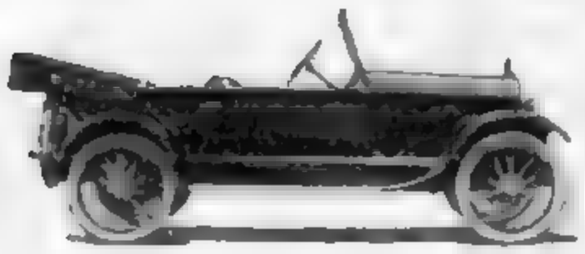
After a Columbia Six owner has been through a number of these critical moments, he discovers the qualities in his car which safeguard him against trouble.

The extra two inches of brake drum—14 inches instead of 12—and easy brake action on a Columbia are no small matters when a sudden stop is imperative.

The automatic radiator shutters assume vital importance when he discovers that even a fifty degree rise or fall in temperature does not impair in the slightest the smooth, even flow of power from the motor.

The same holds true with the non-synchronizing spring suspension and numerous features of similar importance.

These are but examples of the experiences which soon establish a supreme confidence that make Columbia ownership a lasting pleasure.



The Columbia Six Four-Passenger Sport Model—Wire Wheel Equipped

The Columbia Line also includes the following models:

5 Passenger Touring Car
2 Passenger Roadster
4 Passenger Coupé
5 Passenger Touring Sedan

COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Gem of the Highway

COMMON SENSE ABOUT GERMANY

(Continued from Page 13)

This is the most persistent of the Parisian rumors about Germany:

"They are preparing a new war. At this moment they are secretly organizing troops and making munitions. Some day, and very soon, they will attack us when we least expect it." This report is abroad in certain British circles too. With many of the French, even with many who ought to know better, it is a fixed idea.

It seems to me that no candid person looking over Germany just now can swallow such a set of ideas. The outstanding fact about the German people at present is that they have lost their morale. They are not at this moment looking or planning toward a new war of conquest, but crawling out of their present industrial and commercial pickle. I say "the German people." Possibly, nay probably, the old lot who held their prestige by the favor of a throne are planning the new war—on paper. But at this moment these people, though fast gathering courage, are a bit discredited, owing to the disaster which they brought on. As for active steps, with the connivance of the present government, the men whose business it is to observe Germany, and who have seen her at close quarters ever since the armistice, say that it is all moonshine.

Lack of War Material

It is true that, as frequently stated, Germany has a million troops—but mostly hypothetical troops. Under arms, drilled and ready, she has, besides Noske's Reichswehr army, somewhat more than 200,000. She was to have reduced her armed force to 100,000 by three months after the peace, but in view of the danger of internal revolutions the Allied Council has given an extension of time. The rest of the million are certain species of military police and provincial militia at this moment not meeting or drilling, but simply enrolled. They have available infantry arms, since most of the German Army marched back with its muskets. They have not much else. By the armistice terms Germany handed over most of her heavy artillery and aëroplanes, much of her light artillery and machine-gun equipment, almost all her available military transport. These munitions, together with great supplies of captured or surrendered German ammunition, are stored in France as a guaranty against renewal of war by Germany.

And as 800,000 men or so may be enrolled in Germany, so France, still nominally a conscript country, has every man from twenty to forty-five enrolled. Considering the condition of German rolling stock, France could mobilize and send into action this whole force sooner than the Germans could mobilize and send in this 800,000. Moreover, the French Navy—granting the inconceivable, that Britain refused coöperation—could now blockade the German coast. And at this moment Germany loves the thought of a blockade as dearly as the condemned criminal loves that of the rope. As for "camouflaged manufacture of munitions"—the one indispensable to modern munitions is steel. The German steel industry is just now at its wit's ends. As I have stated in a previous paper, the great Solingen cutlery works closed down in February for lack of material at a living price. One of our railroad advisers from one of the new nations visited Berlin the other day to get some essential locomotive parts. He went back without them. They could not be had. Ten thousand crippled German locomotives were waiting at that moment for those very parts. Essen, the heart and center of German munition making in old years, is working at urgently needed industrial steel products on less than fifty per cent of its capacity. Guncotton is essential to explosives making. Again, as I have shown elsewhere, the lack of cotton, the impossibility of buying it while the mark is worth one American cent, is a governing factor in the present German industrial crisis.

Nor is it at all likely that the Ebert government plans so far ahead as to work toward a war ten, fifteen or twenty years in the future. The present government is just meeting the crises as they come, which is enough trouble and to spare. It must manipulate to hold up against the constant pressure from the Right and from the Left. It has on its hands a food crisis and an industrial crisis. It looks forward toward the near necessity of imposing unheard-of taxation, involving probably a levy, which will amount to partial confiscation, on capital. It must face, not later than next autumn, an election whereat every enemy will try to shake its power.

No, official Germany is not planning a new war—for the present. What will happen in the future depends largely on who gets permanent power. If monarchy wins, even constitutional monarchy—look out. Not only is monarchism more inclined to wars of conquest than is republicanism, but German monarchism, even in the small states, has always been identical with the conception of military glory. The kings, kinglings and emperors will gather round them the second generation of the element which loosed this last war; and they will do their best, doubtless, to get a German revenge.

It is also true that the events of the past fifteen months have not tended toward a conciliatory feeling between Germany and her late enemies in arms. There has been too much picking at Germany, for private advantage, from the outside. On the German side, there has been on the part of the Pan-Germans too much deliberate and blustering misinterpretation of the motives and intentions of the Entente Allies and of America. Whether this spirit of hate continues and finds outlet in action depends a great deal on the surge of world thought in the next decade or so. If the military and imperialist spirit prevails in the world, expect the worst from Germany. If nations in general perceive that, what with the new lethal weapons in use since 1915 and the others now in process of perfection, a new general war means just about the annihilation of the white race, it may be different. But the fact remains—at this moment Germany as a nation is not planning war.

"The peace has merely thrown Russia and Germany together. Germany will organize Russia; together they will try to conquer the world. It is our next great danger."

German Advantages in Russia

One hears this not only from café gossips but from press and platforms. A Fiume propagandist is now telling the American people that Italy must have the Dalmatian Coast "in order to prepare for the coming struggle between the Teuton and the Slav on one side and the Latin and Anglo-Saxon on the other." Gentlemen who speak in this strain show some confidence in their own genius for prophecy.

It is perfectly true that all directing Germany is looking toward the commercial exploitation of Russia as a ray of hope in their present darkness. On one side of the thin trench of neutral states lies Russia, rich in productive lands; in forests; in coal, iron and a dozen other useful metals; in water power; rich, too, in superb man power and in high if uneducated intelligence. Probably her natural resources are scarcely smaller than those of the United States, and they are far less developed. What the reorganized Russia will need is organizing power and technical direction. The German is only a little inferior to the American as an organizer, and Germany has more technicians in proportion to her population than any other country.

Before 1914, as we know, the Russian-German connection was close, especially in commerce. The most successful industrial establishments of the Russian Empire were German owned and managed, Russian staffed. That thorough education for specialization which marked the industrial work of the old German régime operated greatly to German advantage in Russia. To work with a people you must know both them and their language; in Russia both are hard to know. Those Germans set aside for Russian interpretation learned that extraordinarily difficult language along with their native tongue, educating themselves in Russian ways and affairs. At least ten Germans, probably, speak fluent Russian to one Frenchman or Englishman. Finally, in dealing with Russia, Germany holds a

Quaker Flour

An Extraordinary Grade

What Every Woman

Should Be Told About Flour

Quaker is a new-grade Flour.

It is made for lovers of Quaker Cereals, who expect a super-quality.

Mark its unique success. Women everywhere discuss it. A million users have adopted it already. Four great mills are required to supply them, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels. No ordinary flour could create such a sensation.

How it differs

Only about half the wheat kernel goes into Quaker Flour—just the choicest part. We make *two* lower grades of flour from the parts we discard.

That's why Quaker Flour is so white, so fine. It makes lighter bread, of finer texture, of better taste.

It is made in model mills by scientific millers.

Chemists constantly analyze it, bakers constantly bake with it—right where the Flour is made. Thus hour by hour the Flour is kept up to the Quaker standard.

Not high-priced

Quaker Flour is sold on a very small margin. So it costs little, if any, more than other standard brands.

Every home can afford it, and most homes can get it if they will. Grocers who lack it will order it.

You will like this better bread, and will have it when you know it. Let one sack show you how this new-day Flour excels.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills: Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian Mills we conform to Government requirements as to percentage of wheat kernel used

3344

master card—proximity. Even with Poland and the newly created border states as a barrier, it is only a little railroad haul across the Polish corridor and narrow Lithuania, Esthonia or Latvia to the Russian market; or, failing that, a short coasting voyage. From England it is a veritable ocean voyage; from France, the breadth of a continent.

The Entente Allies are mildly trying to prevent this commercial union. At this moment, when trading with Russia seems likely to be renewed, the British have piled up stocks in such ports as Reval, ready to get the jump. Poland is being strengthened partly with a view to preventing Russo-German trade.

Applying again the test of common sense it would seem doubtful whether in the long run the effort to keep Germany from taking more than an even part in the exploitation of renascent Russia can succeed without an expenditure of force and effort scarcely worth the trouble. Proximity is hard to beat. Poland has neither the capital, the experience in organization nor the technical skill to do much in directing and exploiting the awakening industries of a new Russia. Spite of her quite natural hatred of Germany she may decide to grasp the secondary benefits rising from transmission. Calculate it however you may, it is hard to see how Germany, having the things which Russia will want, wanting the things which Russia will have, can be prevented from getting the main foreign commercial benefits from a reorganized Russia.

So far, so good. But it is not easy logically to carry the process another step and to infer positively that this will lead to military alliance. Close commercial relations do not always in these days mean national friendships. Often they mean quite the reverse. France and Germany, before 1914, were each the other's best customer. And all those years Germany was arming to attack France, and France arming to resist. No other foreign nation had so strong a hold on Italy as Germany. The greatest commercial banking system on the Peninsula, the Banca Commerciale, was professedly German. In the war Italy sided with the Allies. France has more interests in Spain than has any other foreign nation; her capital is dominant in the Spanish railroads. But during the war most of the governing and capitalist class of Spain was hostile to France. In face of these examples how does anyone dare prophesy concerning the reactions of a people so hard to understand as the Russians?

Prophecy That Goes Wrong

Like the German desire for war, it depends greatly, this peril, on the future course of political events. Russia may go back to czarism, either absolute—which is rather unlikely—or constitutional. Germany may go back, as I have suggested, to kaiserism and to the longing for the place in the sun. Or—which is also unlikely—the Soviet régime may continue in its present form, may develop the lust for world domination, may be willing to unite with a German king. In those circumstances the prospect of a military alliance and a war of world conquest would be too strong for the kingly mind to resist. On one side of the border 150,000,000 people, exceptionally sturdy, essentially brave, inherently intelligent. Behind them a country with resources which, well organized, could defy blockades. On the other side, 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 people with a talent for organization and, next to the French, the best understanding of military technic in the world. They could squeeze out Poland and the other border states in a fortnight. The legions of Germany and the hordes of Russia, fed by Russian resources, directed by German talent—it is a military dream surpassing the vision of an Alexander. But its fulfilment probably requires, first, a pair of emperors, and, surely second, the will of the Russian people. And who is so bold as to prophesy the reactions of the sulphuric Russians?

Prophecy of this sort went ridiculously wrong before the great war. Within a decade before the storm Kipling was warning the British to beware of Russia, "the bear that walks like a man." England entered the war by the side of Russia. Until midcourse of the reign of Edward VII no Englishman thought much of any danger from Germany. The peril across the Channel was, to the old-fashioned Englishman, France. But France and England kept mutual peace from 1815 to 1914—and then entered the greatest of all wars so closely allied that they were like one nation.

Prophecy about the future relations of Germany and Russia has all the authority and historical backing of a prophecy concerning the next throw at poker dice—and no more. It is a possibility, this crushing military alliance between Germany and Russia, with Japan, perhaps, thrown in. It is a possibility strong enough to keep France and England on their guard. It is not a probability, just because there are too many other possibilities.

The general statements heard all last winter to the effect that Germany was working while the rest of us struck and loafed, that she was piling up goods to flood our markets, circulate no longer. The Allied Council has somewhat tardily realized that Germany can never pay the bill unless she is granted raw materials and fed; and the Allied Council is educating the public in order to get opinion back of certain measures that will be resisted by private interests. But from the American newspapers I cull here and there one kind of general statement which gives a most untrue picture of German life and conditions to-day. It has to do with prices in Berlin. For example, an American manufacturer, back from a flying trip, announced to the reporters that living was cheap in Berlin; he had bought there an excellent pair of shoes for four dollars, which couldn't be done at home. I have seen other paragraphs to the same effect. And it might be just as well to set forth here what four dollars, American, means to the average German.

Doughboys Buying Diamonds

The mark is at present worth about a cent—sometimes a few mills more, sometimes a few mills less. It used to be worth a quarter. And the only fair test of living conditions is what a mark is worth to a German.

From the point of view of one who has an American income the situation is a kind of nightmare comedy, best illustrated by the present happy situation of our Army of the Rhine about Coblenz. The humblest American doughboy gets thirty-three dollars a month with free board, lodging, clothes and medical attendance. Reënlisted men, noncommissioned officers and those who perform special services on the side get more. Probably the average soldier in the Army of Occupation gets somewhat more than forty dollars a month over and above the necessities of life. In February the paymaster's department set the official rate of exchange at 100 marks to the dollar. An income of forty dollars a month became 4000 marks a month. Let us say for the sake of easy calculation that the average pay of the enlisted men and noncoms is 50,000 marks a year—which is not far from the fact. Probably no salaried German in our zone of occupation gets as much. The highest salary of a German official in that region is, I believe, only 12,000 marks a year.

Fifty thousand marks a year is the interest, at the conservative rate of five per cent, on 1,000,000 marks—and our doughboy has food, clothes and lodgings thrown in. By this calculation we may behold the Ameroc Force as it appears to the natives of Coblenz—an army of millionaires! And so they deport themselves. In such a situation as now confronts Germany the rise in prices always lingers far behind the fall in the exchange value of money. For a long time the price of diamonds in and about Coblenz was about $100 a carat. Doughboy report has it—with what truth I know not—that the New York price is about $500 a carat. Whereupon they all saved or borrowed, and invested in diamonds. When they bought rings for themselves they wore them. When they bought rings for the girls at home they wore them also—on their little fingers. Nowadays as the drill sergeant commands "Carry arms!" a banding glitter runs along the line.

Translating commodities back into American terms, a good razor costs thirty cents; a string of real amber beads for your girl, one to two dollars; a walking stick, from ten cents to a dollar; a bottle of champagne, forty cents. Not, of course, that our boys ever buy aught else containing the dangerous drug, alcohol. Though in a far country our boys are too observant of the spirit of our just laws, too noble. Small wonder, then, that the United States Army is very contented with Coblenz and vicinity, and that when that lively little doughboy newspaper The Ameroc News published Senator Lodge's statement, "We will have our Army out of Germany in May," a gloom settled over the middle courses of the castled Rhine.

Of course the truth about values is established by comparing the price of commodities with that real standard, the price of a day's labor. Let us see how this works out in Berlin, say, or in Leipsic, the one the capital and also the most important manufacturing town in Germany, the other a city that exists through industry and trade.

As a result of strikes and favoring government measures workingmen's wages have been steadily advanced since the armistice. A common laborer now gets two marks an hour, a skilled mechanic three and a half marks or sometimes four. The forty-four-hour week is now universal. Therefore the laborer, if he has steady employment, earns eighty-eight marks a week; the skilled workman, 154 to 176 marks a week. To get American values calculate the mark as a cent.

As I have explained in the previous article, all food except game and poultry is theoretically rationed in Germany—and only theoretically. The people will not abide by the government system of rationing, which is below the starvation line anyway, and the government has not the machinery of enforcement. You draw your government rations at reasonable prices, and to keep yourself alive you buy the rest of your necessaries from illegal traders. For example, at the end of February the weekly government allowance of bread amounted to one small loaf per person; the weekly allowance of butter was one thin pat. Working people cannot live on that. From the back-door traders, whom everyone patronizes, the Berlin prices in February, calculated on an American avoirdupois pound, were roughly as follows: Butter, thirty-five marks; sugar, sixteen marks; flour, six marks; eggs, 2.2 marks apiece; bacon—very rare—twenty marks; pork, twenty-eight marks. Beef came cheaper—twelve to fourteen marks a pound. But the beef is poor and stringy, owing to the low feeding of the stock. It contains little fat, and the tissues of Germany are still crying out, as they have since 1914, for fats.

On fuel cards 100 coal briquettes, each about as big as an egg, cost 8.5 marks. But the government is far, far behind on delivery. A family I know waited from November until the second week in February before it got its first hundred government briquettes. Such experiences are universal in Berlin and common enough elsewhere. For cooking—let alone heating—one must patronize the trader. From him briquettes cost forty marks a hundred, and wood from seventy-five to 100 marks a cubic meter—about a fifth of a cord.

Costs in Terms of Work

To get our basis of comparison, then, let us take a common laborer with steady work. He earns at most eighty-eight marks a week. Ignoring his necessary expense for government-rationed bread, for rent, for fuel, for transportation if he lives far from his work, his week's pay will get one pound of butter at thirty-five marks, one pound of sugar at sixteen marks, two pounds of beef at twelve marks a pound, and six eggs. Read the current prices in your morning newspaper, figure the total cost in current American money of a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, two pounds of beef and six eggs, and you find what a laborer's weekly salary means in Berlin.

As a matter of fact the German laborer and his family are not getting butter, eggs and beef. That is impossible. In addition to the government ration of bread they are living on potatoes and turnips, with just an occasional slice of bacon or some other species of fat. A German factory which has never had any labor sabotage, where the men profess themselves willing to work, finds the productivity per hour per man seventy-five per cent of the prewar figure. An American-owned Berlin factory where there has been a bit of communist sabotage sets the figure at sixty-four per cent. The difference in the German factory, most of the difference in the American factory, is due to malnutrition. This nation will not be in a position to pay its just debt until it puts some fat on its bones.

At Leipsic some prices are lower than at Berlin, and some higher. Beef, which costs twelve to fourteen marks in the capital, is sixteen marks at Leipsic; whereas eggs are respectively 2.2 and 1.8. Pork, quoted in Berlin by the under-the-hand traders at twenty-eight marks, is in Leipsic thirty. Wages are about the same. Clothing is cheaper in Leipsic; so in order to err on the side of conservatism let us take the Leipsic prices in considering how much it really costs a laborer to clothe himself and his family. Sometimes a pair of leather shoes for a workingman or a workingwoman can be had as low as 100 marks. But an average price for brogans is 250 marks, or about three weeks' pay of a common laborer at eighty-eight marks a week. The cheapest shirt for a man is eighty marks, nearly a week's pay. The cheapest overcoat costs 1000 marks, or two and a half months' pay. The poorest quality of lisle stockings for his wife will cost him two days' pay, a winter coat for the baby nearly two weeks' pay. The cheapest shoddy winter skirt for his wife will cost ten days' pay. The poorest quality of white cotton goods, such as we use for linings or for the sleaziest sheets, is twenty-five marks a yard, nearly two days' pay. The *ersatz* nettle cloth has risen to twenty-one marks a yard. These are Leipsic prices. In Berlin cloth and clothing prices, I should say, run about twenty per cent higher. So much for what the mark really means.

High Prices and Low Wages

"Speaking economically," said a German, "our middle class at this moment is tending to disappear. Part, through speculation and graft, are rising into the economic upper class; most of the rest are fading back into the economic lower class." For a great part of the middle class, lacking the weapon of the strike, is in bad straits. Stenographers, for example, get now 400 to 600 marks a month. The lowest of these salaries is a few marks a month better than the earnings of the common laborer; the highest, lower than that of the skilled mechanic. The rank and file of government employees, a class numerous and conspicuous in Germany, get 600 to 800 marks a month. A full university professor gets 600 to 700 marks a month. Teachers' salaries run from 450 to 600. These people are under that constant disability of the middle class—keeping up appearances. They must dress decently, must wear clean linen. Well, in Berlin the shoddiest men's suits are now 1200 marks, and an ordinary quality of women's leather shoes 300 marks. The most highly paid woman stenographer—an expert, usually handling one language besides German—must pay two weeks' salary for a pair of shoes.

A government employee of whose affairs I gained intimate knowledge receives 800 marks a month. He works in Berlin. To save money he has moved to the suburbs, where the family lives in two rooms and a kitchen. His commutation ticket, his rent, and a commissary most exactly calculated to keep life in himself, his wife and their two children, cost him just short of 900 marks a month. For the deficit of 100 marks a month, for clothing, for the children's schoolbooks, for the score of other items in a middle-class family budget, he must fall back on his prewar savings and on the money he got when he sold his household furniture in Berlin.

The American Quakers are the agents for most of the relief which, under the fund intrusted to Hoover, we are extending to the undernourished German children. They keep careful record of cases, including the occupation and worldly circumstances of their parents. One day while I was visiting their offices in Berlin a list of families whose children were conspicuously undernourished arrived from East Prussia. Two-thirds of the cases came from professorial or teaching families.

This is perhaps enough to show what existing German prices mean to a German.

"Germany has had a complete collapse of morals."

There is probably more in this than in most of the current rumors and reports. Let me omit the always tangled and involved question of sex morals. Though they are possibly pretty bad, in Berlin at least, the victors have not found after-the-war conditions an especially fertile soil for purity. Moreover, such difficulty as I have outlined above in making both ends meet leads always to an increase of public vice.

(Concluded on Page 99)

Have you ever before seen an advertisement of a shovel?

This is the first shovel advertisement ever seen in a general magazine. This question may come to your mind: Is there anything to advertise about a shovel?

When any manufacturer advertises his product, his purpose is to show how it differs from competing products. Until Red Edges were put on the market six years ago, there was not a great deal of difference between makes of shovels. Each concern made about the same line.

But the essential factor—the steel from which the blades were made—was always carbon steel. Some years ago the limit of wearing qualities of carbon steel was reached. To get a steel with greater resistance, various industries began to turn to alloy steels. The automobile maker, for example, to vanadium steel.

And so we searched for an alloy steel that would be harder and at the same time tougher, and offer greater resistance to abrasion and fatigue. We found it in a special Chrome-Nickel alloy steel. We have our own rolling mill where we roll the sheets from which our blades are fabricated. In modern furnaces these blades receive exact heat treatment. Thus we produce a blade as hard as tool steel and as tough as spring steel, with resistance to abrasion that permits the blade to wear down as slowly and evenly as an edged tool. A blade that will not dull or nick, buckle or bend.

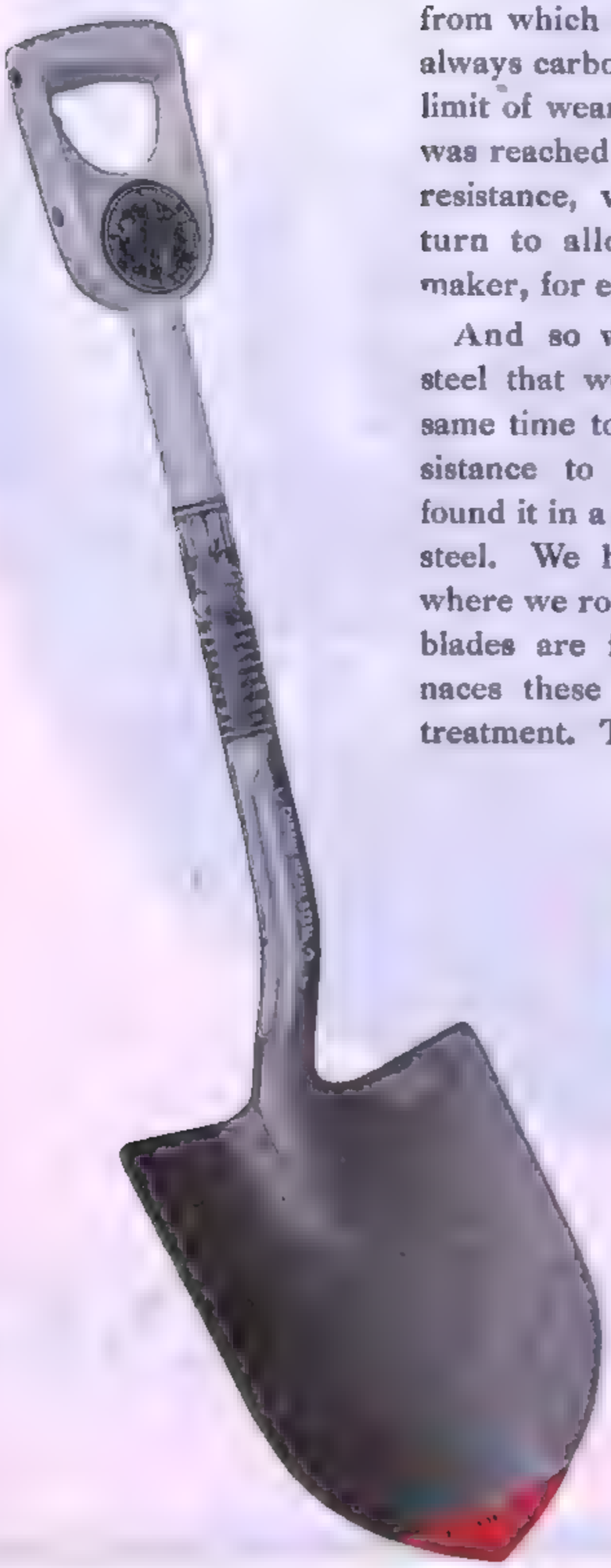
We attach a handle made in our own factory from second growth Northern White Ash. Then each completed shovel must pass several severe tests for strength, toughness and hardness before the Red Edge trade-mark is placed upon it. (Note the mark left by the Brinell test on the blade.)

Testimony to the endurance of Red Edge shovels by railroads and other big users has been so eloquent that we have trebled our plant capacity and are now ready to say to every user of a shovel spade or scoop, whether you buy one at a time or in quantities—here is the finest shovel that can be made.

So at last there is a shovel with something to advertise.

How Red Edge Shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—no doubt the leading hardware store in your town—for it, or write to us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania



WYOMING

RED EDGE

SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES

The trademark which ider

VICTOR TALKING

ntifies all Victor products

This famous Victor trade-mark is the public's unfailing proof of Quality—of artistic leadership. It means to the public what Caruso's name means to opera-goers—*the absolute certainty of hearing the best.* It appears on all

Victrolas and Victor Records

MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, N.J., U.S.A.

Copyright 1920—The Palmolive Company

Simple home treatment which makes your hair thick and beautiful

Are you satisfied with the condition of your hair? Is it thick and glossy, as healthy hair should be, or is it thin, dry and brittle?

In this case begin at once the simple home treatments explained in this advertisement. Follow them faithfully and they will soon stimulate your hair to healthy, vigorous growth.

Only 10 minutes a day—an hour every two weeks

These treatments require so little time no woman should neglect them. It takes only 10 minutes a day for the brushing and massage which brings healthy blood circulation to the scalp and keeps the hair soft and smooth.

These daily treatments must have the foundation of a scalp thoroughly clean to the tiniest pore. You can't allow dirt, dandruff and excess oil to clog pores and hair cells. You must learn to give yourself a scientific shampoo. Hasty, careless washing and drying is quickly followed by bad results.

Use Palmolive Shampoo

First, you should use Palmolive Shampoo, the scientific shampoo mixture, in which every ingredient has been selected because it is beneficial to the hair.

Ordinary soap is not suited for shampooing. Even when you melt it carefully, its composition does not agree with the hair.

Palmolive is made from palm, olive and coconut oils, scientifically combined into a wonderful fluid cleanser. You massage this potent cleanser into the scalp, so that it penetrates every pore, removing every particle of dust, oil and dandruff.

This massage produces a wonderful thick, profuse lather which brings out the beautiful natural color of your hair and leaves a becoming, glossy sheen.

Send for the free double sample of Palmolive Shampoo

Send for the *Free double sample* of Palmolive Shampoo which is gladly sent free on request. You will receive two trial size bottles—one for each of the washings necessary for a thorough shampoo.

We invite correspondence on all questions regarding the scientific care of the hair. All questions are conscientiously answered, in confidence.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

PALMOLIVE

Directions for shampooing

If your hair is inclined to be very dry, rub a little vaseline into the roots before shampooing.

Pour about a tablespoonful of Palmolive Shampoo into a cup. Be sure to wet the hair thoroughly with water before applying. The wetter your hair the thicker the lather.

Then apply with the finger tips, massaging lightly into the scalp. The rich lather will envelop your head like a cap.

Wash the entire length with this profuse stiff lather. Rinse thoroughly. Then—repeat.

Brushing and massage

Between Palmolive shampoos your healthfully clean hair should have at least ten minutes brushing and massage every day.

Massage comes first—vigorous manipulation of the scalp with the ends of the fingers for at least five minutes.

Then finish with thorough brushing. Separate your hair in two sections and brush each thoroughly. This keeps your hair clean and glossy between washings.

(Concluded from Page 94)

Let me stick to the question of commercial, marks-and-pfennigs morals.

Before the war international commercial agencies used generally to list the German second as a moral risk, the Briton being first. Characteristically, the individual German paid his debts, delivered the goods, lived up to his obligations. When it came to the collective commercial morality of the German system there was a different story. "They won't take bribes," said an experienced South-American trader, "but they're great bribe givers." That artificial code inculcated by the 1870–1914 régime—"Anything is right in the interest of the state"—justified these tactics. The defenders of the German system announced with pride that there was no graft in their government, whether national or municipal. That probably was not entirely true. Certainly there was graft in the German administration of Belgium. But it was relatively, even practically, true.

And now—the outstanding thing to anyone who visits the loud district of Berlin is the stories he hears of graft, of unfair profits, of paper fortunes wrung by sharp methods from the present necessities of the nation. In the tenderloin region of the capital flourish two or three great dancing establishments, half a dozen highly decorated restaurants. They are filled nightly with a crowd of rather flashy men whose evening clothes look extremely new, with women who seem strangely dowdy on first sight but whose gowns on closer inspection prove to be very smart—only they don't know how to wear them. Diamonds flash everywhere; the check room is a veritable exposition of fine furs. There is a new slang expression for these people—*Schiebers*. We have no exact equivalent for that word. In meaning it is a little more invidious than "profiteer," and perhaps a little less insulting than "grafter." They are the people of impermanent fortunes gained from the distresses of the present situation. They are spending wildly because the future is uncertain, because, with the mark tumbling, to save is to waste.

How did they get their money? Some, probably a small minority, by making munitions during the war; a greater number by speculating in necessities. As the mark falls, prices rise. But they advance slowly and irregularly. Between each drop of money and each rise in prices is a period of delay which is the speculator's opportunity. Finally, there is another class which is making big money through plain graft—breaking the law by connivance with those set to enforce the law.

A Bit of Berlin Gossip

This story was told to me as a piece of gossip on the day before I left Berlin: The government has set an embargo on the exportation of certain articles needed to restore industry. On the list is a certain commodity which Holland wants badly. "A friend of mine," said the narrator, "made 500,000 marks in that stuff last month. Sold it in Holland. He got a job in a wholesale house so that it would look all right to order a large consignment. Then he slipped it across. How? Well, I'm not telling, but it cost him only 20,000 marks overhead charges."

I do not, of course, certify this story as true; but you hear similar tales every day, and any experienced reporter knows that where there is so much smoke there is usually a great deal of fire. And one has only to try to live and do business in the center of Berlin to see how the habit of tip-taking or bribe-taking—whichever you wish to call it has touched every class. The city is overcrowded. In all hotels, of the second class at least, you get your room only by bribing the clerk. You put a rush telegram through in crowded times by bribing the operator. Owing to the shortage of cloth and labor he who orders a suit of clothes from a tailor must wait five or six weeks to have it finished. But if you are in a hurry you can get your suit in a week by bribing the cutter. Permission to export is required on nearly all consignments of goods leaving Germany. Many a foreign trader has waited and kicked, week after week, wondering why his permission to export had not come through. Finally, he has seen the light, quietly slipped a few hundred or a few thousand marks into the proper palm—and received his permission next day.

To digress for a moment: It used to interest me, watching the loud Berlinese dancing places, to wonder where that money being so casually blown to the winds came from.

It has been very easily and lightly won—by its present owners. But of course no money is easily and lightly won in the beginning. Every cent and pfennig of it was wrung from the hard soil of a reluctant earth. Think far enough back along the line of economic fact, and you realize that what they are spending is the difference between the mark in 1914 and the mark in 1920. Gretchen Schneider, stenographer, painfully saved 5000 marks before the war, managed to keep it intact during the war. The purchasing power of the mark is at present one-eighth, at most, of what it was in 1914. Her 5000 marks are now, in absolute value, really only 625 marks. And these people of the houses of joy are spending the shrinkage of Gretchen Schneider's 5000 marks.

The Hoover Organization

They are really dismal places, these dancing floors; the joy is even more artificial than in most cabarets, which is saying a good deal; and from behind the glittering or fishy eyes of half-intoxication look out tormented souls. I cannot think of them without remembering by contrast a scene in Leipsic. Under the Hoover organization we are helping to feed the undernourished children of Germany. The American Quakers do a large part of the work of distribution. However, in Leipsic this charity is maintained by British funds, and conducted by a Miss Hobhouse. Two thousand school children, picked by physicians as the worst cases of malnutrition, are given a supplementary luncheon designed to build them up. The meal is served in the school building. Each child brings a basin and a spoon, and receives—to be eaten on the spot—a portion of stew consisting of milk, macaroni, eggs and butter, together with a big sugar bun.

I attended one of these feedings. They surely needed it! Not a face in the room showed the normal rosy roundness of childhood.

They were pasty, they were drawn.

My guide, an American, went down one bench, lifting their eyelids to show me that the lining was not pink, as in a normal eye, but corpse white. And, gods of hunger, how they ate!

As we left the building my guide was explaining to me that these children must eat it all up on the place. Just then I glanced down from our carriage and saw that two little boys running along beside us were each hugging something under their gray capes, made from their fathers' soldier overcoats. I peeped inquisitively. They had secreted their buns and were furtively carrying them off—I imagine to their mothers.

A pound of wheat or a can of condensed milk, imported from America, costs twenty-five times what it would cost were the mark at normal. That is the crux of the present food shortage in Germany. And still one of those 4500 bottles of fine wine purchased nightly in the loudest of the Berlin dance halls would buy several cans of milk, even at present prices. I wonder if this spending jag is not the greatest present immorality of Germany.

And yet, looking over the country, one begins to find evidence against the theory of a total moral collapse. There is, it is true, a great deal of stealing and robbery; but that may be due to the loose grip of the present government. Every European nation involved in the war has had to reckon in the past year with a crime wave. Just before I went to Germany I had my dress clothes stolen from my room in a London hotel. The manager, upon hearing my complaint, received it with a bored and accustomed air, whereas I am sure that before the war he would have been shocked by the damage to the reputation of his house. And in Belgium, before the government restored its grip, the countryside was harassed by bands of robbers.

On the other hand, American agents in Berlin say that the individual firm deals as fairly as ever. Then one of the Quakers called my attention to a small but significant point. He has traveled widely in Germany, and has eaten on dining cars all over the republic. Now these cars are run on the à-la-carte plan. When the meal is finished the waiter comes along, asks each guest what he has had, and collects accordingly. He himself never keeps count. "Now you couldn't maintain that system long," said the Quaker, "with a people wholly devoid of morals!"

And after you have observed and meditated long enough you hit upon an illuminating distinction. The German is still relatively honest in his dealings with his individual fellow man. He has become conspicuously dishonest in his dealing with the government, with his collective fellow men.

They are paying for the old system, that is all. The German conception of the state, as inculcated in every German by the state schools, was fundamentally immoral. The interests of the state took precedence of all morals. It was right to murder, lie, steal, commit forgery or unchastity, for the state. In their relation to the state itself the German people were kept square not by conscience but by orders. Drill-sergeanted, surrounded by strictly enforced verbotens, they were never allowed to develop any public morals for themselves. In their relations to the state and to their collective fellow men they were good because they were told to be good, and obedience had been drilled and hammered into them.

A Slander Against France

Now they are, theoretically at least, free men, citizens of a republic. They have been pitched into their freedom without any preliminary training. And they are wabbling as they reach to find natural morals. In this as in everything they are paying now for the essential wickedness of the old régime. But even with this allowance the situation is somewhat appalling. If the republic endures not the least of its future troubles will come on the day when it tackles the question of graft, as most republics have had to do at some period in their history.

While we are correcting rumor and propaganda by truth and common sense we might touch on one little slander against the French, very widely circulated by pro-Germans and by others who bend back in their efforts to be fair. It has to do with the delivery of German milch cattle to replace the herds killed or commandeered from Northern France during the occupation. We are led to believe that the French are preparing a slaughter of the innocents by depriving the German babies of milk. These are the facts:

The Germans are a great pork-eating people. Moreover, a pig, even when lean, consists mostly of fat, whereas a lean steer has very little fat on his carcass—and the cry of Germany, from 1915 on, was for fats. So the national pig herd dwindled steadily from 25,600,000 in 1913 to 10,080,000 in 1918. The beef herd showed no such decline, especially in the female branch of the species. Omitting the bulls, bull calves and steers, Germany had 11,300,000 milch cows and heifers in 1913, and 9,300,000 in 1918. The goat herd—and in Germany goat's milk is used to feed children—actually increased from 3,500,000 in 1913 to 4,100,000 in 1918. These figures come from British Government sources, but let me say I have checked them from German and American sources and believe them substantially correct.

No Change of Heart

The reason for the present milk shortage is lack of fodder. The country never did produce enough hay and grains for its stock; great supplies came from near Russia. Besides, the 1919 harvest was probably only sixty or seventy per cent of the prewar normal. The cows, being underfed, are giving only a small percentage of their normal milk this winter, and they tend to go dry early. May brings fresh pasture; that is also the calving period, when most cows come in, and in May the milk supply will increase beyond the needs of the infant population.

The milch cows and heifers numbered, as I have shown, 9,300,000 in 1918. The herd has increased, perhaps almost to normal, since that period. How many of these are in milk it would take an expert German dairyman to say. Since a heifer usually becomes a milch cow before she is two years old, I should say not less than 6,000,000, perhaps more. Now the French expect the delivery of only 80,000 milch cows—from one to one and a half per cent. With a consideration not allowed them by their enemies they have postponed this delivery until May, when the German herd will be coming into full milk. Finally, the babies of Northern France are about as badly off for milk as those of Germany.

These attempts to refute rumor and propaganda by truth and common sense will not be taken, I hope, as pro-Germanism. The main interest the writer of these lines takes in Germany just now is in seeing her restore that awful mess across Belgium and the North of France, caused by the wicked act of the system which the German people permitted to grow up among them.

In the vital first year and a half after the cessation of hostilities most of the men who directed world policies toward Germany have played the game generally not as economists or even as statesmen, but mainly as politicians. Had their policies been maintained we should have seen the nation which is, after all, the workshop of Europe, placed beyond the possibility of payment. Common sense has come at last into the Allied counsels; but a little late.

Having said all this, it is perhaps time to remark that no one should be so foolish as to expect that Germany will take with Christian meekness any terms, no matter how light, imposed upon her. By every device of trickery she will try to wriggle out. Of course Germany has had no change of heart in the theological sense. That never happens to a nation in a day. She does show in quite large spots encouraging signs of a new orientation of spirit, a facing toward the light. But no one need expect her, especially in her state of undeveloped public morals, to kiss the rod. That bill, whatever it is, will take considerable collecting!

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HERE it is—posing for its picture. No clanging bells or shrieking sirens. No red lined coats. Nothing spectacular.

Just a few skilled workmen—yet these men save the ladder and the engine crews many a trip by making roofs fire-safe with Asbestos. For the time to put out fires is before they start. And there is no better way to prevent roof communicated fires than by covering roofs with Asbestos.

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FIRE PREVENTION

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

SEEING THINGS AGAIN

(Continued from Page 19)

of pleasing welcome, that he liked. He had paid the Birds Nest lots of money in his time, and he felt at ease inside its doors. He stepped jauntily up to the glove counter.

"I've got a pair of gloves here," he said to one of the girls at the counter, "that split right up this finger first time I put them on."

The girl nodded listlessly and took the gloves.

"Did you pay cash," she queried, "or were they charged?"

"Cash," said Pine.

He produced the purchase slip. The girl glanced at it—still more listlessly.

"Oh," she said, "you bought these—when?"

"Christmas," nodded Pine. "I just tried them on for the first time to-day."

The girl sniffed.

"We can't change anything at this counter after three days," she said.

She yawned as she said it—yawned politely, just as they do up on Riverside Drive, New York, behind her hand.

"But don't you see," said Pine, "these are defective gloves?"

"Exchange counter," said the girl, thrusting his property into his hands—"six aisles up—three aisles to the left. Try there."

Pine tackled the exchange counter. He stood in line. Other customers were exchanging other things. Two ladies just ahead of him had an easy time. Each had an article that somehow wasn't just as it should have been.

"Did you pay cash," queried one of the exchange clerks of the ladies, "or was it charged?"

In each instance, so it seemed, it had been charged. The exchange clerk tossed the rejected goods into a corner, filled out and handed out two credit slips. It was all over—for the ladies. Then Pine entered the arena of events. He felt nervous and apologetic. He told his story all at once, or tried to. He handed in the pair of gloves.

"Did you pay cash or were they charged?" queried the clerk.

"You see," repeated Pine, "first time I put them on to-day they ——"

"You paid cash," nodded the clerk, looking at the purchase slip. Then she shook her head. "These were bought in December," she protested. "You know we don't change after three days."

"This is not a quibble—or a whim," said Pine. "The gloves are quite defective. Split—that finger there. Six-dollar gloves. Christmas present—yes. But I didn't try them on at Christmas; I just tried them on to-day. Just started to wear them ——"

"Oh," said the clerk, "they've been worn ——"

"No," said Pine, "I merely started in to wear them—tried them on. They split."

"They're too small for you," nodded the clerk.

"A size too large," said Pine. "I always get a size too large."

"You want your money back on them?" queried the clerk with a shake of the head.

"I want a good pair of gloves back," said Pine.

The clerk brightened.

"In that case," said the clerk, "take them to the glove counter. They'll exchange them there. You should have gone there in the first place."

"I went there in the first place," said Pine, "and they sent me here."

"Glove counter," said the clerk, washing her hands of the matter.

Pine started off—and then he stopped. He wanted to see what luck the next man had. He listened at a respectful distance for five minutes. The more he listened the more he became puzzled. There was a catch somewhere. He couldn't make it out.

Musing, he went back to the glove counter. He had to wait a while before he could get the attention of a saleslady. Meantime he watched the saleslady—and her sisters—sell goods. The more he watched the more puzzled he became. Here was a mystery for him to solve. At length his saleslady was at leisure. He pressed forward.

"They told me at the exchange counter," he explained, "that these gloves were up to you."

Then he explained all the details—twice; some of them three times. The girl took the gloves and looked at them.

"Oh," she cried, "the finger of this glove is split."

"Yes," nodded Pine.

"They're defective," said the girl.

"Yes," returned Pine meekly.

The girl, without looking at him—in fact, she had ignored him all along—now raised her voice.

"Mis-ter Hep-ler! Mis-ter Hen-der-shot!" she cried.

Pine looked about him. He saw no unattached males in the offing. The girl laid the gloves and the purchase slip down on the counter and waited on a customer.

"Wait a bit," said Pine. "Where is Mr. Hepler?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," returned the girl.

"Mr. Hendershot then?" persisted Pine.

"I haven't seen him," said the girl.

"But," insisted Pine, "about these gloves." He drew forth his watch. "Great guns!" he exclaimed. "I've got to be in court at eleven o'clock. It's almost that already."

He grabbed the gloves and the purchase slip. He made off. Behind him the young lady sang a rhythmic song:

"Mis-ter Hep-ler! Mis-ter Hen-der-shot!"

Pine took it on the double-quick for the First Precinct Police Station. He was late in getting there, and as he rounded the corner a bulky individual climbed ponderously into a big machine that stood throbbing at the curb, gave a direction to his driver and was off. The bulky individual was Doctor Leary, the physician whose name had been forged to the prescription of the night before.

Pine dashed up the court-room steps and made his way through the ill-smelling unfortunates who were crowded together on the benches. The fox-faced man was at the bar. Juliano was on the bench—a sympathetic, fresh-faced young Italian judge who had been appointed recently. Pine nodded to him with the assurance of the busy business man.

"I'm a witness in this case," he said to the judge. "I must apologize for being a bit late."

The court was affable.

"Sorry that you had to come," returned the judge. "As it turns out your presence is unnecessary. Doctor Leary came, but I sent him away. The man has confessed."

Pine looked at the man with considerable interest. A change had taken place in the appearance of this fox-faced individual. He still wore his fur-lined overcoat, but it was soiled as though it had been dragged across the floor. His hair, which had been neatly dressed the night before, now hung in pointed fingers over his face. His face was dirty. Yes—and something else. His eyes and nose kept twitching—he hitched his shoulders now and then.

"There's nothing for me to do, Mandel," said the judge to the fox-faced man, "but to hold you for the grand jury in three thou——"

"Judge," cried the fox-faced individual, gripping the railing in front of him with trembling hands—"judge, you can do more than that for me! You can send me away somewhere—to be cured. Listen, judge! I must get away—I must get away from drugs! I must—I must—I must, I tell you!" This insistently, as though he were issuing a command. "Listen! Never have I done harm to any man—never, never, never—only to myself! Once a fine young business man, judge—and now a wreck. Yes, I did sign that piece of paper—yes, I did—I did! For what? To do harm to myself; not to the doctor, not to you, not to anybody else—just to myself! I was crazy—I was frantic, judge—frantic for the drug! It is a good thing that it happened. It has shown me what a drug will do, for you must send me away, judge—a good business man once. A fine young business man I was until I took this cursed drug ——"

Pine stared at the man, then sidled up next to a big plain-clothes man, one of the two who had swooped down upon the Four Corners Pharmacy the night before.

"Where would the judge send him—to get cured?" queried Pine of the officer.

"Drug cottage at County Hospital," said the officer.

"When will he get out if he goes there?" queried Pine.

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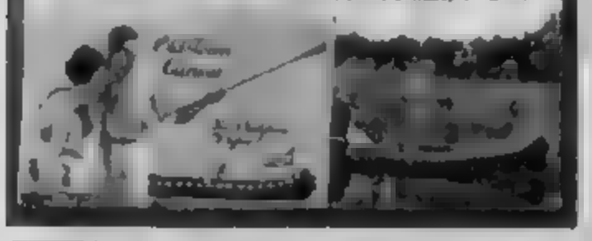

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"When he's cured," returned the officer.

Pine stepped back to the railing. He smiled as he did so. It was all so clear and plain to him—the whole thing.

"May I say a word, Your Honor?" he requested.

"In this case?" queried the judge.

"Yes—yes," said Pine.

"Judge—judge," pleaded the fox-faced man, "you must send me to get cured—you must, you must, you must!"

The judge held up his hand. An officer silenced the prisoner. Pine stepped inside the railing.

"Judge," said Pine with the assurance of a man who knows, "this man is not a drug addict at all. Look at his eyes—they are as clear as yours or mine. Look at his skin—it has a healthy pallor. He is no more addicted to the use of drugs than I am myself."

"But he confesses that he is," protested the judge.

"Judge," said Pine, "this man came into the Four Corners Pharmacy after two o'clock this morning. Outside it had been raining pitchforks. He had as little wet upon him as it was possible to have. That fur-lined overcoat of his—it didn't have a spot on it. His shoes were new and well polished—he's scuffed 'em up a bit since then. His hair was carefully brushed, his face and hands were clean. He was recently shaved. He gave no sign of nervousness. I'll swear that he wasn't under the influence of a drug. He conversed rationally and sat down and read a newspaper while he waited. When the officers took him there was no change in his demeanor."

"Are you a doctor?" queried the court.

"I am night clerk at the Four Corners Pharmacy," said Pine.

He didn't tell the judge how very recent his advent at the drug store had been; nor did he tell the judge that he was drawing upon his ordinary powers of observation and not upon his specific experience in any particular line.

The judge looked at the fox-faced man carefully. Pine had puzzled him.

"Why should he confess that he is a drug addict?" queried the judge.

Pine smiled again—it was all so transparent.

"Judge," went on Pine, "if the man is not a drug addict—if he is not a drug addict, then who is this man? We do not know him at the Four Corners Pharmacy. He is new to us. He hands in a prescription that calls for twenty dollars' worth of heroin. The officers found a big roll of bills upon him when they caught him. And they found nothing to identify the man. What does it all mean if he is not a drug addict? It means that the New York headquarters of some underground drug-selling syndicate has suddenly run out of heroin—and one of the principals has jumped over to our town to get a batch of stuff that he can sell for ten times what we charge him. Look at him well, judge. Is there a police surgeon anywhere about?"

There was—in the next room. They brought him in. The surgeon took a look or two at the fox-faced man. The surgeon shook his head.

"You can't hold this man as a drug addict," the surgeon said; "not on my evidence. You'll have to let him go."

The judge darted a glance of gratitude toward Pine. Then he got out the statutes and ran his finger down a page.

"I'll hold you," he said to the fox-faced individual, "in ten thousand dollars for the grand jury. Bring on your bail."

Pine was jaunty, his step was springy and Delsartean as he left the court room. He had accomplished something; accomplished it as he liked to accomplish things—swiftly. With his head in air, he started off on a three-and-a-half-mile walk for home. He drew on his gloves—and then remembered. He had to finish something at the Birds Nest. The life and jauntiness went out of him. He felt unaccountably humiliated. Perhaps, after all, the changing of his gloves was a detail he could leave to Puss. She was employed in the office upstairs; she could probably get them changed by a turn of the wrist. But no—something dragged his unwilling feet back to the department store. He had a mystery to solve.

He didn't even know what the mystery was, or why it was a mystery. But it was there, nagging at him—he must see the thing through. Cowed and humbled, he once more presented himself to his lady of the glove counter.

"Did you pay cash?" warbled the young lady, "or were they charged?"

"Cash," said Pine.

"But you know ——" she went on.

"Yes, yes," said Pine. "We got considerably farther than that when I had to go away. You were calling for the manager of the department."

"Oh," said the girl, "you're the man that sneaked out on me then."

She glanced at him suspiciously; she held the gloves as though they might be poisoned.

"Will you call him again," said Pine, "I'll take it up with him."

"Mis-ter Hep-ler! Mis-ter Hen-der-shot!" pleaded the young woman, glancing off into space.

Pine waited five minutes. Then he turned to her again.

"Who's that fellow at the end of that bargain-sale counter?" he demanded.

"That's Mr. Hendershot," said the girl.

"He's been there all along," said Pine.

"Mis-ter Hen-der-shot!" repeated the girl.

Mr. Hendershot remained stationary.

"I'll go up and root him out," said Pine.

He took the gloves and the purchase slip—both quite limp and discouraged looking by now—to Mr. Hendershot.

"Look at these gloves," said Pine. He explained carefully and in detail. "First time I tried them on," he assured the man.

"That's all right," said Hendershot. "We'll send them to the factory."

"I don't care what you do with them," said Pine. "I want a new pair of perfect gloves for them."

"The factory will send us a new pair," said the man, "if they find they are defective."

"They'll find 'em defective—if they look close enough," grinned Pine. "How long will it take 'em?"

"About three weeks," said Hendershot. "If you'll come in round the first ——"

"Oh, no," said Pine, "I've lost interest in the factory. I need a new pair of gloves to wear to-day. That's the only decent pair of gloves I've got."

"Best we can do for you," said Hendershot, "is to send them to the factory—unless you want us to try and sew 'em up here at the store. That," he added, "will take a week."

"Sewing up won't do," said Pine. "I want a good new pair of gloves right now."

"Mis-ter Hen-der-shot!" warbled a female voice from somewhere down the line.

Mr. Hendershot relinquished the gloves, intimated that he was very busy and left Pine to his own devices.

Pine went home—very hot under the collar. Once home, he rooted out of his desk some of his old business-letter paper—handsomely engraved; a long envelope, also engraved—and a small envelope to boot. He wrote a letter to the superintendent of the Birds Nest Store. He explained the situation. He inclosed the gloves, the purchase slip, the smaller envelope—the latter stamped and self-addressed. He had just closed and stamped the big envelope when he heard the postman's whistle. He answered the whistle and opened the front door.

"Do you mind mailing that downtown for me this afternoon?" he said to the letter carrier.

The carrier took it, nodding.

"And there's just one for you," he said.

Pine took the incoming letter and shut the door. The envelope gave him a start. It was of a size and quality used for social correspondence, and it was addressed to him—John Porter Pine. The curious thing about it was that it was addressed in the handwriting of his wife. What the devil did Puss have to say to him by mail? He tore it open. Inside was a missive from the Birds Nest; a plaintive missive, done on a Birds Nest letterhead—at the top of the sheet the engraved notch of a tree; in the notch a bird's nest; on a twig the father bird with a worm dangling from his beak; within the nest the mother bird and a nestful of birdlings; all just as it had been since 1869; a fine, appealing trade-mark, including the assurance that within the Birds Nest could be had everything for every member of the household. Pine examined the missive very carefully. It was not a process letter by any means. It was an original epistle addressed to him—as though he were the only person about whom the Birds Nest was concerned. The signature was undoubtedly the genuine signature of the store manager. The envelope was plain, innocent of any identifying print or mark.

And this is what the Birds Nest had to say to Mr. Pine. It said it with tears in its voice—with a worm in its mouth:

"*Dear Mr. Pine:* It is more than a year since your name has appeared upon our books. Up to that time you had been one of our most valued customers. We have missed your use of your account. Six months ago we wrote and told you so, but have had no answer to our letter.

"Why?

"Have we offended you? Have we been at fault?

"If so, let me assure you personally that our fault was unintentional. Let me assure you that the Birds Nest, with its fifty years of experience and solid success behind it, has never been so able to afford you such supreme satisfaction in price, quality, integrity and service as it does to-day.

"Come in again and look us over. Come in and see me personally and have a talk about it. Faithfully yours,

"L. H. S. MEYER, Manager."

Pine was still up and round when Puss got home that night. Puss looked him over with the same anxiety that he looked at her.

"You've had a good sleep, Porter," she exclaimed. "You're looking fine."

"Yep," said Pine, "and you can go to bed. You looked fagged out this morning—you look all in to-night."

"Oh, I am!" said Puss wearily. "We've got an awful job. It's been p. d. q. all day."

Pine showed her the Birds Nest letter.

"These?" he queried.

She nodded.

"Meyer is crazy," she went on, "because for a whole year now our steady customers have fallen off. We've lost account after account—and there's no accounting for it."

"Is Standish crazy too?" asked Pine.

"It's just Meyer," returned Puss. "He's been there for ten years, and he built his job on the number of accounts that he was able to place upon our books. 'Get 'em on your books'—that's his idea. He can't see anything but that. 'Get 'em on your books—then you've got 'em.' That's Meyer. And this last year—it's been appalling. He's got us all fidgety. I think he's getting Mr. Standish worried too."

"Standish should worry," grunted Pine, "what with the Birds Nest, and Paradise Patch to boot. Easy Street! The Birds Nest is doing business—I passed through it to-day on my way to court."

"It's not doing the business that it ought to do," said Puss—"at least Mr. Meyer claims it isn't. He's sore as a boiled owl, Porter, and he takes it out on us."

Porter put his wife to bed, took her up her supper and told the children not to bother her. By the time he had disposed of them it was time to go to work. He went to work, taking with him the letter that the Birds Nest had so plaintively addressed to him. He laid it on his cashier's desk at the drug store and studied it from time to time. He remembered what Puss had told him about Meyer, the manager. Good enough! Undoubtedly a man with a single-track mind. This man Meyer needed a jolt. And if Pine lived he was going to hand him one. But not yet; not just now; not until Pine got some action on the gloves. He got some action—quick. Two days later he got a letter of apology and a credit slip for six dollars' worth of anything he chose to exchange it for—gloves or money or anything else. He spent another night studying this letter. He made it whisper to him of things between its lines. And in the morning, after a bath and breakfast at his home, Pine—armed with his correspondence—walked into town and had a brief chat with Mr. Hendershot of the glove section in the Birds Nest store. Mr. Hendershot read the letter of apology—he turned color.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to write?" he said. "Now I get hell."

"Why didn't you give me a decent pair of gloves when I asked you for them?" queried Pine.

This time he got a decent pair. He tried them on, found them all right. He left them on. Then he stepped jauntily to the elevator and was whisked up to the general manager's office on the top floor.

"I want to see Mr. Meyer," he announced.

"Name," said Mr. Meyer's guardian angel.

Pine was well heeled. He produced a beautifully engraved card, one of his special

(Concluded on Page 106)

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Actual photograph taken outside Northwestern Station, Chicago, showing Berman taxi at right.

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GOODYEAR

Taskmaster of Tubes, the Meter

Few motorists can speak with as much authority on the subject of tubes as the pilot of a taxi cab.

For five years, Benjamin Berman's meter has clocked Chicago's streets as he carried his fares on Goodyear Tires and Tubes.

Pounding over the asphalt, thudding against the curbs, grinding in the car tracks, think what punishment is meted to the tubes.

Yet Berman's tires last almost unbelievably long and he attributes their longevity to the constant use of Goodyear Tubes.

The life of a casing is, of course, dependent on the quality of the tube. And Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are unusually staunch, built up as they are of pure gum strips, placed *layer-upon-layer*.

These tubes, which come packed in heavy, waterproof bags, cost no more than tubes of less merit.

Surely it is poor economy to risk a costly casing when such faithful protection is available.

Like all Goodyear Products, Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are built to protect our good name.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

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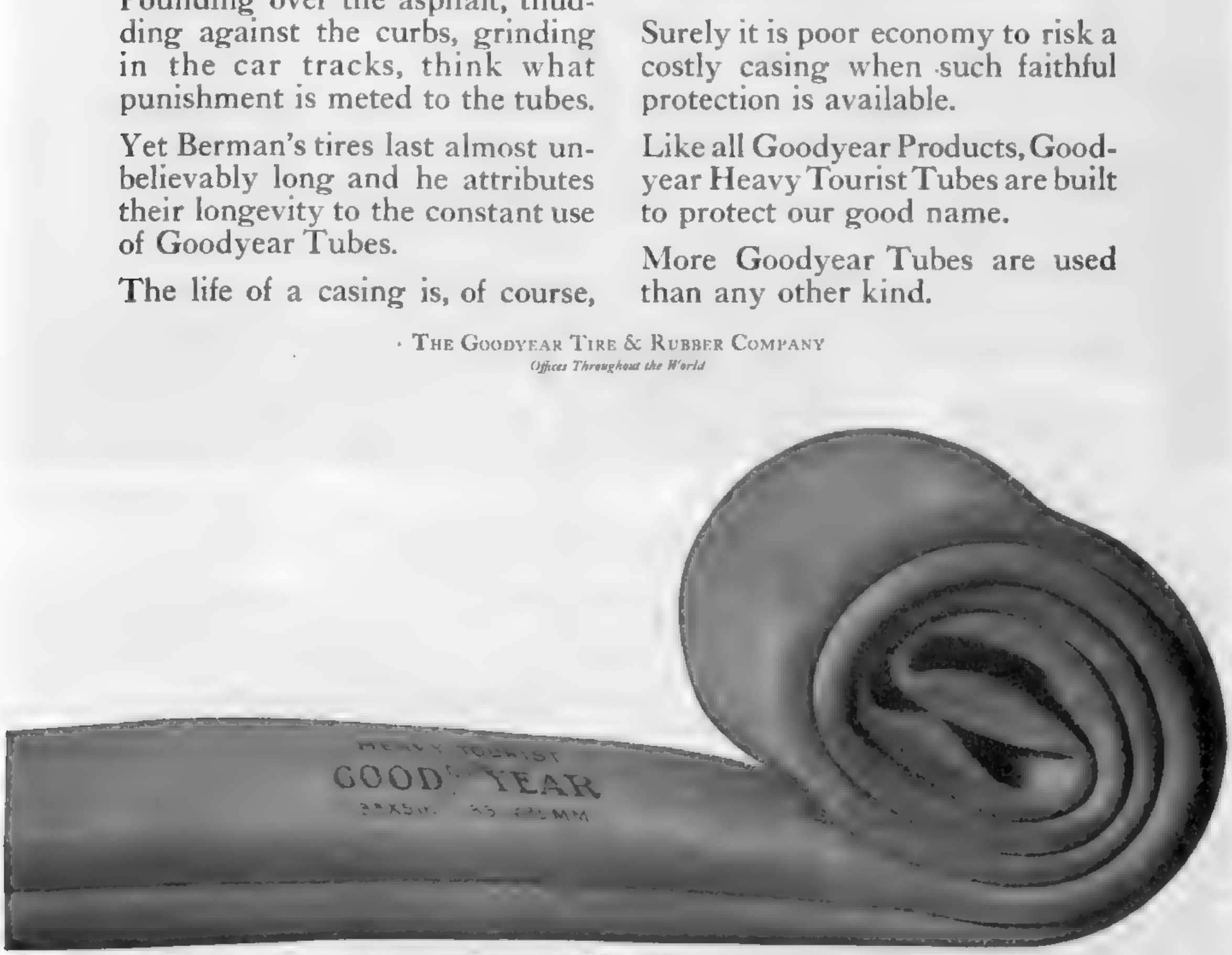

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

(Concluded from Page 102)

business extravagances—or essentials probably—of the old days.

"And—what about, Mr. Pine?" queried the clerk.

"About this letter that you sent me," returned Pine.

He produced the touching appeal that he had received a day or two before. Such a letter was always open sesame in the general manager's office. Pine was admitted forthwith. As he went in he hastily removed his overcoat, which hardly bore inspection. His suit of clothes was good. The general manager shook hands with him.

"Mr. Meyer," said Pine, "I want your attention—about that letter—for the space of twenty minutes. Can I have it?"

"You most certainly can," said Meyer. He pushed a box of cigars across his desk.

"Mr. Meyer," said Pine earnestly, "there are some things about your own business that I can tell you—some things I know now better than you know yourself."

"I want to hear them," said Meyer, settling down in his chair.

"You've built up such a wonderful property here," said Pine, "that I hate to see it go to the dogs."

"Go to the dogs!" cried Meyer, sitting up again.

"Of course," said Pine, "the Birds Nest is not the only department store in town. The Cash Store does business, Mr. Meyer. So does the Green Store round the corner."

Mr. Meyer held up his hand.

"We match the Cash Store on prices dollar for dollar, Mr. Pine. And the Green Store—what is it? Run by New Yorkers who don't know this city; who don't take the trouble to feel the pulse of the people of this town."

"The Birds Nest for mine," said Pine. "It is, as you say, the home-town store."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Mr. Pine," said Meyer.

"The Birds Nest never pushed me for a bull. It always patted me on the back—made me feel comfy. My store," said Pine.

"That's the way to feel, Mr. Pine," said Meyer.

"I take it," said Pine carelessly, "that this letter that you sent out was more or less a circular letter."

Meyer grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"A good deal more personal and particular than you think," he said. "It is a year since your name appeared on our ledger. That's your case, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Pine. "But notwithstanding that my wife has been buying at the Birds Nest ever since. We've been sticking to you just the same."

"Paying cash?"

"We've been paying cash," nodded Pine. "And since I got your letter I've made inquiries. A lot of people that I know have been paying cash instead of running up accounts."

"Well, of course, I guessed that - to some extent," said Meyer.

"People have found out—I mean those people who have had to curtail on account of the high cost of living—they've found out that they can't trust themselves to run up an account. It's too easy. In other words, Mr. Meyer," grinned Pine, "they have dropped their accounts for the same reason that you wanted them to keep them up—it runs to too much money."

Meyer passed that over with another shrug.

"Then ——" he returned.

"Then and therefore," went on Pine, "you perceive that my account was not discontinued because you offended me; nor was it discontinued because you were at fault. I have kept on coming just the same."

"Good!" said Meyer. "That is, indeed, good news. But you have made a grave mistake, Mr. Pine, in discontinuing your account. You will find it much easier and much simpler—from your own standpoint—to have things charged. Let me illustrate ——"

The door opened. Standish, the owner of the Birds Nest Store, came in. He saw that Meyer was busy, and was about to back out when he caught sight of Pine. He came over and shook hands.

"Oh, you know Mr. Standish, do you?" queried Meyer.

"Yes, I know Pine quite well," grinned Standish.

"I wish you would sit down, Mr. Standish," said Meyer. "Mr. Pine has just been telling me ——"

Pine caught Standish's eye.

"I was just going to tell Mr. Meyer," said Pine, "about this pair of gloves."

"What pair of gloves?" queried Meyer. "We were talking ——"

"This pair of gloves," said Pine. "My wife bought me a pair of gloves for Christmas—bought them here. A day or so ago I put them on for the first time; they split. I brought them back to this store. It took me two hours solid—and a few insults in the bargain—to discover that I couldn't get a new pair for them unless I waited for a month. And even then there was a doubt."

Standish became immediately interested.

"Can you point out the clerks who were objectionable?" he asked.

"I can, but I won't," said Pine. "That isn't what I'm here for. The point is this: I wrote a business letter to the store. Inside of forty-eight hours the gloves were mine—this new pair. There's your letter of apology."

They both read the letter. Pine waited until they had finished.

"Now," he said, "why is it that my letter, written inside of five minutes, got for me what my personal attention for two hours of time couldn't get me? Tell me that."

They knew the answer, but they couldn't just put it into words. Pine saw he had them.

"The answer, gentlemen," he said, "is simple. My letter, the instant you got it, was a record—a store record. It was in black and white. It was a kick and a request. It got me immediately what I wanted. Why? Because for the first time during the course of the whole transaction I was on the records and I couldn't be ignored."

"Well," said Meyer, of the single-track mind, "that settles the matter so far as the gloves are concerned. But I want you to tell Mr. Standish here about ——"

"I'm telling Mr. Standish here about everything when I've told him about that pair of gloves," returned Pine. "The whole question hinges on your records. If your records show a fault you rectify it. If they don't you can't."

"But we always do," said Meyer.

"Listen," returned Pine; "explain this to me: Two years ago my wife could come in here and make fifty purchases inside of two hours' time. I've talked to her about it within the last few hours. Her name was on the books. A few days ago I stood behind people whose names were on your books. They wanted what I wanted. They were disposed of inside of half a minute. It took two hours of my time to discover that you declined to dispose of me at all."

Meyer nodded his head.

"The advantage," he said, "of running a charge account. If your name is on our books we know you. If you buy for cash we don't know you. There is inevitable red tape. There has to be a difference."

Pine shook his head.

"Not the difference between half a minute and two hours of time," he said.

"But ——" began Meyer.

"Go on, Pine," said Standish.

"I'm going back," said Pine, "to the first proposition. You didn't lose me as a charge customer because of any fault of your own. I became a cash customer for reasons beyond your control. Hundreds of your old stand-by customers have dropped their names from your books for the same reason that I dropped my name from your books. I decided to buy for cash."

"You see," said Meyer to Standish, "it is not the fault of the system."

"It isn't, eh?" cried Pine from his side of the desk. "Your system is rotten to the core. Don't make any mistake. I repeat it—rotten to the core!"

"Explain," said Meyer.

"Nothing easier," said Pine. "Tell me this: What happens here in your store when a charge customer stops buying? I'll tell you what! The last few sales made to that customer are investigated. The salesman who made them is raked over the coals. Every effort is made to determine who is at fault in the matter. Am I right?"

Meyer nodded.

"What else could we do?" he asked.

"What's the result?" went on Pine, sure of his ground. "Every clerk, every salesman, every delivery boy is placed on edge, with just one object—to look out for the welfare of the charge customer. Why? Because the charge customer has got his name on your books. If the charge customer's name is wiped off your books death and destruction follow in the wake of that disaster. But the cash customer is an unknown quantity. Don't I know? Your clerks beam on charge customers. They don't care one tinker's dam for the man who buys for cash. They let him whistle down the wind. For why? Because his cash shows up on your ledger, but his name does not."

Standish stared at Pine, he stared at Meyer; Meyer stared at Pine.

"You're the first man," said Meyer, "to put it just that way."

"Of course," said Pine. "And do you know why I'm the first man to put it just that way? Simple again! Customers don't complain; they're too indifferent of your success. The cash customer that you insult goes over to the Cash Store and lets you whistle down the wind. You haven't had any serious call-downs from your customers. And your salespeople surely aren't going to complain of their own treatment of cash custom."

"It is part of their duty to suggest reforms," said Meyer.

"Ah," smiled Pine, "but you won't find them suggesting reforms that add to their burdens. If they have to treat cash buyers with the same consideration as they do charge customers they'll be tired out when they get home nights. And nights, these days, aren't made for that. Now, gentlemen," went on Pine earnestly, "you can take it or leave it. I'm telling you that to-day is the day of cash accounts. The guys that have got money buy for cash. And those that haven't got it can't afford to do anything but buy for cash. And that bunch will go, by gosh, to the store that treats 'em right. And your store isn't doing it—no, sir!"

Meyer flushed uncomfortably. He stole a look at the face of his employer—a fearful, shamefaced glance.

"Mr. Standish, what do you think?" he asked.

"By gum," said Standish, "I believe the man is right! We've been standing round here waiting for him to come along and tell us something that's under everybody's nose. I say he's right."

Meyer thought about it for a moment. It was taking him time to switch that mind of his onto another track. Finally he nodded.

"And I, too, say you're right," he finally conceded. "Let us go farther, and see what you suggest."

"Oh," said Standish, shrugging his shoulders, "you and I can dope out something, Meyer. We'll have a conference of our department heads this afternoon."

Pine shook his head.

"Won't do you a bit of good," he said. "What you've got to do is to convince me. No good convincing yourselves. It all comes down to me."

"How—to you?" asked Standish.

"You forget," said Pine, "that I'm your average-sized cash customer. I'm the man you're after, am I not?"

"What do you suggest?" persisted Meyer with a new note of pleading in his voice.

"Mr. Meyer," said Pine, "let me show you something." He caught up the circular letter that the store had sent him. Swiftly he tore it into shreds. "How many of these letters have you sent out?" he inquired.

"Well ——" said Meyer uneasily.

"Hundreds?" ventured Pine.

"Yes."

"That's what happened to the bulk of them—what I just did to mine," said Pine. "I tell you, you've been barking up the wrong tree. Your charge customers know your virtues so long as they remain charge customers. What you've got to do is to reach every cash customer in town, and you've got to do it by a double page in every local paper every night so long as you can see results—and then some."

"What shall we say?" queried Meyer with his pleading tone. He had got to a pass where he couldn't think for himself.

"Tell him," said Pine, "tell your cash customer that you've been treating him like a dog since the year one. Tell him what you've done to him, and how you've done it. Give him instances—there's drama in my gloves. Tell him what a boon he is. Tell him he doesn't cost you any money to keep books for him; that he doesn't keep you waiting for his money, that you don't lose interest on his account. Tell him straight that you're going to turn over a new leaf. Tell him that from now on you're going to treat him right."

"And let him know we've always done him dirt?" cried Standish with a sneer.

"Yes," said Pine, "and he'll read it. Every man in town will read it. Every woman. Every child who's been sent in to the Birds Nest by her mother to make a change or buy for cash. Read it? They'll eat it up. You'll hand 'em something that nobody's handed 'em before."

"Nonsense!" said Standish.

Meyer rose.

"Not nonsense, Mr. Standish," he retorted. "Mr. Pine is right, and we are wrong. That advertisement goes."

It went. Ten days after its first insertion in the local papers Pine sauntered in to see Meyer once again. Meyer shook hands with him enthusiastically.

"Results—results already! Already, Mr. Pine!" he said.

"Of course," said Pine, and now his voice held a note of pleading. "Mr. Meyer, Standish has told you who I am. Standish regards me as a failure, Mr. Meyer, because he finished something that I started. But he wouldn't have finished it if I hadn't started it first."

"Paradise Patch," nodded Meyer.

"Mr. Meyer," went on Pine, "he's already told you, I take it, that I'm only a night clerk at the Four Corners Pharmacy here in town."

"Yes—and I've seen you there," said Meyer.

"Mr. Meyer," went on Pine, "sometimes I find I have the faculty of seeing things that other men don't see; things that don't show up in any system. I have no rule of thumb. When I came in here the other day I didn't come in here for my health."

"No," returned Meyer soothingly, "though Mr. Standish thought you so foolish to spend all your time on us like that."

"I did it for a purpose," nodded Pine. "I want a job—a job that you can make for me somehow or other. All I want is just a job with pay enough so my wife won't have to work to help support my family. Let me tell you, Mr. Meyer, that I am a paying proposition. I want a man's wage; that's all I ask."

Mr. Meyer slowly shook his head.

"Mr. Pine," he said, "we have nothing for you—not a thing. The only men who can take up the idea you gave us and who can put it through are skilled, experienced department-store men. Those we have; those men we must depend upon. I tell you honestly, there's no place that I can make for you."

"Suppose I talk to Mr. Standish then," said Pine.

"It will do you no good," said Meyer. "In the end it will be left with me."

"And there's no chance with you—of a decent job?"

"Not a chance in the world," said Meyer.

He drew forth his check book.

"Part of our system in this office," he went on, "is to reward any of our employees who make suggestions that are good. Frequently we pay a hundred dollars to a single employee. You have rendered us important service, Mr. Pine, and we took advantage of your suggestion. A hundred dollars—I am going to pay you, Mr. Pine, just double that."

He handed over a two-hundred-dollar check.

When Puss got home that evening there was trouble in her fine eyes. There was something she had to tell her husband, and she didn't know just how to do it.

"Porter," she began, "you remember the other morning when I called you up you were saying to yourself that it couldn't be helped; that you couldn't help anything."

"Yes, I know," said Porter. "And it can't be helped, I know."

"The one thing that you worry about is that you're no good—that I'm just as good as you."

"Yes," said Pine. But he didn't say it in his customary dejected sort of way.

"I hate to tell you, Porter," went on Puss sadly, "but you'll have to know it. Standish has raised me ten a week, just because he pretends to think that scheme of yours was mine. He claims to think I put you up to it. He says it was a jolt—a good one—and he's much obliged to me."

"You're sorry that you spelled the word—you hate to go above me," smiled Porter.

"But I didn't spell the word," said Puss.

Porter caught her to him. His eyes were glowing as he kissed her.

"Puss," he exclaimed, "you don't have to worry about me any more. A miracle has happened to me. Puss, I'm back! Glory be, I'm seeing things again!"

MOTOR WHEELING

THE Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel attached to a bicycle provides a practical means for everyone to "get there" on time, and back again with continuous smooth going—"*that's Motor Wheeling.*"

Chucky, bumpy or rutty roads hold no terrors for the motor wheel, for it lithely adjusts its position upward or downward as the road surfaces vary—it carries you over seemingly impassable places *without effort, strain* or *shock*.

Sportsmen, vacationists and lovers of the great outdoors prefer motor wheeling nowadays. Not merely because they enjoy the convenience and economy of the motor wheel, or because of their admiration for its consistent performance where the going is easy, but because of its wonderful ability to carry them safely and surely over untraveled paths to nature's isolated nooks and recesses.

There's a new delight—a *treat*—in store for you when you secure your motor wheel. Just attach it to your bicycle, mount and "away you go," secure and happy. The cheery Putt! Putt! of the motor creates a sense of reliable companionship, while its flood of power *urges you; pushes you; hurries you,* merrily onward, without effort, delay or excessive expense.

Any Briggs & Stratton dealer will be ready and willing to tell you all about the motor wheel. Call on him, try it out—and permit the motor wheel to *sell itself.*

You'll want a copy of the S. P. edition of the book, "Motor Wheel and Flyer." You'll enjoy it and profit by the message it contains. Mail a post card now. *The book is free.*

Bicycle, Sporting Goods, Hardware and Implement dealers without motor wheels in stock are urged to specify their requirements promptly.

BRIGGS & STRATTON MOTOR WHEEL

BRIGGS & STRATTON COMPANY-MOTOR WHEEL DIVISION

GENERAL OFFICES AND WORKS — MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN

Your Retailer Knows About "Northern Tissue"

No hesitation now about ordering paper for the bathroom. Just say "Northern Tissue" to your retailer, across the counter or over the phone. He will know at once what you want.

You'll appreciate the fabric-like texture of Northern Tissue—a quality that's comparable to the softness and delicacy of the finest Irish linen.

And you're sure of uniform excellence when you buy by this brand. Every roll of Northern Tissue is free from imperfections. Every snow-white sheet protected from dust and germs by an inner wrapper of glazed, white tissue.

Just say "Northern Tissue" to your retailer—today.

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS, GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Also Makers of Northern Folded Towels

Northern Folded Towels—
convenient, sanitary, economical.
A clean towel for each
pair of hands.

Northern TRADE MARK Tissue

WANTED—TEN MILLION HOUSES!

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largest single factor in this situation, is the decline of building, not only throughout the war but for a long period in advance of that event. In practically all nations building was suspended during the war, except as it was necessary and vital to the requirements of armies and navies. England, for example, built a great many houses during the war as a part of her industrial problem of turning out that vast supply of munitions with which she was finally able to bring her full power to bear upon her enemy. Some of these houses were permanent and they have proved a great blessing. Others were temporary structures, designed to serve for war needs only, but thousands of these are to-day in service, though they are small and a great trial to the housekeeper, and are no more than makeshifts.

The United States Government also built a great many houses, and these, too, have proved a great blessing. It was a pity that the building of houses was stopped on the signing of the armistice, for a good many thousands of houses, many of them partly completed, might thus have been added to the supply, to the great advantage of the nation. As a financial venture it is also certain that the Government would have been better off if it had gone on and finished those houses, rather than to abandon them and thus write off the loss in wastage, which it will be obliged to do. But Congress was not alive to the seriousness of the housing shortage.

The Builders' Fears

But this at once raises the question: Where is the private building business in this extremity? Why is it not operating at full blast, building houses everywhere? The fact is that it is quite largely inoperative, so far as the building of houses is concerned, and the housing shortage is not being diminished through house-building operations. It is not keeping pace with our normal rate of growth, nor has it kept pace for years. What are the reasons? The answer is here an easy one, for it is the high cost of building which has deterred investors from tackling the problem of houses. Not alone the high cost of building at the present moment, but also the fear—or the two fears—that the cost might go higher before a building operation could be carried through, and also that the cost might drop after a fairly brief period and thus leave the investor with housing property on his hands which could be duplicated for less money, and thus reduce the value of his investment. The first fear is based upon the difficulties of making contracts either for building materials or for the labor necessary to fashion them into houses. The second fear appears groundless, for it does not now seem that building costs will be reduced in the very near future, though no one can give a guaranty to that effect. At the present time these factors are the largest obstacles that stand in the way of a widespread resumption of house building.

The answer of the maker of building materials is that he is in the same predicament as everybody else. He cannot reckon his future costs, either of raw materials or of the labor necessary to convert them into house-building supplies. We are living on a hand-to-mouth basis. It is hard to get supplies, hard to get adequate transportation, hard to get workmen. They on their part are perplexed with the cost of living and the uncertainty of the future, and though they are to-day receiving the highest pay they have ever known they are not producing so much output in a day as they did before the war, and they are the victims of that peculiar malady for which we have coined the words "industrial unrest." Of course, the higher their wages go the more their houses cost; the less work they put into house building in return for their wage the less house they also get for their money, whether they buy or rent. It is all a kind of disturbed ants' nest at the present moment; only we have no such communal consciousness as that which enables the ants to meet and conquer any kind of disaster without loss of either energy or time.

A third factor is money. The great majority of small houses and apartments are built on borrowed money. Those who usually lend money for such purposes have been unwilling to take the risk. The larger sums needed under higher building costs made the investment look doubtful. Also the question of taxation here plays a large part. At the recent Mayor's Housing Conference in New York City an official of one of the great money-lending companies stated that unless building mortgages up to $40,000 were relieved of taxation no building program could be contemplated, and the situation was "fraught with peril and disaster." What does this mean? Apparently it discloses the fact that there are other factors besides the risk of the investment which deter lenders from advancing money on housing operations. Such loans are taxed. There are forms of investment in the shape of Federal, state and municipal securities which are tax free. Therefore it is easily supposable that investors and lenders are preferring to put their money where it suffers the least from taxation.

But an abatement of the tax on building mortgages merely shifts the burden of taxation. It might help to ease the present situation, but it is doubtful whether it would permanently lower the cost of housing. Exemption from taxation is a form of subsidy. England and Holland grant such a subsidy directly out of the national treasury. Is exemption from taxation a better form? Will it start house building? Even if it does, is it the way to inaugurate a solution of the housing problem? All of which goes to show the number of factors and conditions that enter into the question.

Boosting Apartment-House Values

Now it is true, as anyone may calculate for himself, that the cost of renting houses or the cost of building new houses has not increased proportionately as much as the cost of food and clothing has increased. There are cases, no doubt, where landlords have taken advantage of their tenants and have made them pay an unduly high rent. There has been profiteering in rents, undoubtedly, but that is inevitable under our present law of regulating prices by supply and demand.

Naturally rents had to rise, in common with the rise of other things. House owners found their cost of living going up and the cost of repairs mounting by leaps and bounds. They were entitled, under the laws of business, to raise their rents to meet the higher cost of their own living and the higher cost of repairs. It could not be helped, and there is nothing to show that the great majority of landlords have been guilty of profiteering. In some cities where apartment houses predominate, as in New York City, it has been considered smart business to buy an apartment house on the basis of the existing rentals, then raise the rentals to an unfairly inflated figure and sell out on the new basis of the higher rentals. Renters of apartments have been unable to defend themselves from these and similar piratical speculative enterprises, for which no words can express our contempt.

The British Housing Act

Where do the house hunters come from? Why are there so many people seeking houses in the United States? There are only two answers. The country is growing, and each year it grows larger. The rate of increase has probably diminished somewhat, as the new census is likely to show, because immigration has dwindled to an almost negligible quantity, and it is also probably true that our national birth rate will show a decline. But it is also very likely true that neither of these causes, as operating to diminish the number of new houses needed, will offset the fact that the possible smaller rate of growth must be applied to a larger number of people. For example, a ten per cent rate of increase applied to fifty million people would give an increase of five million; but a six per cent rate applied to a hundred million would give an increase of six million. In other words, in spite of all causes, there are good grounds for believing that the country has grown in numbers more than during any previous census period.

But the second factor in the house shortage is due to another cause, perhaps one of the most serious factors with which civilization has to reckon. There is a sure but steady tendency on the part of the people of the United States to desert the rural areas, the farms, the small villages for the industrial centers and the large cities. No one knows what the census of 1920 will show in this respect, but it is almost certain, following the lessons of history the world over, that we shall discover that our population in cities has increased much more than our population in the country districts. This is a serious and even a menacing factor in our national life, and it is bound more and more to produce a badly balanced development, unless ways can be found for correcting it. Indeed, as later will be shown, the housing problem is very much complicated by this factor of countryside desertion and should be examined very carefully with that fact in mind.

England has been struggling with the housing question for a great many years. During the war there was an attempt to formulate a plan for rehousing many millions of the workers of England. This attempt crystallized in the passage of the British Housing Act, in July, 1919. Under the terms of the act the communities of England were made responsible for providing houses for their unhoused and badly housed population. The law made it compulsory for each community to submit a plan within a prescribed time, under penalty of having the central government step in, build the necessary houses and assess the community for the cost.

But Parliament recognized this fact: On account of the increased cost of labor and materials it would be impossible to build decent houses for English workers at a price that would make them a paying investment. In other words, the workers could not afford to pay a rent that would cover the cost of retiring the loan raised for building the houses and of paying the annual cost of insurance, upkeep and repairs. Therefore the government proposed to charge off the extra cost of housing, as represented by that part of the investment which would be unprofitable. For example, if a house cost $5000 and the worker could afford to pay a rent based on only a $4000 cost, there would be a loss on the first cost of $1000.

This loss the government proposed to divide between the community and the nation at large. The Housing Act provided that each community should levy a special tax, the proceeds of which should be applied to that loss, but as it was figured that the sums so raised would not cover the deficit Parliament agreed that the balance of the loss should be borne by the national treasury.

The Building-Guild Plan

But at the end of six months the plan had produced so few houses, due to the difficulties encountered by the communities in raising loans, the high cost of land and the uncertainties of building costs, together with the fear of taxpayers that the special tax would have to be levied for a long period of years, that the government adopted a new plan. A new act was passed, in December, 1919, under which the government agreed to grant a bonus out of the national treasury, paying from £130 to £160 to anybody who would build a house, provided the plans were in accordance with the program adopted by the Ministry of Health, under the jurisdiction of which the housing program lies. Up to the present there seems to be no reason for believing that the new law will prove much more effective than the old, for the bonus has had a tendency to increase the cost of land, labor and materials. In the long run this subsidy can hardly be considered as a permanent solution of the housing problem, because it shifts a heavy burden to taxation.

Along with this plan for building new houses the government also provided for the demolition of slum areas and for supplanting them with decent houses; it also provided for the conversion of large houses into small apartments or flats, offering to lend the necessary money for such work under suitable provisions and within certain limits. But perhaps the most significant step that has been taken is the offer of the building-trades union of Manchester, England. They suggested that a building guild be created, to be made up of the various trades employed in house building, and that the city of Manchester contract with the guild for 2000 houses. They claimed that under

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One Solution of the Housing Problem for Shipyard Workers at Camden, New Jersey

Do You Know the Secret

It is the New Day Light Type With Big Car Ability

Lightness today is an overwhelming advantage in a motor car, provided it means no forfeit of fine performance, endurance or distinctive appearance.

Yet, prior to the Essex, what car combined all these qualities? There were light cars, to be sure. But none to meet the requirements of those who exact the highest standards of ability, comfort and good looks.

Had such a type existed, Essex could not have won such swift dominance. It could have set no world's selling record as it did, with a greater total paid for Essex than for any other car ever brought out in its first year.

The very suddenness of its success shows how its qualities commandeered attention. For men are not quick to buy a car that time has not proved.

And the Essex came unknown. Merit was its only advocate for recognition. Its quality was instantly obvious. In looks, in action, its appeal was dynamic. And it drew immediate response from all classes of motor users.

They found ability, speed and power before believed impossible in a light car.

Almost Doubles Light Car Endurance

Now see how Essex has justified all the fine things that have been said in its praise. An Essex stock chassis set the official world's 50-hour endurance record of 3037 miles. In three tests it travelled 5870 miles, averaging above a mile a minute. An Essex stock touring car also holds the world's 24-hour road record of 1061 miles.

To those who had owned light cars, the Essex was a revelation. It gave them a new sensation of stability and power. They found charm of appearance, riding ease, and pride of ownership that comes from possession of a car they know none can surpass in performance.

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# of Essex Leadership?

Can Any Light Car Rival Its Speed, Power or Endurance?

People accustomed to fine car qualities recognized in the light Essex all the performance, comfort and good looks that formerly were regarded as exclusive to large, costly cars.

And with it Essex brings every advantage of the light type. These compel consideration. They consist not only of important economies, but of greater handling ease, safety and convenience. Parking for large cars is becoming an increasingly difficult problem. So, too, is their manipulation in heavy traffic. The light car clearly shows its value in greater nimbleness. The common sense facts prove it, from every angle, the type for all-round usefulness.

See What Unexpected Qualities It Adds

Before the Essex, not much was expected of a light car in the way of distinctive performance. Economy was the chief appeal. Great speed and power were considered exclusive costly car qualities.

For that reason it is not unusual to hear the Essex described as a big, high-priced car. That, of course, is not true. But it is the impression registered by a ride in it. In neither performance nor appearance is it comparable to the lightweight cars you may have known.

You have surely heard owners say how it equals and often excels in speed, smooth-riding and hill-climbing, the fine, costly cars noted for those qualities.

Perhaps you know the Essex more intimately. Who can escape noting its ever-increasing popularity? On every highway and especially when reliability is demanded, as in touring, Essex has forced its way to leadership in numbers through sheer leadership in performance.

When you know its appeal you will scarcely be content to drive another car.

(Continued from Page 109)

such an agreement they could build houses cheaper and better and quicker than under the old contract system. The rate of wages would be under the union schedule and they would agree to furnish all the labor necessary to put the houses through without delay.

The municipality, under a guild scheme, would furnish the credit, paying for the materials and labor as used. Many communities already own the necessary land and will be the owners of the houses when built. In addition to paying the actual cost the municipality will also pay ten per cent in as a fund to provide for management, overhead charges and the acquisition of plant. Schemes of this kind have been proposed for a number of English communities and the idea is making a great impression in England, where houses are the most important subject of conversation at any and all functions. The plan proposes housing relief, which is a prime consideration. It also proposes houses at a lower cost, and thus at a lower rent, and that is by no means a secondary consideration. It falls in also with the suggested conversion of the building industry of England into a public service, as recommended by the Committee on Scientific Management and Reduction of Costs of the Building Trades Parliament, a joint body representing both employers and employees. Altogether this proposed solution of the housing problem will be watched with the keenest interest.

In France the problem of the devastated areas is one thing, the problem of the present cities and industrial centers is another. Paris is short of houses, fearfully and painfully short. Two years ago a state commission was appointed to consider plans for the relief of Paris, and it has now acquired the land necessary to build several new but small suburban areas. Also the destruction of the old walls—the "fortifs"—will provide more land for this purpose. But no coordinated program is in sight and it is likely that France will be short on houses for a long time to come. A special commission came to the United States last summer to see what it could learn about our large and intensive methods of building construction, but France is short of men, materials, labor, transport, fuel, and will require a long time in which to work out her housing needs. But the provisions of the French Housing Law, under the amendments of October, 1919, are wise. Under this law some 500,000,000 francs of public money is made available for house building. Loans will draw only two per cent interest, and they may not be made for the building of apartment houses in which the rental per room exceeds a stipulated sum. This means that the funds so provided are to be used only for relieving the needs of workers, a fact that is further emphasized in the provision which compels the fixing of rents at four per cent of the cost of the house. The two per cent rate of interest is for those who build their own houses; those who build to rent must pay 2½ per cent.

In Belgium there is also a devastated area of no small importance, but there is a shortage in Brussels, where the population is now greater than before the war, and in all Belgian towns. The Belgian Government has decided to arrange for lending 100,000,000 francs in 1920 for the building of workmen's houses, under about the same conditions as prescribed in France.

The Shortage is General

Holland needs 250,000 houses, in spite of the fact that it appears to have managed its housing problem very well. But it, like England, has subsidized the building of houses, except that the Dutch state assumes seventy-five per cent of the deficit, while twenty-five per cent is borne by the community. About 16,000 houses were built under the subsidy in a little over a year, a much better record than for England. Also Holland provides that rents must be approved by the state, but this does not appear to deter the building of houses.

Canada has appropriated $25,000,000 to be lent for building houses. The law provides that each province must submit a general scheme for the approval of the central government. When such a scheme has been approved the government will lend the money to the province, which in turn will be responsible for the expenditure. The maximum amount of money that can be lent for the work is limited to fixed sums of $3000, $3500, $4000 and $4500, according to the size and type of the houses. The loans are repayable over a period of twenty years—in certain special cases, thirty years—and will bear interest at five per cent. The houses to be built under this law must be used by people whose incomes do not exceed $3000 a year.

Australia has set aside £5,000,000 for building houses for soldiers and their dependents. New Zealand already has a law in operation under which the government will lend money for house building and furnish land, to any reputable worker earning a fair wage.

Germany has set aside 500,000,000 marks to be utilized in coping with the very serious housing shortage in that country, but many German municipalities are engaged upon plans on their own account. Scarcely a country in the civilized world is ignoring the housing shortage as a national problem and menace, but in the United States there is as yet no national recognition of the problem, though several bills have been introduced in Congress for the purpose of financing homes for soldiers, none of which have so far been acted upon.

Where Should We Build

The census of 1890 showed that fifty-two per cent of the people of the United States were living in rented houses; in 1900 this percentage had risen to fifty-five per cent, and in 1910 to fifty-eight per cent. It seems likely that it will have risen above sixty per cent in the census of 1920. This is a serious matter and it is not one that is by any means confined to the cities. The percentage of tenant farmers is rising also, all of which ought to indicate to any thoughtful person that the housing problem is not by any means so simple as it looks. The drift to the cities is a national evil. It means that a greater and greater burden is being thrown upon agriculture, and that the difficulties of meeting that burden are continually being increased by the exodus of agricultural workers. If we had a kind of national bookkeeping, in which true values were disclosed, and if we had a way of acting in accord with the state of affairs shown by those books, it is highly probable that before we started out on a house-building program we should ask ourselves some questions.

"Where ought houses to be built? Ought New York City to be allowed to grow any larger? Is it desirable to crowd more people into any city? How many people can live decently on one acre of land? If we keep on congesting our cities and depopulating our land how shall we raise enough food to feed our cities? Shall we not increase our national overhead on transportation way beyond the economic limit? Do the gains through centralized manufacturing offset the losses incurred in excessive transportation, bad housing, decline in land productivity, and the associated evils due to the growth of landlordism and tenancy? Instead of continuing the centralizing process for human beings ought we not to set about the distributing process? Should we not organize rural life so that it would become attractive? Why not begin to think in terms of a multitude of communities where life could be lived under healthy and happy conditions, instead of trying to make a few communities bigger and bigger, for we know that the problem of making such communities healthy and happy is beginning to get beyond our reach?"

These are serious questions, but we have no such set of books as that suggested. We have as yet no national consciousness of the national welfare. We had it in the war, but to-day we seem to have lost it again. Yet it is just as necessary now as it was then, and you cannot think of it without thinking of houses and homes. Somehow or other it is difficult for us to believe that we have strayed so far away from our national ideal. We did not mean to become a nation of landlords and tenants. We believed a century ago, as we really believe now, that the way to found a nation was to give every man a chance to own his home. Where has that chance gone? Something has upset it. The facts are beyond dispute.

Perhaps we have forgotten that the right to ownership carries responsibilities. It does not mean, for instance, that one owner shall have the power so to use his property as to injure another or to injure the community. If we study the housing problem closely we shall perhaps become convinced that one of the sources of the housing problems is the unrestricted liberty we have given to men as to the use of their property. Our towns and cities have grown in a haphazard way. Very few obstacles have been thrown in the way of the use of land. In thousands and thousands of cases one property owner has made a use of his land which has destroyed the value of the land adjoining, forced the building of cheap tenements, and the consequent congestion which so many of our cities now face as a serious social problem. In many cases this congestion is far beyond the limit of human endurance. Surely it ought not to be further encouraged or permitted.

We cannot lay down a law and say that every man should have a house and a piece of land. It might not be a bad idea if we did compel people to live in that way, but such a condition is too remote to be discussed. What we might do, and what we shall have to do ultimately, is to enforce a rule that will prevent people from living under inhuman and degrading conditions. The United States was not founded on an inhuman basis and there certainly are no decent citizens who believe in it. What is the way out? How shall we institute a permanent house-building program, one that will not only take care of our present needs but be so based upon scientific economic principles that we shall be able to grow soundly and happily?

No one will deny that the present shortage must be dealt with as best we can. Already there are movements taking shape toward house-building programs. Chambers of commerce, manufacturers, groups of public-spirited citizens and some of our municipalities are getting down to business. It is believed and it is undoubtedly true that if some guaranty of costs can be obtained from manufacturers and workers, houses can be built. But guaranties are difficult things to obtain. They rest primarily upon fixing a scale of wages that will stand for a period of at least a year. But it will not be enough to guarantee merely the wages of workmen in the building industry. There are many other wages that enter into the problem—wages that affect the cost of coal and raw materials out of which building materials are produced, that affect the transportation of materials to the point where they are to be used. The problem is fraught with many complexities, but it is not by any means beyond solution. At the present time it is computed that house-building costs have increased as follows: For frame dwellings of wooden construction, about eighty per cent; for brick houses, eighty-five per cent; for stucco houses, eight-five per cent. These figures will vary a great deal in different localities, but they represent a fair average. The rate of increase in the wages affecting the building industry is all the way from sixty to one hundred and fifty per cent, but these also are variable with different localities. They indicate, however, that a skilled workman is in no worse shape to-day than he was before the war, so far as the cost of housing is concerned.

Good Houses Mean Good Health

For the unskilled worker, as well as for a great number of workers in clerical and professional lines, the problem is more difficult. The unskilled worker has always been at a great disadvantage, and only a few of them have been properly housed. This is the great problem in all countries, and it is toward an improvement in the living conditions of the unskilled laborer that most of the legislation in foreign countries has been directed. It is hardly to be disputed that in the past there has been too small a margin between the wages received by this class of workers and the cost of a decent house. In this respect the United States is not much better off. But to the class of workers so affected there has now been added a new class—the clerical and salaried workers in many trades. They are finding the housing problem increasingly difficult to cope with, for their wages or salaries have not risen in proportion to the raise for skilled workers in industry.

Good housing and good health go hand in hand. New Zealand has the lowest death rate of any country. Since 1900 it has never risen above 10.9 per 1000. In 1916—the last figure available—it was 9.6. Australia follows with 11.2. Then England and Wales, 13.3; and the United States 13.9. But if we take the congested cities of New Zealand we find Auckland, 9.66; Wellington, 9.58; Dunedin, 10.86.

Showing what can be done in the oldest and worst housed industrial area known, compare New Zealand with four of the new model communities of England:

Hampsted Garden suburb, a residential district near London, 4.2; Letchworth, a very successful garden city, 4.8; Bournville, a model town for the workers in the Cadbury Cocoa works, 5.6; Port Sunlight, a model town for the Sunlight Soap employees, 8.1. As it is on children that the evil of bad housing falls most heavily, compare an eleven-year-old boy in Bournville, who weighs sixty-seven pounds and is four feet nine inches high, with a boy of the same age who lives in Birmingham, and who weighs only fifty-three pounds and is only four feet two inches high. One could cite tons of statistics of this kind. The mortality archives of all nations abound with them.

It is this kind of statistics that explains the recent report of the Ministry of National Service in England, which shows that out of 2,500,000 men of military age only thirty-six per cent could be regarded as up to the normal standard of health and strength for their age, and more than ten per cent were judged as totally unfit for any form of military service. Industrial areas and bad houses were the prime causes. The final report of the provost marshal of the United States shows about the same result.

What is the answer? At the present time nobody can give one. A careful study of all the efforts made at different times throughout the world to find the answer shows us that none has yet been found. Even in countries where legislation has gone almost to philanthropy the problem still remains. And certainly in the United States we do not desire to make housing an object of philanthropy. What we do desire is a plan whereby more people may own their homes, but into the making of such a plan there enter many considerations. It seems indisputable that the methods under which we have worked in the past have had quite the contrary effect. The number of home owners and farm owners has steadily declined. Is it not fair to assume, then, that the time has come when we must as a nation sit down and take account of stock and ask ourselves whether our methods are right or wrong?

Transplanting Industries

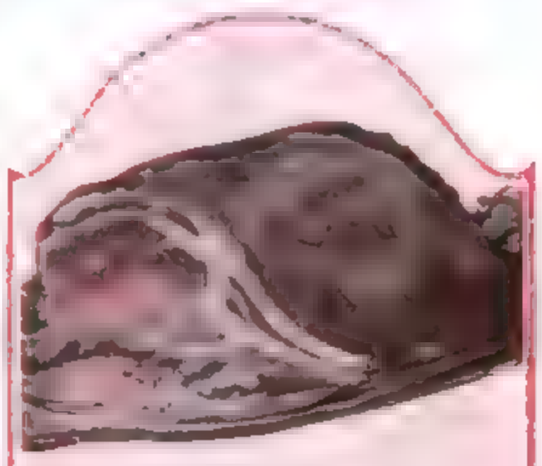
Should we not study the principle of the Farm Loan Bank and see whether it is desirable to establish a Home Loan Bank? There are several bills in Congress at the present time which are framed round this principle, and there is the experience of other countries to guide us in our study. We might be discouraged, as we investigated the results achieved by other countries, most of which have at one time or another tried to relieve their bad and inadequate housing conditions by government loans of one kind or another, and under varying conditions of rate of interest and repayment. New Zealand, for example, which has about the simplest method known of assisting a citizen to buy a small home, still has a housing problem on its hands. Yet it is a new country, with vast unsettled areas, like Australia, Canada, South Africa; and all of these are struggling with the problem of how to build enough houses to shelter their population. They all have slums and congested areas. The latest nations to come upon the scene, they still are no better off than the older ones.

In searching for a fundamental upon which to base our point of departure in really studying the housing question we may be impressed with the possibility that all nations have overemphasized industry and underemphasized agriculture. We might eventually be led to the conclusion that the housing problem does not really begin in the cities but in the country, in the small towns and villages, in the dwellings of tenant farmers, in the shacks of the logging countries, on the plantations. I do not say that this is so, but I have a very clear conviction that we shall not get out of the housing difficulty until we have studied this aspect of the problem very carefully. Indeed it is significant that many manufacturers are discussing the possibilities of abandoning the huge unworkable cities for a new community. Many have already done this and there are conspicuous examples of this tendency in the new plants of many of our important industries.

It seems almost certain that such a movement is bound to grow in volume, but as yet it is in its infancy and it has not been altogether successful. Here again, may it not be, as I think it is, that we drop from the large community of the city to the too

(Concluded on Page 116)

A marvelous development in oil burning stoves



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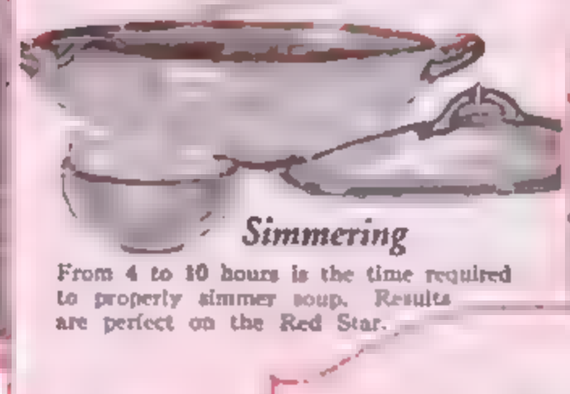

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THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

42 A

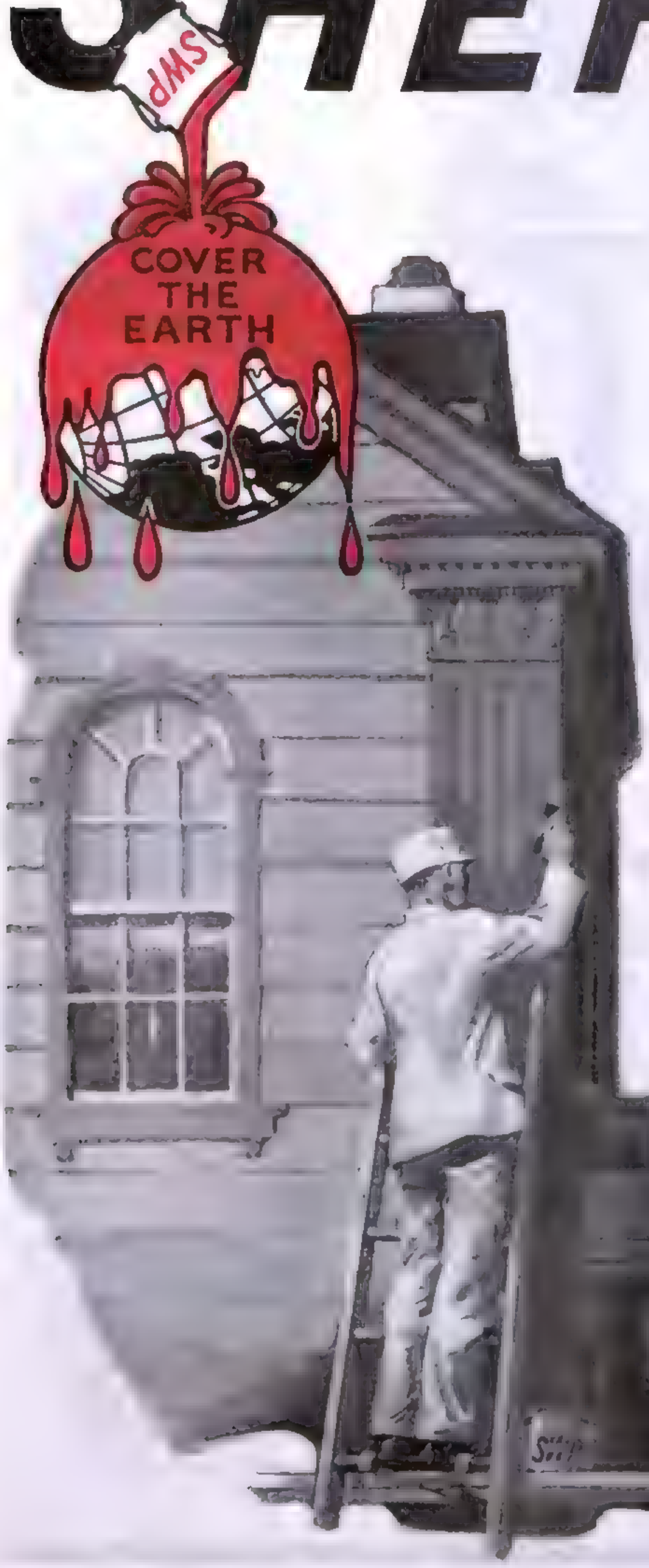
Baking

Bread baked in 45 minutes; baking powder biscuits in 12 minutes, custard pie in 40 minutes. The Red Star bakes anything perfectly.

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

SHERWIN



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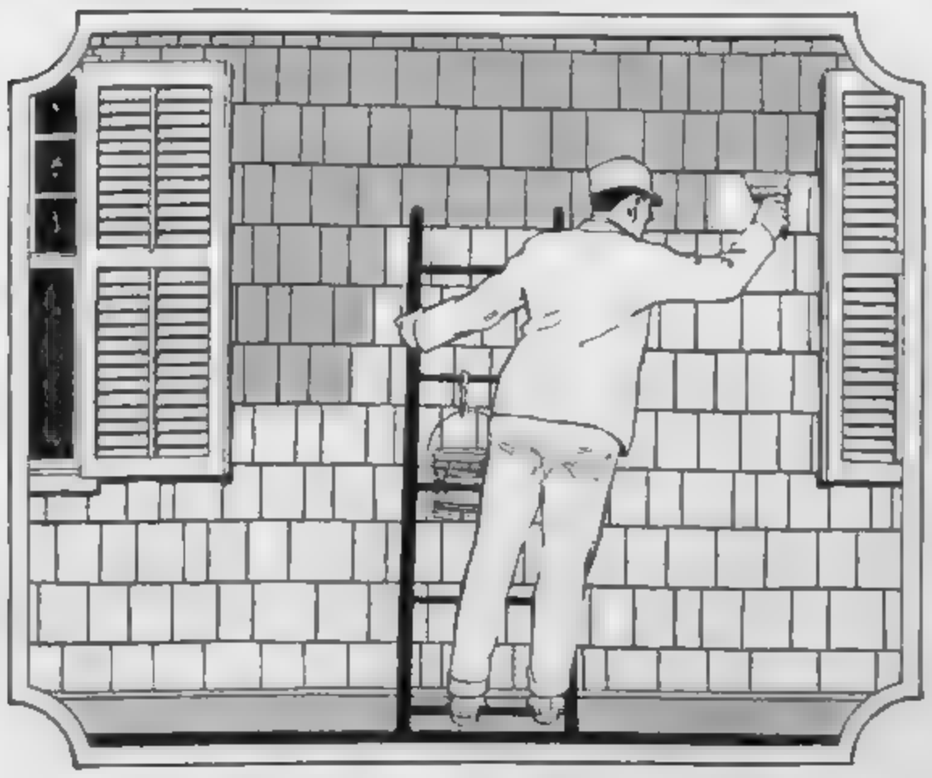
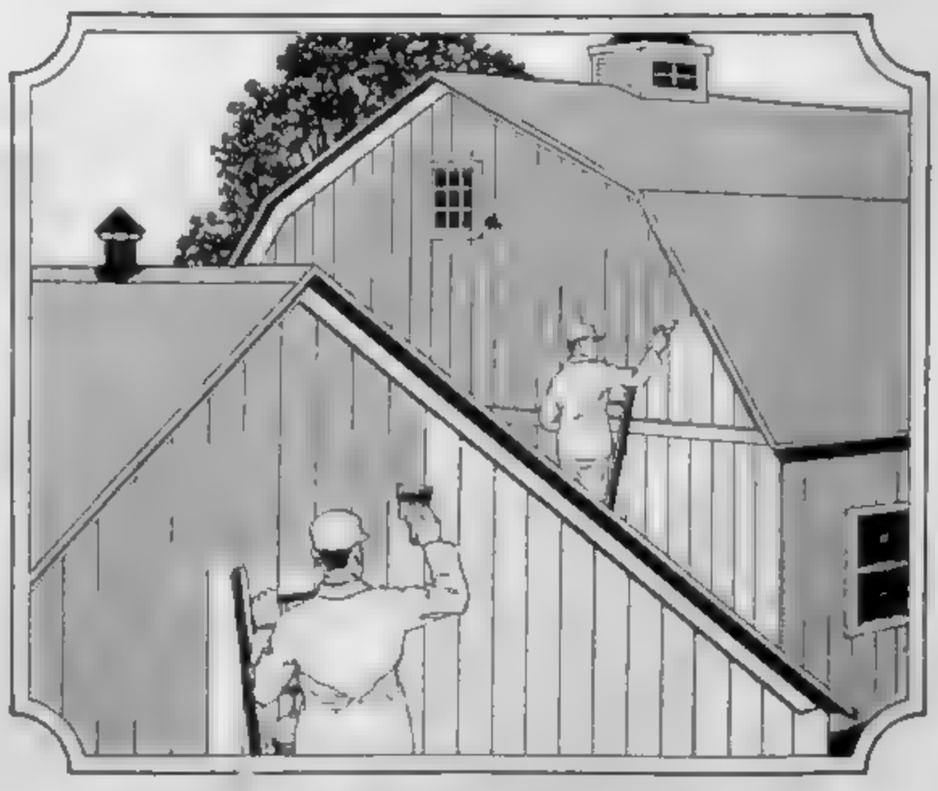


S-W Preservative Shingle Stain—A creosote stain for Shingles. Adds beauty to surface and penetrates the wood, protecting it from decay. In many attractive colors.



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IN EVERY TOWN for EVERY CAR

(Concluded from Page 112)

small community of an isolated plant? The city, after all, has very definite attractions. It has schools, theaters, a great variety of shops, and a hundred facilities for recreation that cannot be provided in a small community. But even more than that it gives a sense of companionship that people do not find in a village. Life seems larger and more highly colored in the city. There is the satisfaction of a good deal of variety of human activity. Things go. Life is fuller.

If these things are true it would follow that somewhere or other there lies a scientific principle in all of these things. Man is a social being. How large a town must he live in in order to satisfy his social side? How small a town, would be the better way to put it, will prove satisfactory? Is there not some fairly determinable minimum where a scheme of life can be worked out so that men can own their homes, have a fair wage at their trade or calling, and also enjoy the fruits of communal association and activity? There is no sadder mistake that we can make than to think that just houses will solve the problem. Houses alone will never solve it, no matter how well we build them. Other things there must be. Therefore instead of suddenly determining that a large city was no longer practicable, as many manufacturers have done, and of just as suddenly determining that a small community was the ideal, why not see whether there were not combinations that could be effected so that the community could have a sufficient size at the beginning, and a certain possibility of growth, such as would furnish the social satisfaction that men and women and even children are seeking ever more and more?

Suppose, in addition, that such a community was planned to be surrounded with a belt of land devoted to farming, a belt that could never be used for any other purpose. This would solve many problems. In the first place it would set up a kind of balance between agriculture and industry. Those who worked on the farms would have a town right at their front door. Their children would have good schools. They themselves would have good shops, theaters, churches, and would feel themselves part of the general human existence. They would not be isolated miles away from a town, where even the telephone and the rural delivery do not make recompense for the pleasure of being a part of an active hive of human beings. Many problems of food transportation would be easily solved in such a community. The community overhead cost for living would be reduced.

Eight-Dollar-a-Year Architects

The workers in the town, by the same token, would have some country at their front door. They would not be tied down to bricks and mortar, asphalt and paving stones. The world would take on a completeness which is to-day enjoyed by only a comparative few of the population of the United States. City life would not be eating away at the heart of country life; and is it necessary to dwell on the fact that the heart of all national life lies in the country, in the land from which all life springs? No nation has ever ignored that truth without coming to grief. It is a truth that cannot be ignored without bringing down the hand of Nature in a most decided manner. She may bring her hand down slowly, but she brings it down irresistibly and there is no escape. She is mightier than man, in the long run; and so long as human beings depend upon food for their existence she will remain the mistress of their comings and goings.

Many ways have been put forward for solving the housing shortage. There are ready-cut houses, as they are called, designed and manufactured at a mill, ready to be shipped and erected by the purchaser. There are houses built in blocks. There are vast apartment houses. There are houses poured in quantities of concrete. They ought to be measured as to their home-making possibilities. They may be cheap, they may be good-looking, but will they make good homes? That is the real question. Will they help to build a happy and contented nation? If so, they are all right.

Architects, who have a great contribution to make to the house problem, are not in a position, as individuals, to apply their knowledge. The cost of designing a small house is more than most people can afford to pay. It is out of proportion to the sum involved. The architect can apply his knowledge only on a housing project of considerable size, where many houses are built at the same time and from the same plans; thus the cost per house for his services is reduced to a small sum.

In Minnesota a group of architects have formed a service bureau. They believe that in such a manner they can offer good architectural service at a very small cost. They have designed a great number of small houses, from three rooms to seven. The plans have been carefully studied by men who could not possibly be employed by a man who wanted to build one small house. They are offering the plans and the specifications for these houses at a very low price. They are not trying to make money. They are trying to provide good and reliable architectural service at a minimum of cost. Each architect has invested a hundred dollars in the business and they have agreed to limit their earnings to eight per cent. Eight dollars a year, in other words, is all they will get for contributing the sum of their skilled knowledge and experience to the building of comfortable, convenient, attractive small houses.

Other groups will form round the country. The small house builder can then have for a very small sum the benefit of a service which ordinarily would cost him several hundred dollars. This is one way of helping to promote better and cheaper houses. In the case of the farmhouse designed by the architects of Minnesota some years ago, to serve as a model, it is interesting to know that some three thousand plans of this farmhouse have been sold all over the world. There is a great field here for collective action on the part of the architects, and they are steadily becoming alive to it.

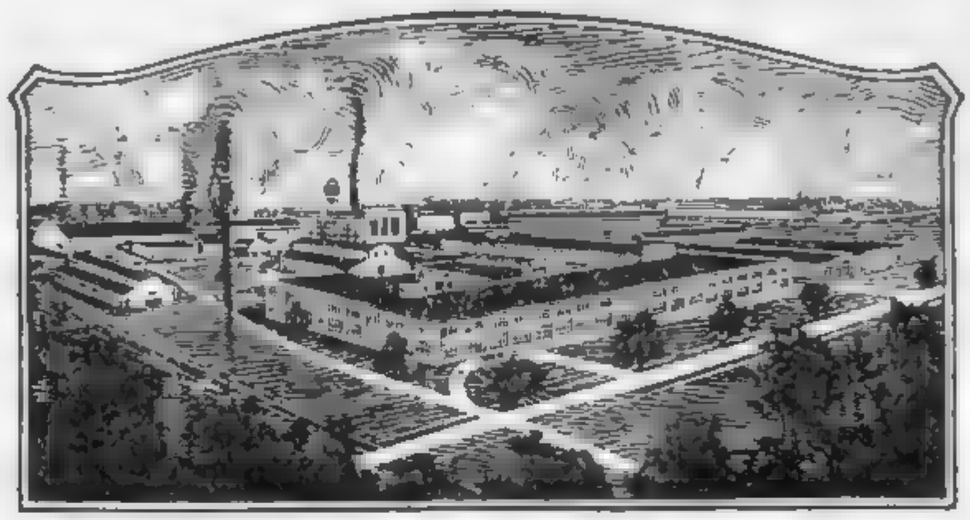
Unanswered Housing Questions

What is the answer? We must look for it, ardently and sincerely. Suppose that we had a Congress that was truly alive to the real problems of the United States? If so, we might find a way to have the whole housing question studied from the point of view of the national welfare. It would take a little time and cost a little money, but in comparison with the sums spent in business when accurate information is wanted the expenditure would be a trifle. Never were the facts so badly needed. Never were there so many opinions as to what to do, but generally based upon the self-interest of those who advocate them. Never were so many people asking what to do. And there is no authoritative and impartial source to which they can turn for information.

The nation needs the facts. It needs to know the truth about the housing problem. Are we using our land in the right way? What have been the influences of land speculation and building speculation on the housing problem? Why has the opening up of increasing lines of transportation failed to relieve congestion, lower rents, and also decrease the cost of transportation? Are our systems of taxation rightly designed to bring large areas of land into use and to encourage a healthy house-building activity? How shall we intercept the flow of people from farms to cities and turn that flow backward to the source of our existence? How shall we get back to our national ideal of home owning? What can we learn from the fifty years of experience developed by other nations in trying to solve these problems? Are we not centralizing at a rate which actually imperils our future food supply? What can we learn from the many coöperative house-building projects that have been carried to successful conclusions? These are only a few of the questions that need to be studied before any man can dare to offer a way out of the house shortage, a way which will not only relieve the present temporary difficulty but become a base from which we can begin a permanent housing program.

In many respects, and certainly as concerns good houses for people of small means, the housing problem is a national affair. It is certainly national in the matter of getting at the truth. We have scientific agencies working on behalf of the farmer, the manufacturer, the oil producer, the coal owner, the shipowner—almost every industry one knows can turn to the Government for information. The house dweller is about the one exception. It's a great mistake, gentlemen of the Congress. The United States needs to know what to do about the housing problem. There has been one in this country for a great many years. It is a basic problem in our scheme of life. We must solve it.

GARFORD



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TRUCKS

FOOD, FUN AND FLUNKIES

(Continued from Page 9)

Department to the effect that 40,000 answers to a questionnaire revealed that among the farmers of the country there is a widespread spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction so threatening as likely to disturb the existing economic structure.

"Inability to obtain labor to work the farms, hired help and the farmers' children having been lured to the city by the higher wages and easier living"—this was the first major reason given for this unrest.

"High profits taken by the middlemen for the mere handling of food products, and lack of proper agencies of contact between farmers and the ultimate consumer" were the two other major reasons given.

Examination of the reports revealed that as many as fifty per cent of the farmers, who at the rate of 1000 a day had sent in their answers, were contemplating either leaving their farms or were curtailing acreage under cultivation because of one or more of these three major grievances and because of a growing feeling against nonproducing city consumers.

Immediately there was a cry that these reports were not accurate. But coming as they did from all over the great agricultural regions, in such numbers, with such unanimity, they were correct—entirely so. Anyone who knows anything of the mathematics and interpretation of statistics can read in them that this country has a life-size problem on its hands.

Some weeks later, after city newspapers had derided the questionnaire—I have such editorials before me right now—after financiers and real-estate experts had said it was impossible and congressmen declared it was preposterous, the Post-Office Department issued a second statement. Some 30,000 more of the 200,000 to whom the questionnaire had been sent had answered—a remarkable return from such a method of securing information.

Back to One-Man Farming

"About 70,000 communications are now at hand and of those who make any comment beyond an explicit answer to our questions," said the statement in part, "there are none who do not complain bitterly of the shortage of labor, of the high price they must pay for the same, of the cost of fertilizers and farm implements, and cite as indication of their attitude that they propose to reduce or suspend production and that they do not propose to labor fourteen to sixteen hours daily to supply the necessities of life for high-paid, short-hour, urban-resident consumers."

A later report from the United States Department of Agriculture verified all this. Warning that serious risk of reduced food production impends because of high wages demanded by farm laborers, high cost of farm equipment and supplies and pronounced movements of people from the farms to the cities, was sent out. In citing the New York figures I mentioned above, the statement was made that similar conditions in varying degrees exist in all sections of the country. There is a widespread disposition to cut down plantings so that the work of cultivating can be attended to by the farmer himself or by his family.

Before either of these reports came out, however, I had already discovered for myself that such conditions are all too true. I began to realize it first when I was attending a farmers' meeting in Illinois in January and heard over and over again what the men who feed the hogs and cattle and grow the corn were saying. Along in March an Illinois farm journal published reports from fifty-eight out of the 102 counties in the state. Fifty-five of these reported a shortage of farm help. Already wheat acreage has been reduced thirty-three per cent in the state, yet forty-five of these counties reported a poor stand from winter-killing and Hessian fly.

Twenty-five counties reported a shortage in the number of spring pigs, while but eight reported a normal number. Wages for farm hands were given as running anywhere from forty dollars a month up to $115. The average was round seventy-five dollars.

"Labor situation bad, single men getting all the way from eighty-five dollars a month to $115. This means reduced production of farm products."

"Scarcity of labor is causing the farms' being seeded down and one-man farming will be the rule here."

"Vocabulary too limited to discuss the labor situation."

"Hired hands demanding as high as $100 a month. Many farmers are seeding down their land rather than pay these wages."

"Factories and railroads and mines are getting most of the hired men."

These are just a few sentences picked out from these farm-paper reports. But why should I give such details here? This is no farm paper. Why? Because these facts here given mean that unless something is done to correct them, ere another year or two have gone round, you, smug city man, and you, wife of a husband who is getting a dollar an hour and wanting more, will be going hungry or else paying higher prices than you are complaining about now.

When I was in Michigan in February I found exactly the same conditions true. Talks with dozens of men, listening to the speakers at the Michigan Agricultural College during farmers' week, reports in papers, gave me my information. The farms of Michigan have been stripped of the young men, and in some places of the middle-aged. They have moved to town, to Detroit, South Bend, Lansing, working for ten dollars a day or so, and an eight or nine hour day at that.

Meanwhile the cornfields and the sugar-beet fields and the bean fields and the celery fields of Michigan will be smaller in size or else not planted at all. There will be fewer dairy cows milked. All over the state the farmers are cutting down the number of acres or else not planting at all. There will be more good land untouched by the plow in Michigan this year than any time since the Civil War, I heard speakers say. Thousands of acres will be put down in pasture.

These Michigan farmers are not doing this just because they want to do it, because they are loafing on their jobs, because they want to strike. Not exactly. They are doing it because they can't help themselves. They don't want to chance paying a man $100 a month, giving him a house rent free, two cows, a garden, firewood and use of an auto, only to have him clear out and leave just when the crops are ready to be cultivated or harvested. So they plan to do just what work they can handle themselves.

They All Talk Alike

"More land back to grass than at any time since the pioneer days, fewer cattle and hogs on feed—these are among the outstanding features of the agricultural situation in Northwestern Missouri. Farmers everywhere will be seriously handicapped by lack of capable farm help. In many districts it is almost impossible to get a sufficient number of farm hands, no matter what wages are offered." Thus declares a writer in a Missouri newspaper, telling of how Missouri farmers are trying to get back to a prewar basis this year.

I could fill this issue of this weekly with detailed stories of what hog and corn farmers of Iowa and corn and hog farmers of Ohio and tobacco farmers of Kentucky and dairy farmers round a half dozen cities and county agricultural agents and others have told me. But such would be useless. Just try to think of all this on a nation-wide scale and then imagine what the ultimate result and effect are going to be.

(Continued on Page 122)

Three Blaw-Knox Prudential Steel Buildings similar to above were recently erected for the Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit

Do you need a Building?

Light manufacturing buildings similar to the above, which measures 40' x 160' x 12', can be furnished from stock—a complete building in a single shipment.

The Blaw-Knox Prudential Steel Building is peculiarly adapted for garage use, portable though permanent, for any number of trucks or cars.

Contractors' camp on Pennsylvania R. R. construction work. This class of Prudential Steel Building is unexcelled for use as temporary Bunk Houses, Mess Halls, Storage Sheds, Field Offices, etc., particularly on construction work.

For immediate expansion at low cost, Blaw-Knox Prudential Steel Buildings will transform your plans into facts.

They have proved themselves. Blaw-Knox Prudential buildings have been used successfully in the railroad, industrial and contracting fields for over a decade.

In the Blaw-Knox sectional steel building there are no features which demand a compromise. All buildings are clear span. The building is fireproof from the peak to the ground. It is all steel—part and parcel. The window frames are steel. The windows and skylights are wire glass. The sides and roof are specially pressed and formed galvanized sheets. Exposed bolts and rivets are eliminated. There are no holes in the roof sheets to let in rain and snow. No unprotected metal to rust.

The trusses and columns are rolled steel sections, shop riveted. Guess-work is unknown in any part of this building. Stresses are calculated *definitely*. Blaw-Knox buildings endure. Wind cannot tear them down or buckle them. Their usefulness is permanent.

These buildings are furnished in widths from 8 feet to 50 feet in multiples of 2 feet and in any length. The following sizes are carried in stock for immediate shipment: 8, 10, 12, 20, 30, 40 and 50 feet wide.

If you want your building quickly Blaw-Knox Company is ready. Foundation plans are despatched immediately on receipt of order. Your building is shipped complete from stock. That statement means money to you. It stands without qualification. The building is erected in the shortest time and at lowest cost and can be taken down and re-erected as quickly and without any damage to the building.

Remember, your building is in stock. Your order will release it. Phone, wire, or write our nearest office.

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh

New York, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Detroit

These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company

BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete work—sewers, tunnels, aqueducts, dams, culverts, bridges, retaining walls, factory buildings and warehouses, columns, floors, foundations, manholes, subways, reservoirs, piers, roads, sidewalks, etc.

BLAW CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and rehandling earth, sand, gravel, coal, ore, limestone, tan, scrap, slag, cinders, fertilizers, rock products, etc.

PRUDENTIAL SECTIONAL STEEL BUILDINGS.

KNOX PATENTED WATER-COOLED Doors, Door Frames, Ports, Bulkheads, Front and Back Wall Coolers, Reversing Valves, etc., for Open Hearth, Glass and Copper Furnaces, water-cooled standings, shields, and bushes for Sheet and Tin Mills.

FABRICATED STEEL—Manufacturing plants, bridges, crane runways, trusses, etc.

TOWERS—for supporting high-tension transmission lines.

PLATE WORK—Riveted and welded steel plate products of every description.

BLAW-KNOX

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

CALCULATING

A-B-C

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

CONTRACTS

"HOW SOON can I have the final figures on that estimate?" That's a question frequently asked of Mr. H. P. Boyle, President of the Boyle Engineering Company of Cincinnati.

And quite as frequently Mr. Boyle turns with a smile and says to his customer, "Here they are."

Figuring an estimate in the presence of a customer without the latter *even being aware of it*, and giving him an immediate answer is one of the handy little ways the Burroughs Calculator saves time for this company.

Mr. Boyle says it is more accurate than any other figuring method as well as being rapid and convenient. He also says figuring contracts is but a small part of its work. It is used by his bill clerk, inventory clerk, bookkeeper and office manager. Figure work has doubled in the office since the machine was purchased but no extra help has been needed—thanks to the Calculator.

Mr. Boyle in a recent letter said four things that are worth reading pretty carefully. Here they are:

"The Burroughs Calculator that I purchased about a year ago is one of the best investments I have ever made.

"We are saving so much time and getting so much more accuracy on our work that we could not possibly do without this machine.

"I personally use the machine for all of my own figure work and I am sure that if all busy men would likewise use a Burroughs Calculator, they would save a good many precious minutes.

"The service that you gave us when we installed this machine enabled me to put it to a good many different uses."

THE A B C OF BUSINESS

Besides Calculators of different capacities, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company manufactures Adding and Bookkeeping Machines of many styles (priced as low as $150.00) among which can be found a machine that will fit the figure needs of any business, large or small. Telephone to the nearest Burroughs office — you'll find it in your telephone book, or your banker can tell you the address —and ask for a representative who will help you to solve your accounting problems.

Burroughs

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 118)

On top of all this is the fact that despite belief of many city folks to the contrary the farmer is not getting rich. The average farmer is hardly even making anything right now. Many farmers are losing money. I need but mention just one fact to prove this. If farming were profitable, more so than working in cities, we should not have depleted countrysides and overcrowded cities and city housing problems. We'd be figuring how to keep them away from the farm instead of luring them to stay down on it.

Now let's examine a little bit to see what all of these things mean and where they are leading us to.

Any man with common sense knows that if a man grows but ten acres of wheat at twenty bushels to the acre, where last year he grew fifteen acres, there will be 100 bushels less wheat to be ground into flour, to be baked into bread, to be sold to city folks who do not produce any wheat at all.

And fewer acres of corn means less corn bread to be eaten or less hogs fed. And fewer hogs fed means fewer pork chops and fewer hams and less sausage. And fewer sheep means less wool and less mutton and less cloth for suits. Less cotton means less cloth too. Less tobacco means fewer cigars and fewer packages of the makin's. And so on, through the whole gamut of foods and clothing materials from the farms.

Less production of all these things means that there will be less to haul on the railroads, and the entire transportation and storage systems of the country and the whole army of men who carry them on will be affected.

Less corn grown and hogs fed means that there will be less labor in the packing houses to be done. Less corn and wheat means less grinding to be done in the mills. Less cotton and wool means less work in the shops and mills and less work for the tailors and fewer goods to sell in the stores.

Less all of these things will mean less profits all along and less wages and less money in the banks and less credit on which a world can do business.

Less crops will mean less money in the hands of the farmers with which they can buy farm implements and a thousand and two other things needed on a farm. Fewer implements sold will mean less work in the implement factories, less wages to these factory workers, more dissatisfaction and possibly strikes in order that these workers may have the price to pay the increased cost of bread and meat, caused because the farmer cannot get sufficient help to raise enough food to feed the cities. And strikes mean less production and in turn still higher prices for farm implements for the farmer to pay.

Oh, it's a complicated process, a vicious circle, all round. What I am trying to get at is that almost every person in this country is dependent upon the farm and its products in one way or another, quite apart from the fact that he must eat farm food to keep from starving and wear farm clothing products to keep from going naked.

Where are the Farmers' Boys?

With agriculture comprising about half of the entire primary business of this country and about one-half of the rest being concerned with the manufacture, distribution and utilizing of farm products, everything that happens on the farm, every reaction, will be reflected ultimately in the lives of every city man, woman and child, be it in the cost of a pork sandwich, the milk bottle left on the doorstep, the box of handkerchiefs given for a Christmas present or the size of the pay envelope next Saturday noon.

About three-fourths of the articles advertised in the average periodical will be found to deal with goods made of materials that owe their origin to the farm or to comprise farm products somewhere in their make-up.

In exactly the same way everything that happens in town reacts upon the farmer in turn. Every strike in town means to a farmer idleness, less goods produced and higher prices.

A strike in a coal mine means ultimately higher-priced coal for the ultimate consumer, and he's about the biggest ultimate consumer in the country.

Strikes in the steel industry mean, as I said above, that next year or year after next he's going to have to pay for that strike when he buys a new spring-tooth harrow.

Money wasted in extravagant dining in hotels and useless traveling and extravagant fur coats means that some day somebody is going to try to recover his money by trying to beat down the price of eggs and milk and hogs and wheat. That attempt, as it is being made now by prosecuting attorneys and attorney-generals and such, means more farmers discouraged, less crops planted, less stock fed, more farmers driven off to town, more mouths to feed and less men left to produce the food for them.

Oh, it's all a vicious circle, and the city folks are just as much to blame as the farmers; and a blamed sight more so, maybe.

But to get back to our main text—what is the reason for this labor shortage on the farm, so alarming as to startle us when viewed on a national scale? Where have these farmers and farmers' sons and farm hands gone? And why have they gone?

The Lure of the Cities

There is no mystery about it. As I said above, every city in the land is overcrowded to the point where the cities themselves have a crisis. Now these people in cities have not all been born since the last census, though of course a due proportion of the increase came that way. Nor have they all come from abroad in the same time. Immigration has been about at a standstill since 1914—actually more have been going back recently than coming over. These masses of humanity crowding our cities came from the farms, a vast number of them. There is no other place in the wide, wide world from which they could have come.

First it was the war that accelerated the movement from country to town, a movement already under way and going good. With the Government guaranteeing a cost plus, it mattered not what the cost was. So, with immigration shut off, the city factories outbid the farmer and in came the farm hands and the farm girls and the tenant farmers with a rush.

Once in town, with the war over, wages still stayed up. Short hours looked mighty good. Everybody made money. Luxury articles were in demand. Manufacturers were making big profits on them. So they kept on paying high wages to these laborers who were making luxury articles—fun stuff—that could be bought in turn by folks with lots of money, said money due to the fact that they were getting high wages. And so the farm boy still stayed on, to get the high wages and to live in town.

The vicious circle again!

It was thought by Chautauqua orators and other authorities on international problems that when the war was over our farm boys, who furnished a big percentage of the Army, would go back to the farm. But Congress, asleep on the job, bickering over matters of a day gone by, with blindness toward a day to come, quite neglected to arrange any program that might aid in taking them back, such as some of the well-governed nations of the world did—as Canada did, for example.

And the result was that many of these boys did not go back. Instead they stayed in town pretty generally. There you can find them to-day, if you take the trouble to look, as I did last winter.

Wages are still high. The railway men talk of striking. A hundred other strikes are in prospect. The papers are full of them. Meanwhile the flow of farm labor to town has not ended. It is still going on. Usually there is a back flow in the spring. Such did not develop as usual this year. Conditions are getting worse all the time.

In what little investigation I did in city shops last winter I found, much to my surprise, that it was not all a matter of wages that brought a lot of farm help from the farm to town. I found the sons of prosperous farm owners there, of the type who ought to compose the next generation of progressive farmers, working for wages.

It was the lack of advantages on the farm—the long hours, the dirt, the old clothes, the isolation, the lack of conveniences, the failure of the country schools, the hard lot of the women and girls, dissatisfaction with things in general. All these drove them off the farm, in addition to the poor remuneration for their toil and invested capital.

But in town it was the bright-light effect, the movies, the street cars, the electric lights, the bathtubs, the working indoors, the short hours that gave time for recreation. These things in addition to the wages pulled them to town.

Now here's a funny angle to all this: There seems to be just as great a shortage of help in cities as there is in the country. A New York manufacturer has estimated that the country is short as high as 4,000,000 men this spring, despite the flow of help from the farms. It is the bidding of one city employer against the other that has forced up wages, he says. And he is probably right.

Oh, this country is in a pretty mess, each of these problems all hashed up with all the rest, because of it all. With not enough foodstuffs being raised—getting to the place where in four or five years we may have to import such—opening our doors right this year to butter and potatoes from Denmark—with our cities overcrowded—with our spending sprees.

Do you know, it looks to me, a humble citizen of Ioway, that our business men of America have been failures and our business methods have been failures when it comes to our system of food distribution; a pretty failure, turning over to speculators and irresponsibles the very things that ought to be done most economically.

It seems that somehow we've been failures with transportation, the whole system breaking down, from city street-car lines that are on the rocks to our transcontinental trunk lines.

And it seems as if our Government has not been a howling success lately, with Congress fiddling away its time investigating ancient history instead of trying to initiate economic measures to solve these problems, getting needed appropriations passed and a peace treaty out of the way so that we may sell to Germany and Italy and so on. Fiddling away at the Last Rose of Summer Before Last while the H. C. L. mounts higher and higher.

Will you kindly remember, good sirs, that not all of our troubles were brought on by the war? Remember that Roosevelt, with a vision better than most men, saw this farm situation years ago and wanted Congress to take it up and find if possible a method to prevent it. But Congress just ignored him.

Remember, will you, that not all of this H. C. L. business—High Cost of Living and High Cost of Loafing—began with the war. Back in 1910 and 1912 our best-seller magazines and our library shelves were filled with dissertations on the rise of living costs. At least six books must have been written by then, debating whether or not the gold supply was responsible. The war just came along and helped matters get worse, that's all.

Distribution of Food

Well, what are we going to do about it? Just to confine ourselves to the farm-labor situation, what can the city do, since it is of more importance to the city than to the country? What can and will the farmers do—other than cutting down acres and hogs and cotton and wheat?

"Who the hell going to work this land when I done? How them city fellows going to eat then?"

You can't do anything much right now. The situation this year has already been determined, the crops largely planted or else the land seeded to grass, the spring pigs born or not born. You can't shut up shop for a few days and go back on the farm during harvest. You'd be worse than useless and in the way. But ultimately you can do a whole lot of things that will put economy in distribution of farm products, give more profits to the farmer, furnish food cheaper to the consumer, stop needless manufacture of luxury articles, release men to do the more needed work of the world.

In the first place the whole matter of handling and distribution of food and other farm products must be changed. Methods need to be worked out that will cut out needless duplication in handling of foodstuffs between farm and city table. This involves also a reduction in needless competition of dealers handling such food. This done, there will be less margin between what the farmer receives and what the consumer pays. And if done, it will release a whole host of employees who are to-day doing work that would be needless if managed right.

There are five or six groceries selling food where two or three would do the work just as well, reducing expenses and releasing a number of clerks and delivery boys to do something else. There are two or a dozen milk routes traveling the same territory in a hundred cities of the country. The milk distribution can be so arranged that by eliminating duplication just about half as many drivers will be needed. Others can be released to do something else.

There are too many retail stores in Milwaukee and seventeen times too many cigar stores in Chicago and too many restaurants in Minneapolis and too many drug stores in Des Moines and too many soda-water emporiums in Louisville and too many coal companies in Columbus and too many commission men in San Francisco and too many tailors in Atlanta maybe—I don't know, never having been there. But I'd be willing to bet on all of these. There are too many lawyers and too many real-estate agents everywhere.

If we had no more men than we actually need in these and a thousand other businesses and professions and occupations, releasing the rest to do work for which they are more fitted or that more needs to be done—my, what a host of workers we should have!

Of even more importance is it that we must get rid of the fun makers and joy manufacturers of this country, so far as they are in excess. We have too many movies, each keeping busy machine operators and orchestras and box-office help and ushers who ought to be engaged in doing something else. We have too many head waiters in dining rooms. We have too many just plain waiters.

Too Much Ornamental Labor

Why, in one moderately priced hash house in Chicago where I sometimes eat, and where tipping is unnecessary, one little auburn-haired waitress there can do more work and give better service and cheer up more with her smile than can six big, burly, lazy, surly men in the dining room of a popular high-priced hotel across the street, where all six stand round waiting for a tip rather than to give you food, and making you feel as if you were at a funeral feast. Say, how I'd like to lead that procession pitching hay!

There are too many bootblacks in this world—the grown-up ones, I mean. It would be money in our pockets and give us a better appetite if we shined our own shoes.

There are too many porters standing round at stations and in hotel lobbies and in wash rooms—all the time getting in our way, depriving us of good exercise, brushing our clothes to pieces and draining our pockets of money—all the while increasing the H. C. L.

There are too many taxi drivers. If you took all of the surplus ones and put them out on the farms you'd have about one-fourth of the farm-labor question solved right off. We'd all be better if we walked, anyway.

There are entirely too many commercial travelers in the world. There are too many husky, healthy specimens selling ladies' underwear and ladies' silk hosiery and ladies' ready-to-wear alone. Almost the entire silk-hosiery business of the nation could be handled by women sales representatives.

The same is true of a whole host of other lines of commercial goods.

And did you ever stop to figure out that we have twice as many insurance agents as this country needs? And three times as many vaudeville artists, cabaret singers and Chautauqua orators? And four times as many delivery boys and five times as many barbers and manicure girls and six times as many floorwalkers in department stores and seven times as many near-beer jerkers? And thirty-seven times as many press agents and stock salesmen as we need to carry on adequately all needed work in these various lines of endeavor?

Then there are too many costly automobiles being built just now. Now I'm not knocking the auto trade, I'm stating a fact. I own a car myself, one of that half-brother-to-a-flivver kind.

I know full well the place in the economy of things that the auto fills everywhere, and on the farm most of all.

Then, too, we are making too many luxury articles that have no real use. If you who read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST followed the articles of Mr. Atwood in which he tells of trailing the profiteer will remember, he found that it was in the manufacture of more or less useless, high-priced luxury articles that a mighty big share of the blame seemed to center.

(Concluded on Page 124)

Thor

Electric Ironer

Does 95% of All Ironing

Write for "The Art of Perfect Ironing"

A BOOKLET which tells you how you can iron things which you never dreamed could be ironed with an ironing machine. How you can do as much work in an hour with the Thor Ironer as you can do in three, four or even five hours in the old way.

You may be surprised that a machine can iron children's dresses and men's shirts even better than by hand. When you read "The Art of Perfect Ironing" you will see how simply it can be done.

Everything without ruffles or gathers may be ironed with the Thor Electric Ironer.

The hot weather of another summer is almost here. It is practically impossible to hire a woman to do your laundry work. Will you spend hot, dreary hours over this task yourself? Or will you do it quickly and easily with a Thor?

Write for "The Art of Perfect Ironing" today. Find out how the Thor will brighten your life by taking out the dread of ironing drudgery. If you desire, arrangements may be made to purchase the Thor on easy terms. A small amount down will bring it to your home, the remainder to be paid by the month.

You will be convinced, like the thousands of other Thor users, that it *pays for itself*.

Write for booklet now.

English Distributors
Chas. E. Beck & Co., Ltd.
70 New Bond St., London

Other Products of the Hurley Machine Company are the Thor Electric Washing Machine and the Thor Electric Vacuum Cleaner

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY

Chicago *San Francisco* *New York* *Boston*
St. Louis *Los Angeles* *Kansas City* *Toronto*

(Concluded from Page 122)

Now to make these articles men and women are employed. They are paid high wages. They work because we and you, the public, want, buy, can pay for, when we ought to be doing without and saving our money. When they work they are not making other articles, useful, needed, that they ought to be making and that we need to buy.

Suppose that all the men and women employed in the production of luxury articles—things that we could do without or buy much less as a people—suppose these workers could be set to work manufacturing cookstoves and washing machines and corn planters and razor blades and hammers and filing cases and cotton shirts and nine hundred and thirty-seven other articles that have gone up out of sight and almost disappeared from store shelves at times.

Suppose this switch was made. Would it have any effect on the country as a whole? Or on the farm-labor situation?

How many men in this country are engaged as private chauffeurs—driving cars for men and women who could drive their own cars if they had enough sense or enough brains or enough ambition to drive them?

How many men are engaged as footmen, standing round answering doorbells? Bowing your visitors to drawing-rooms when said visitors could just as well find the way themselves without getting lost? Carrying in the food from the kitchen to hand to the butler to pass round at the table?

Just think of the chauffeurs and the footmen and the door men and the butlers—flunkies in livery, husky able-bodied men—who could do an honest day's work if given the chance. Suppose that every man in this country who employs such flunkies should discharge them, kick the whole caboodle out the door—would it have any effect upon the farm-labor situation? Do you know that these flunkies that you employ to help you have fun in the world or be lazy might be doing the work in the factories and stores, carrying mail or driving milk wagons or running street cars, in turn releasing other men to go back on the farm to grow more corn and wheat and potatoes?

It is food or fun and flunkies, my brethren and sisters of the cities. There is no other way out of it. You must choose which you'll have. It is up to you to determine. I'm telling you what you can do to get more food, to relieve the housing situation, to fill the vacant houses in the country.

"Who the hell going to work this land when I done? How them city fellows going to eat then?"

Meanwhile, what is the farmer going to do about all this? I've told you what he has done already, putting out all the crops he can handle himself and working from twelve to sixteen hours a day as a rule. He will still go on working so. He wants no eight-hour day. He wants no labor unions. He wants no strikes. He wants no one to go hungry. But there is a limit to what he can do. By doing his best under present conditions he can scarcely grow as much food as this country will be needing shortly—let alone have any left over to export.

The Farmer is on His Toes

The farmer has not been asleep these late years. He was never more awake or onto his job more in his life than right now. Farming right now is in process of going through a revolution, or rather evolution, that will be far-reaching in its effect upon the world.

The farmer is making use of labor-saving machinery. He is plowing with a tractor. He is hauling his grain with a truck. He drives an auto for business. He is putting in electricity to light up the house and barn and grind the feed. He is keeping books, too, to see what it all will cost him and what profit he ought to have. In Indiana, for instance, 30,000 sets of farm-record books were distributed this year from Purdue University. In Iowa some 40,000 similar books were distributed from Iowa State College. This is typical for the whole land.

Most of all, the farmer is organizing for business.

There is now being developed among the farmers of America a new organization, built on a new type, with foundations that seem sound, after a plan that is providing ample finances. I have followed this movement from Massachusetts to California in the last six months, first hand in a number of states, and it looks as though it is due to reorganize and redirect the farming of America completely, putting it on a business basis instead of a haphazard affair, as it is now.

I refer to the farm-bureau movement. This began when the farmers of a county were organized into a body to support the county agricultural agent. They organized in effect a rural chamber of commerce, with the county agent acting as secretary for them. During the war these farm bureaus were temporarily organized pretty much over the agricultural regions of the country and furnished the machinery that stimulated the farmers to produce the food that helped win the war. With the close of the war, instead of these farm bureaus being allowed to die out, they were strengthened and made permanent.

The Farm-Bureau Drives

Within the last year or so there has been a movement all over the country for these county organizations to get together and perfect state farm-bureau organizations. Then it was a natural result that last November delegates from state bureaus should convene at Chicago and effect a temporary national farm-bureau organization. In March of this year, meeting again at Chicago, delegates from twenty-eight permanently organized states, representing a paid-up membership of some 600,000 farmers, permanently organized the American Farm Bureau Federation.

The future prospects for such an organization look as though within another year nearly every state will be organized on a farm-bureau basis and be a member of the national organization. Membership drives are being put on in a dozen different states or so this spring, soliciting being done by farmers.

Members are paying five or ten dollars a membership, from one-half to three-fourths going to the county and the rest to the state and American federations. Beginning with 1921, for each member each state will pay fifty cents into the national treasury. With a million members the organization will have $500,000 for its running expenses next year. The budget is $200,000 this year.

In Iowa there are nearly 125,000 members who joined, each paying five dollars. In addition they pledged and paid in $400,000 more as a voluntary fund for the state treasury. Illinois will soon have 100,000 members, each paying ten or fifteen dollars a member. Michigan, Indiana and Ohio will probably equal this also.

The American federation has elected J. R. Howard, an Iowa farmer, as president, at a salary of $15,000 a year. J. W. Coverdale, a college-trained Iowa farmer and former extension man from Iowa State College, has been elected secretary, at $12,000—equal to the salary of the United States Secretary of Agriculture. Expert men are to be employed to handle the various bureaus and departments of the federation, the salaries paid them being sufficient to secure men of equal caliber to experts employed by the packers and other big industrial corporations.

Likewise the states are doing the same thing. Secretaries are being employed at salaries ranging from $5000 to $10,000. Illinois has retained Prof. H. W. Mumford, of the University of Illinois, one of the leading livestock authorities of America, at a salary of $15,000, to handle the livestock department.

Among the activities of this American federation will be the establishment of bureaus of transportation, statistics, cost accounting and legislation. A Washington office with a Washington representative in charge has already been opened. Cost-of-production figures will be obtained on a wide scale. Referendums on pending legislation will be taken. Needed legislation will be suggested and pushed. Study will be made of the packing industry, the stockyards, railways and other interests affecting agriculture. For the first time in history the farmers will be able to represent themselves adequately and present a united front.

The reason why I mention all this here would be plain enough if you had seen these farm bureaus being organized as I have in the past six months. These facts I have given here in regard to labor shortage, unrest, lack of profits, and so on, have all been the motive force that has driven the farmers to organize as they have in this way. It is the method the farmers are taking to defend themselves and to try in a constructive way to solve their own problems. I wish there were space here to tell more in detail of these farm bureaus. But I'll be content with just one specific illustration.

Michigan is the second beet-sugar state of the country. The beet farmers are unable to secure the necessary labor this year. Beet growing takes an unusual amount of work. To get labor at all, prices far beyond what have ever been paid before will be necessary. Now in years gone by the beet manufacturers of Michigan have paid the beet farmers just what they felt like paying, and the farmers had to take the price whether they liked it or not.

But aroused this year because of labor scarcity and high wages that must be paid to compete with city labor prices, the farmers refused to sign their contracts on the same basis as last year. Instead, the Michigan State Farm Bureau employed a man to investigate profits in beets and sugar last year. He discovered that on a ton of beets the farmer made a profit of eighty-one cents and the beet factories made a profit on that same ton of $9.89. At that profit sugar should have sold round thirteen cents wholesale, when as a matter of fact in certain Michigan cities it was selling for fifteen and seventeen cents.

Aroused by the publication of this report, of which the above is but the nubbin, the farmers have perfected a Beet Growers' Association under the inspiration and financing of the farm bureau. As I write now, more than 8000 of Michigan's 12,000 beet farmers have already signed an agreement not to grow a single beet next year unless they are guaranteed a contract that will insure them at least fifty per cent of the profit on their beets, when, according to capital invested and labor, about sixty-five per cent is due them.

The Elysian Fields Up to Date

These Michigan farmers do not ask consumers to pay more for sugar. All they want is to get their just share of the profits. They would much rather have sugar sold to the consumer for less. They have to buy sugar, same as anyone else. But they insist that their labor is just as valuable and their capital entitled to just as much return as is the city man's labor and city man's capital. And they propose to get it.

One big result of the farm-bureau movement ought to be that the farmer can determine, rather than someone else, the price he ought to get for what he has to sell. This would be but putting him on a par with any manufacturing business in the country.

But suppose that we all fail in these things. Suppose that the farmers themselves grow discouraged and cannot solve their labor problem. Suppose that the movement from country to city goes on. Suppose that the H. C. L. still stays up, along with wages. Suppose that labor grows more dissatisfied and demands still higher wages. Suppose that Congress and legislatures keep on failing to appreciate the problem and fail to solve it. Suppose that Mrs. Richwoman and Mrs. I. B. Somebody fail to turn off their flunkies, and their husbands still dine in luxury at lunch and pay exorbitant tips and prices for fancy food. Suppose we keep on spending out money for fun and foolish things instead of saving it.

Suppose time and working of economic checks and balances do not solve our problems, as many hope to see happen.

Where will it all end? Where shall we be a year from now, or three years or twenty years from now? What will be the ultimate result of all this?

I hate to say. I don't just happen to know. But I cannot see how anything other than something that will make men hungry and drive them away from the fun and luxury and waste of city life as it is to-day will ever remedy the situation.

The trouble is that the whole nation is in a wrong frame of mind—farmer, business man, stenographer, butcher, baker and coal-oil-can maker. We are just like Germany before the war when the whole nation was permeated with militarism. The only difference is that we have a different disease. And we surely have a bad case of it. We are facing a psychological situation, as well as a business, economic and legislative one.

We have all these years glorified brain work to the detriment of handwork and manual skill. We have tried to educate our boys away from industry and our girls away from the kitchen and home. We have tried to educate our boys away from the farm, always holding out to them a life of ease and white collars in town as lawyers, doctors, merchants or industrial bosses. Our schools, our whole rural frame of mind, our very religion is full of this. In heathen days it was the Elysian fields, a rural paradise, to which our ancestors looked for eternal joy. But the Christian holds out for a city life, with paved streets—and free jitney busses every five minutes if you will just live in certain denominational real-estate additions.

Goldsmith as a Prophet

We are all in the sad frame of mind right now where we are afraid of honest work and want to get out of it. The life of idleness, of luxury, of ease has been exalted and the dignity of labor, of getting things done, has been debased.

Ten million of our citizens right this very day are scheming more on how to get out of doing work than they are on getting more done. I could quote statistics by the yard to show of the decreased efficiency in mill and shop and factory and farm too—with this philosophy of less work and more pay and laziness permeating our national life and soul. What a spectacle did New York present last winter, with the streets covered with snow and a whole city cussing because enough bums could not be rounded up down at Salvation Army headquarters at a dollar an hour to clear the snow away.

Old Oliver Goldsmith may have been but a passing fair poet. But blessed if he was not one of the best political economists of his day or since. He knew enough to look ahead fifty to two hundred years. Most of our parlor economists to-day know enough to wait until the census figures are all published and then spend the next ten years discussing them, meanwhile holding down seats of well-polished chairs of economy in our leading Ph. D. think factories.

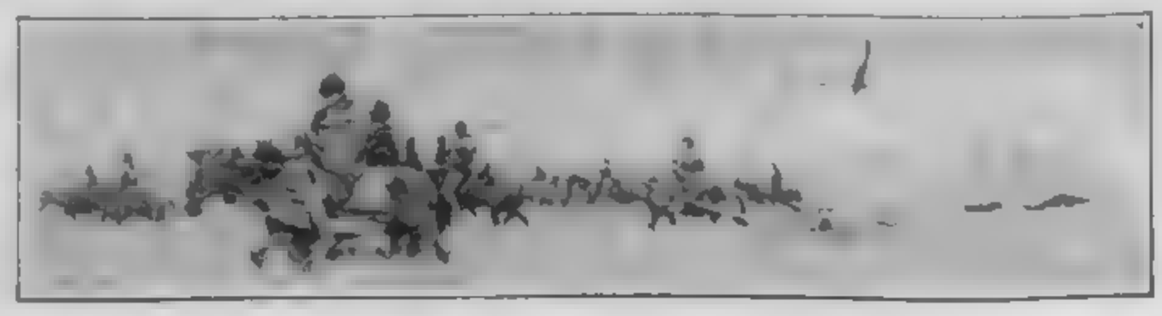
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

That's a part of what Oliver had to say. Wonder if he was thinking of U. S. A., Anno Domini, 1920. Underneath all these things I have been writing are greater forces than most of us dream about—underneath the surface of these crowded cities and depleted countrysides. Just reflect a bit on what I've been telling you and on what Oliver says.

Then, boy, page us a good historian. Ask him if he can see anything in these depleted countrysides, food getting short, wages abnormally high, prices higher, gold and silver and foreign exchange in unstable state, a world in unrest—anything in present conditions and tendencies in common with those of or different from those of the times preceding the downfall of the Roman Empire, the Renaissance or the French Revolution—periods when, after unstable conditions, the course of the world's path was greatly changed.

My own opinion, of absolutely no value whatsoever, is that the world is going down the pike mighty fast right now, and all of these things flying by are but signs that there is a sharp corner of some kind ahead.

This old world is due soon for a sharp turn of some sort. And heaven help us if civilization skids as we go round the bend. Gabriel might just as well toot his horn and have it all over.



The Cook whose Cabin Became More Famous than Uncle Tom's

DOWN in Louisiana on the banks of the rolling Mississippi Aunt Jemima's little cabin stood, and not far distant the plantation manor where her genial "Massa," Colonel Higbee, lived.

In all the sunny Southland there was no cook like Aunt Jemima. For miles and miles around the people came to meet her—for even in those days before the war her fame had spread through all the South. Folks reveled in the deliciousness of dishes she used to prepare.

Most of all they delighted in her pancakes. So tender and fluffy, so fine-flavored and satisfying were they that other cooks, try as they would, simply could not make their equal! So temptingly brown they came in, hot from the griddle! So unvarying in goodness—morning after morning the same!

Little wonder that Aunt Jemima was pressed for the secret of their making!

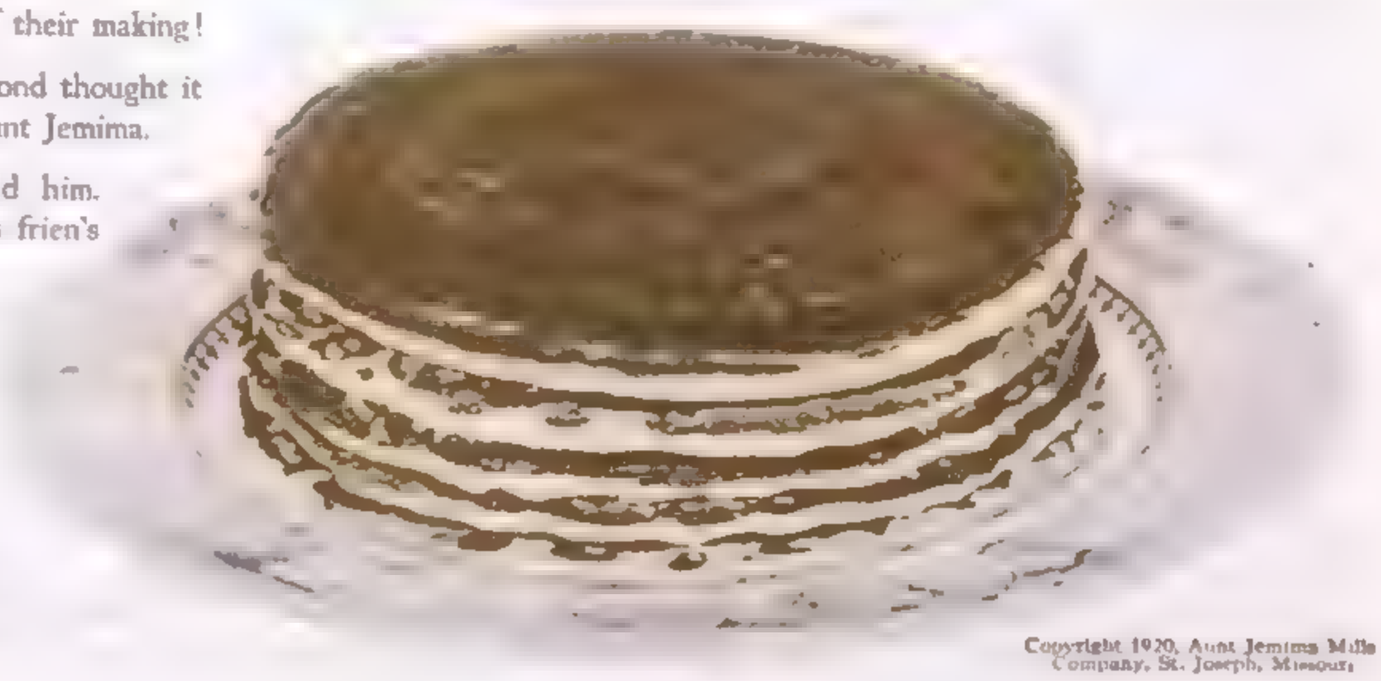
Would money buy that recipe? One Henry Carter of Richmond thought it would, and it was a tidy sum he offered. But he didn't know Aunt Jemima.

"Ah ain't intendin' to sell nuffin' what ah know," she told him. "Dem cakes is jes' fo' mine an' fo' Cun'l Higbee's fambly an' his frien's when dey cum heah!"

But the war came on. Dark days hung over the household of Colonel Higbee. And darker days—the Colonel gone—the plantation sold. There's not room to recount those times. Nor is there space to tell of the old Confederate General who years after recalled the time when, lost with his aide, he had happened upon Aunt Jemima's cabin and one of her pancake breakfasts—of how his friend who represented a milling company in the North found the old mammy and bought from her the magic recipe—of other episodes in the romance. But you've met Aunt Jemima herself. And, tomorrow, you can have her wonderful pancakes! Pancakes, tempting and tender and fluffy—just as she herself made them! For in the red package from which beams her smiling face—you can get one in any grocery—there's ready prepared Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—from her very own recipe! With even sweet milk in it! And so rich it needs no eggs! With everything that Aunt Jemima used except the water!

'Tis just a minute's work to stir that in. And you have a piping hot plateful almost before you know it.

One taste and you'll understand why Aunt Jemima became famous—why her fame has spread so far, so very far from that little cabin on the river bank down in Louisiana. And you'll never forget!



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Protects your Ford engine against this abuse

If poor oil or oil of wrong body is used, 97 parts are damaged

JUST as in the engine of the most expensive car, every moving part of the remarkable Ford engine must be perfectly lubricated.

The Ford engine is a wonderful piece of mechanism, compact and accurately made, but, like any other finely adjusted machine, it requires absolutely correct lubrication to develop its fullest efficiency. Thousands of motorists have found that *ninety per cent of Ford engine troubles are caused by inferior oil.* Engineers state that this engine can be kept quiet, silent and powerful for thousands of miles without carbon removal or layups for expensive repairs. How are these remarkable results obtained?

In the ingenious Ford power plant the engine, transmission gears and disc clutch are enclosed in the same case. One oil must meet the different requirements of all these parts. Veedol Medium is specially made to do this.

The hidden toll taken by sediment in ordinary oil

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. Great quantities of sediment form which has no lubricating value. Even when first put in the engine, at operating temperatures, ordinary oil is usually too thin to prevent leakage of the unburned gases past the pistons. In consequence all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. The oil is thinned down as the sediment forms. The oil film is destroyed. Metal-to-metal contact results. Friction and wear begin. The engine overheats. Bearings burn out. Carbon forms rapidly. Serious trouble inevitably follows.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

How the sediment problem was solved

To produce oil that reduces sediment to a minimum, engineers experimented on the road and in the laboratory for years. They evolved the Faulkner Process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat.

Veedol reduces the amount of sediment formed in the engine by 86%. Notice the sediment test at the left. Veedol is specially made to maintain proper lubrication even with low-grade gasoline. In spite of this low-grade gasoline commonly in use, Veedol maintains the piston seal, preventing leakage and contamination of oil in the crankcase. Common engine troubles are almost eliminated. It also reduces evaporation from 30% to 70%—giving high mileage per gallon of oil. Veedol Medium is specially recommended for Ford automobiles.

Make this simple test—buy Veedol to-day

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of oil and kerosene and refill to the proper level with the correct grade of Veedol.

A run on familiar roads will show you that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of both oil and gasoline.

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Every Veedol dealer has a chart which shows the correct grade of Veedol for every car.

The new 100-page Veedol book on scientific lubrication will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL
Sales Corporation
1517 Bowling Green Bldg. New York City

Branches and distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada

"One of the chief causes of automobile engine troubles is cheap oil. The motorist who drives up to a garage and takes any oil that is offered is measurably shortening the life of his car. By paying a little more for an oil of known quality, the average car owner can do away with a large percentage of his engine repair bills."

(Signed) A. LUDLOW CLAYDEN
Consulting engineer, author of leading papers on the gasoline engine.

KINGS' HOSTS

(Continued from Page 4)

"McCune Is a Sailors' Roost on the Water Front! It Doesn't Seem Possible. But He Chose a Good Hide-Out"

went in there to the Pecos with one man and fought twenty into a corner for the stuff. I had to blow the vault door with one hand and keep 'em covered with the other, because the stink ant I took in with me wouldn't go through. I went across Arizona and half of Nevada on two loaves of bread and a canteen with a bullet hole in it, and if one of my mules hadn't croaked I never would have left anything in your rotten little county. After that my pardner got drilled and caught. He squealed—I always knew he would. But I got away with four posses closing in on me. After that I spent nine months dodging, and when I made a turn so's I could eat, the railroad dicks grabbed me and gave me an eleven-year jolt. It would have been six months, only a guard put his damned head in the way. Now I'm out, with all that between me and my money, and you talk about asking a good deal! Go back and tell Radcliff he can take his stinking scheme to hell! I'll dig up that stuff and get it away if I have to fight God A'mighty for it—and you can tell this new sheriff of yours that I'm a she bear of a fighter too!"

He had shot out this speech breathlessly, violent in his rage, forgetting his own caution. It is impossible to give even a faint notion of the obscenities and blasphemies with which he punctuated it. His face was drawn into the snarl of a vicious animal. When he had finished he whipped the back of his hand across his forehead and it came away wet. Gessler sat watching him with shrewd coolness.

"No use arguing with me," he said. "My people are taking risks—if the luck broke bad somebody would go to the pen. And you know as well as I do that you can't go into Kearney County and dig up half a ton of gold bars." Meaningly he added: "And get away with it."

The small man shifted his position.

"I could make somebody awful sick that tried to stop me."

Gessler did not choose to reply to this. He waited for a moment. Then he asked: "Well?"

"Damn you," Barnes cried, "it's fifty-fifty or I don't play!"

"There's somewhere round two hundred thousand in the cache, I'm told. Split three ways it would make life easy for you."

The cornered man wet his lips.

"Give me seven bars."

"Out of how many?"

"Eighteen."

"That might be arranged," Gessler said tonelessly. "Yes, I can agree to that for my people."

"Now, you look here," the little man rasped abruptly: "I'm a bad man to fool with! I'm at the end of my rope. If there's any tricks, God help the man that pulls 'em! Who's in on this deal?"

"That is none of your business," Gessler said with finality. "But if you want to know whether it can be put over or not I'll tell you it can. My principal client runs the county."

"Radcliff? But how about Stull Stow, the cattleman? He used to sit in. And he's straight. He wouldn't let this get by."

"Not if he knew about it or could prevent it. But he can't, you see. Radcliff has licked him for the last eight or nine years every election. And Stow has had to quit using his gunmen. So he just twiddles his thumbs and runs cattle."

"How about this sheriff? What's his name?"

"Walters."

"Radcliff's man?"

"Eats out of the hand."

"There ain't nobody else—some county judge or the district attorney or some smart reformer?"

"Pico is a live town—the gang there is pretty handy at taking care of trouble makers."

"Wide open?"

"Pico? Like a barn door! Prohibition doesn't prohibit in Kearney County."

"I get it! Radcliff is skimming cream off all the pans. Well, I can watch out for myself."

"There is one man. You ought to know about him."

"Only one?" The ex-convict sneered.

"Only one—but he's a two-gun lad. The business men of Pico made a deal with Radcliff last year; they wanted a deputy of their own.

"There had been some stickups and a train robbery or two, and they hurt business. Radcliff conceded something to them—the undersheriff."

"He ain't in on this play then?"

"Hardly! Walters is having trouble enough handling him as it is. He has peculiar notions about public office."

"If he runs across my trail maybe I can do your sheriff a favor then."

"You might. But look out for him. He's one of these bright boys."

"What's his name?"

"Squires."

"I've got his number."

The little convict sat thinking a minute. Radcliff's hired man watched him, perfectly self-possessed, perfectly cold.

"All right, Mister Lawyer," Barnes said; then presently: "I'll come through. It's worth something to me. But I'm not going with you."

"How are you going?"

"As I please. Probably cross country by machine. I've got a reason. And I won't be in Pico much before the first or second of next month."

"You'll be watched until you get there and close the deal."

"You'd save money calling off your dicks. Think I'm going to run a rannikapoo with that stuff lying there rusting? I'll come clean."

"I presume you will."

"You're right. But there's another side to it. Your gang will too."

"You can trust them."

"I don't trust anybody!" the little man snarled. "I'm coming in there at night and I'm going out the same. Nobody picks up my trail till I give you the office I'm ready. Do you get that?"

"You will be left strictly alone until you are ready."

"You're damn whistling I will! And I go to the cache alone."

"Oh, I guess not!"

"Oh, I guess so! Radcliff and this crooked sheriff of his can ride herd on me, but they'll ride wide. After I get the stuff I'll come back to Patrick's place, or the old corral that used to be at Sheep's Crossing ——"

"That's better. Patrick's is a stage station now."

"Sheep's Crossing then. I put eleven bars of the stuff on the ground beside the machine and back off into the brush. Radcliff picks 'em up and moseys. I don't want to see nobody after the deal is closed."

"You've got an imagination, my friend," Gessler remarked. "But it runs away with you. If Radcliff has the stuff he won't want you. What are you afraid of?"

"I'll tell you that too. Just happens I know about the twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward the Pecos offered. Maybe Mister Sheriff wouldn't mind grabbing off his cut of the property and the reward on top. Think I've got cheese in my head?"

"You forget that Radcliff is taking chances with you. If you should squeal——"

"Oh, go on! Don't make me laugh! An ex-con—the guy that stuck up the Pecos in nineteen-seven and shot two guards and that's got a private electric chair yawnin' for him in Carson City—he squeals on Henry Radcliff, boss of Kearney County. Haven't you just got through telling me he owned every judge and officer in the place? It's you that's got a head full of cheese!"

Gessler smiled slightly, and rose.

"All right, Mr. Barnes," he said. "We'll carry the plan out your way. If anything happens, wire me. There's my card."

Barnes picked it up with a quick movement, scrutinized it carefully, then took out a match and lighted one corner, holding the pasteboard until it was burned to a wisp of black ash.

"You'd like to leave a little Kearney County literature round here for these San Fran dicks to pipe off, wouldn't you?" he sneered.

"You got to remember Nevada isn't the only place they've heard of the Pecos hold-up and the reward. I'll carry your moniker in my head, Mr. Gessler, attorney at law."

Gessler stood by the door, his hand on the knob, his eyes on his host.

"You're a disagreeable little cur," he said quite pleasantly. "I should hate to think of your settling down in our neighborhood. So long to you."

The other merely regarded him, answering nothing. Gessler went down the stairs, passing thereon the thin man who had bolted from the saloon at hearing the name of Barnes, but who gave him no sign now, and went into the street. As he turned into Steuart he confronted a gray-clad individual with a close-cropped mustache and large flat feet.

"Did you make your man?" this individual inquired.

Gessler nodded.

"Everything O. K. He travels light and moves quick. And he's pretty suspicious."

"We'll take care of him."

"You'd better. If he doesn't arrive in Pico before the morning of the fifth—I'll allow you a day or two—you don't get one penny. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly! You won't need to worry, Mr. Gessler."

Gessler laughed shortly.

"If I were the worrying kind I would have been dead ten years. Keep in touch with me. Good-by."

II

WHERE the desert railroad junction of Pico feathers off into barren desert, and half a mile from the business center that hugs the courthouse, stands the town's one landmark, dating back to the very beginning of things. This landmark is Doon's Corral. In fact, it antedates the town by many decades, being still reminiscent of the days when overland caravans, passing wearily along the old Mormon Trail toward

(Continued on Page 130)

Keep Your

IT isn't fair to yourself or your car to run it without any attention and then sell at a big loss. With but little effort you, yourself, can keep your car in such condition that the depreciation will be very slight.

We offer for your use JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS. No experience is necessary for their use—they can all be applied by the amateur with perfect satisfaction. JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS are of the very highest quality that can be produced. You will find cheap makeshifts on the market, but when you insist upon JOHNSON'S you take no chance, for they are fully guaranteed.

JOHNSON'S Car Savers

Johnson's Carbon Remover—an easy, clean, safe and satisfactory remedy for carbon. It will save you from $3.00 to $5.00 over other methods without laying up your car. You can easily do it yourself in ten minutes—without even soiling your hands—and the cost is trifling.
Half-pints—75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—penetrates between the spring leaves thoroughly lubricating them. Simply paint it on with a brush or squirt it on with an oil can—you don't even need to jack up the car. Reduces the liability of spring breakage. Half-pints—35 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Cleaner—for body, hood and fenders. It removes spots, stains, tar, alkali—preparing the surface for a polish. Contains no grit or acid.
Half-pound cans—35 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid—for polishing body, hood and fenders. Imparts a hard, dry, glass-like polish which does not collect or hold the dust. Preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather. You can polish your car in half-an-hour. Half-pints—50 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Valve Grinding Compound—will remove pits and foreign substance from valves, giving a velvet seat. Does not gum up and stop cutting. Will not cut grooves.
4 oz. Duplex boxes—45 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Representative dealers and jobbers all over the world handle JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS. Don't accept or handle unknown substitutes.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

Car Young

START today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two every month and JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car.

There is a JOHNSON CAR SAVER for every purpose—for removing carbon—for mending leaks in radiators—for renewing old tops—for revarnishing cars—for oiling squeaky springs—for grinding valves—for cleaning and polishing body, hood and fenders—for patching tubes and casings. No experience is necessary for the use of JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS—they can all be applied by the novice with perfect satisfaction.

JOHNSON'S Car Savers

Johnson's Black-Lac—a perfect top dressing. One coat imparts a rich, black surface just like new. Easy to apply—dries in fifteen minutes—is permanent, waterproof and inexpensive. Half-pints—75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Radiator Cement—in liquid form and easy to use. Will ordinarily seal leaks in from two to ten minutes. No tool kit complete without a can. All you have to do is remove the radiator cap and pour it in.
Half-pints—75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Auto-Lak—an automobile body varnish that amateurs can use successfully. Goes on easily and quickly—you can finish your car one day and drive it the next. A pint is sufficient for varnishing a roadster.
Pints—$1.50 in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Hastee Patch—a quick and permanent repair for tubes, casings and all rubber goods—rubber boots, rubber coats, garden hose, auto tops, etc. A box in your car answers the purpose of two or three extra tubes and casings.
Small Size (enough for twenty-five average patches)—50 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

For years our employees have been our partners and share the profits. Because of this personal interest, unusual care and skill enter into the manufacture of JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS—overhead is reduced to the minimum—and we are enabled to sell at a very slight increase over pre-war prices.

Write for our folder on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.

RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 127)

Alta, California, found it an oasis, a resting place and a repair and supply station.

Along the west side of Doon's there stands to-day a part of the old mesquite stockade erected in 1846 by Stephen Doon, old Tim's father, when Stephen was thirty and the despot of Southern Nevada. That stockade gave the place its name. It was literally a corral, surrounded by a stout ten-foot fence of mesquite posts brought up by the Indians from the Pico Wash. In the center the bold young pioneer built a stout square building, which was residence, storehouse and trading room in one, wherein he is said to have bargained with a stony face for the last penny he could extort from a customer, only to turn round and give like a prince to any pleading unfortunate with any pitiful tale, plausible or dubious. Doon's Corral was one of the posts on that terrible frontier road, therefore, which some men remembered with black looks and others with filling eyes.

After the heavy emigration of the fifties Doon's became less bustling; in the eighties the transcontinental railroads, leaving Southern Nevada far to the south on the one hand and far to the north on the other, carried their traffic by, and Doon's languished. The old man and the beautiful California girl he had married knew hard times. Timothy, their son, grew up to think of the world as a flat, wind-swept place inhabited by a few people, mostly prospectors, land seekers or cattlemen; finally the elder Doon died, and left him as a heritage a few hundred dollars hidden in a cache in the spring house, and the corral. This was fast falling to ruin when a small party of surveyors came through and made demands on Tim for accommodations. In an evil moment he went to Tucson and married a woman to obtain a helpmate so that he could take those men in and keep their hunger satisfied. They were laying out a railroad, they said; it would bring prosperity to the region. Tim sniffed, having heard such tales before. But the surveyors were followed by construction gangs and Doon's Corral became a place of large importance—headquarters and supply station. The railroad company bought the Pico ranch near by and established a town. Tim Doon flourished. He spread out into merchandising—was busy, popular and contented. For into a life blunted and dulled by loneliness there had come many people—and his baby girl.

It was the advent of Xarissa Doon that effected the first great changes in Doon's Corral. Drunk with delight in her, Tim sent out for Indians and built round her tiny crib—it was made from half a sugar barrel and painted what Tim thought was a heavenly blue—the best adobe house in Southern Nevada. Mule teams went for him to Searchlight and brought a carload of furniture from the terminus of the railroad. He tore away most of the old mesquite corral and laid the first cement sidewalk in the desert. He razed his father's storehouse and built a roomy barn and a long warehouse. He erected a windmill, and he reveled in lurid paints for everything—there could be neither too many colors for him nor those too vivid. His activities broadened. He supplied accommodations for man and beast; he traded; he freighted in what supplies were needed by the hordes of workmen who were presently strung out across the length of the desert; and he made good profits. Then in the midst of contentment his wife left him, decamping between days in the company of a discharged railroad surveyor whose promises to her were probably lavish. Doon bent pitifully under what he thought was the disgrace to his baby girl.

His dissolution was very rapid. Pico began to grow, the railroad was completed, new merchants came in and opened up; new merchandise, new demands, new methods left Doon's Corral behind. The place fell into decay—a process that can be very swift on the desert. A few old-timers stabled their mules or burros with Tim, he sold fuel and feed in small quantities, unable to compete with the active and wide-awake newcomers; he installed a gasoline tank and pump when automobiles came into use, but he was half a mile off the highway—and might as well have been half a hundred. He took to drinking, to associating with the half-world scourings that began to drift into Pico with the political ascendancy of Henry Radcliff, an ex-gambler, and to doing small and dirty odd jobs for the boss and his lieutenants. He thought longingly of death; only Xarissa tied him to life.

There were two reasons why Xarissa, as she grew older, remained in Pico: She felt that her mother's defection had laid on her a certain duty toward her father; and she loved him almost passionately, with that love strong women often have for weaklings. She bloomed and flowered into a beauty—tall, broad, straight, lithe, clean-limbed, clean-hearted, clean-thinking. Without competition, she was a very queen to the rough men of her world. But this meant nothing to her. They interested her as horses did; she liked to feed them sugar, watch them cavort. But knowing them thoroughly she was afraid of neither, and drove both with equal skill and confidence. They would perform for her. She enjoyed making them do so. At twenty-two, power is a wonderful thing to a woman. It is more wonderful than love, because at twenty-two love is only one form of power.

Several men had told her with sincerity and some high resolutions that they loved her. When they did that Xarissa would look beyond them, her chin up and her eyes bright, and would say "Yes?"—and change the subject. She could do it so deftly that the most impassioned man would take up her new line without a break and never wonder until afterward whether she had exactly understood what he was talking about. Of all the men who had felt her bit and eaten her sugar one alone had not yet told her that he wanted her. He interested her more than the others. She stood in a little awe of Judd Squires. But she was not afraid of him.

Judd was one of those who always tied in at Doon's Corral when he came to Pico from the Stull Stow ranch headquarters twelve miles northeast of town. He had been doing it for years—ever since 'Riss was twelve or fourteen. Now for a year he had been undersheriff and had dropped in more frequently. He was a hard man to describe adequately. He was long-legged, but he stooped so much that he scarcely seemed tall. He was a horseman above the average, yet he did not fit his horse picturesquely. He walked little; when he did it was with a sort of slouch. His face was burned by sun, wind and rain, and the flesh was drawn tight—almost to bursting—across his cheek bones and the bridge of his nose. He looked less powerful than he was. He appeared dull, when he was, on the contrary, unusually alert and keen. He seemed colorless, yet at times flashed prismatically, aflame with some inner fire. Very few people knew Judd Squires well—only Stull Stow, the cattle king, who was fond of Judd and admired him beyond the capacity of others to understand, knew him intimately.

The one striking thing about Judd Squires was his eyes. They were hazel, but with that wonderful quality of hazel that takes on color from near objects. If Judd wore a blue handkerchief about his neck his eyes were blue; if the scarf were red the eyes became golden, almost brown; on the occasions when he donned his big green felt sombrero a Mexican had lost to him in Juarez once—having been badly damaged later when he attempted to knife Judd to recover his treasure—his eyes appeared to be a deep green and to hold mysteries. The few men who had looked into Judd's eyes when he was angry were of the belief that they were gray—and colder than Satan's heart. Xarissa, on the other hand, thought them very nice, warm, pleasant eyes. She liked to look into them and it made her a little cross that she could neither harden them by provoking Judd nor soften them by coquetting with him. He was always gentle and easy with her. But he would not tell her he loved her. Xarissa tossed her head. Much she cared, she said.

For some weeks now Judd had been worried when she saw him. He would ride out to the corral—he used his Judas horse whenever he could, because he hated the sheriff's automobiles—and look about anxiously. Several times he straightened and started to speak abruptly, but thought better of it. He seemed particularly interested in the men Radcliff or some of the Radcliff crew were always sending out to see old Tim Doon on business, who came usually in automobiles and stayed a very short time. Doon had recently set up an office in the long warehouse at the far end of the corral that had been built by the railroad contractor ten years before and that was now almost empty. Two smaller outbuildings stood between the warehouse and the residence, so that from the latter you could only see one end of the long windowless structure. 'Riss didn't understand this peculiar choice of her father's—the old office in the corner near the adobe seemed much more convenient to her. But her father had only shaken his head. He was worried, too, but she was used to that. He hadn't been at all himself for eight years; she was surprised at nothing now. So he went on meeting these men in the farther end of the disused storehouse. When Judd Squires would see these men coming and going he would frown and fall silent.

Then came a day when he rode out rather early in the forenoon, and seemed particularly gloomy. After a time 'Riss became impatient.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded.

"Nothing the matter, 'Riss."

"You're cross as a bear."

"Not with you."

"But you're taking it out on me. You sit there scowling down your nose. You'd be more company if you were dumb, because then you could at least talk with your fingers."

"I suppose I might be a little more human. Let's see. Did you hear that Tom Chittenden had bought Barch's hay and had gone to Los Angeles to sell it? Mrs. Sneddiger has the neuralgia again. And Messer's boy has a fever that Doc Notter thinks ——"

"If you don't hush I'm going into the house! What are you thinking about? There's something on your mind."

"Well, there is. You're a noticing little girl, aren't you?"

"And you keep looking down toward dad's office. See here, Judd!"

"Yes, 'Riss."

"Is anything wrong with Tim-dad?"

"Him? Oh—no!"

"That means there is. What is it? Another attachment or something?"

"Nothing like that. I can't talk about it. Partly I don't know anything for sure; partly I couldn't very well tell you. Have you talked to him lately?"

"I'm not paralyzed!"

"I mean about what he is doing; his office—his business."

"What about it?"

"That's what I want to know. I've got to know pretty soon."

The girl flung round.

"Are you joking?"

"No. And I don't mean the fuel-and-feed business."

"That's all the business Tim-dad has—except a little here at the store."

"I wish I was sure of that."

"Now look here, Judd, you can't stop there! I've known for a long time there was something on your mind when you came to the corral. It looks like something serious, and I'm not going to stand mysteries any longer. What's the matter?"

"If I knew it might do some good to tell you, because you have a lot of influence with your father. He'd do a lot for you—more, I think, than he would for a man who—who had him in his power, sort of."

"You mean Radcliff, don't you?"

"Well—say Radcliff."

Xarissa dropped her chin into her palm, resting her elbow on her crossed knees, and stared down at the broken concrete sidewalk at their feet. After some time she said slowly: "Tim-dad is in debt to Radcliff. But he would never do anything wrong for anyone, not even for a man he owed a great deal to."

"Like Radcliff."

"Yes. He owes Radcliff a lot."

"Money?"

"Some money. But help—I don't know much about it. Tim-dad only tells me a little."

"Listen, 'Riss! I've got to find out just where your father stands. I've been playing a lone hand against a bad bunch for a year now, and up to date they've beaten me. Sometimes I've been outbluffed; other times I've overplayed, but usually it's looked more as if the deck was stacked. Somehow they never deal me any high cards. The business men here didn't like the way things were going and they told Radcliff that they wouldn't hear of Walters for sheriff unless they had a man of their own under him. They got Stull Stow to pick their man for them, and he picked me. Walters never liked the arrangement, but he had to take it. Radcliff seemed to think I would settle down and be satisfactory. But I'm not. I'm not built that way. They want me to resign—but when I resign it will be when my gun misses fire sometime and the other fellow pulls first. This makes it kind of slow going for me."

"I can understand that, Judd. But what I can't understand is what Tim-dad has to do with ——"

"I'm coming to that. For four or five years your father has been tired and discouraged. He's got in pretty deep with Radcliff. Radcliff could use him—and he wouldn't hesitate to do it. I don't think much of that snake, you know."

"Neither does Tim-dad!" the girl flashed with spirit. "But if he went to Radcliff for anything it was because he had to. You know how bad business has been."

The undersheriff looked at her with troubled eyes.

"Haven't you noticed that business has picked up since the state went dry?"

"Since when? What do you—oh!"

"It seems that way to me, 'Riss. These fellows who come out here aren't buying coal or rolled barley. They're not that kind. Somewhere in Pico there is a big stock. The whole county is getting it. I can't find where it comes from, and I'm the only one in Walters' force that seems to be looking."

Her lips were dry and her eyes wide. She started to speak, paused, fell silent.

The undersheriff waited, his frown deepening. Then he drew a long breath.

"Why do I keep looking, you're asking. Why don't I let the Radcliff gang put it over? I've thought of this myself and I'll tell you what I've had to decide:

"This county is either going to be decent and law-abiding, or it isn't. Things are getting worse all the time. You know—stick-ups, robberies, wide-open gambling and a lot of it crooked, and worse things. Last week, too, the Cattlemen's Bank lost a shipment of gold between the depot and its vaults. You haven't heard that, because Walters wants to keep it quiet. He thinks the respectable element won't know; that the insurance company will make good and we can drop the thing. But sometime soon the state or a Federal agent or an insurance company inspector will begin nosing round and then Kearney County will be in for a turnup.

"Stull Stow knows all this, and so do several others who don't care for the kind of government Radcliff is giving them. They are all looking to me. They don't expect much from Walters. Or maybe I ought to say that they expect Walters to do exactly what Radcliff and the underworld gang want done, and nothing more. There's a smashup ahead—and when it comes I want to be able to look men like Stull Stow in the eye."

"But even if Tim-dad is—is breaking the law, Judd," the girl broke in, "why can't you pick on someone else? I don't believe he is. But he isn't the worst at any rate. He doesn't hold up people, or run a dive or take stolen money or ——"

"I'm not much of a long-hair, 'Riss—you know that. But I know one thing dead sure and positive: booze is the father of crimes, especially bootleg booze. Radcliff's gang would have to move if Pico and Kearney County really went dry. They're the kind of people who have always had it—they have to have it now. And bootlegging is a crime in itself. Wholesale bootlegging is wholesale crime. I have to start cleaning up pretty soon, or else get out."

He pulled his knotted handkerchief closer at his throat and dug a boot heel into the pulverized concrete.

"I'm not going to get out!" he added, surprisingly quietly.

The girl's face was white. She had seen Judd Squires in different mood before—but not in deadly earnest as now. It did not occur to her to make an appeal to him. This was something bigger than all personal relations, all friendship or liking. Yet he hesitated, as she knew full well, only because of her.

"You have to do what seems right to you, Judd," she said in a low voice. "I can't believe it—but ——"

"I'll have to do what's right," he said thoughtfully. "But I'm thinking that Radcliff will never make a scapegoat out of Tim Doon if I can help it. You can be sure of that, 'Riss."

"Oh, but that is what he would try to do! The beast!"

She rose suddenly with a little cry, turned, jumped to the porch and whipped into the house. Judd Squires sat thinking. After a long time two men drove down Guerrero Street in a big automobile, stopped, got out and disappeared in the direction of the warehouse. Judd had identified them, even at that distance and without turning his eyes

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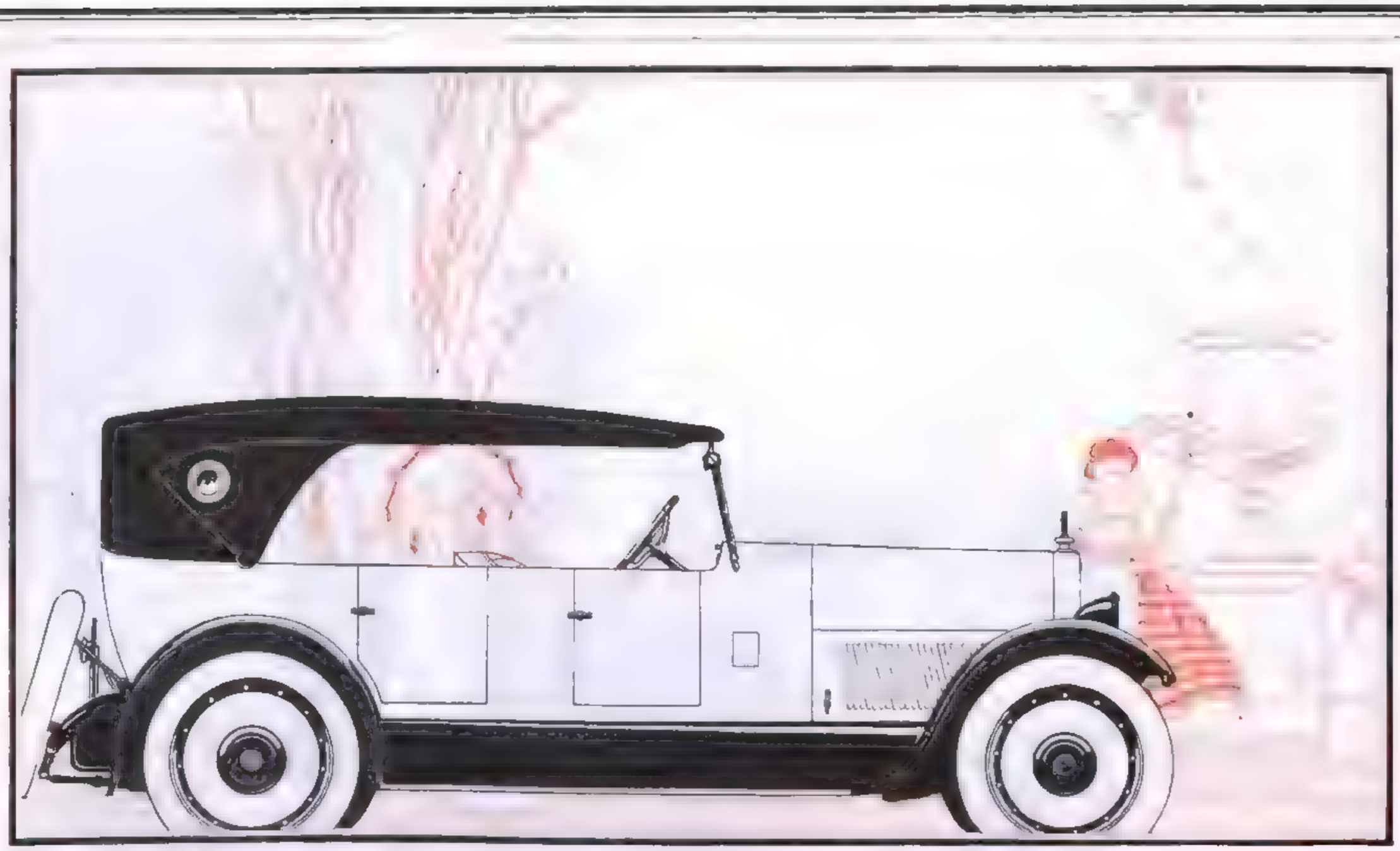

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For Men, Women and Children *Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest*

(Continued from Page 130)

or lifting his head. A moment later the door on the near end of the warehouse opened and Tim Doon came out. He did not see Judd, but began to move slowly toward the house. He walked behind the old harness room, his head bent; passed out of sight.

Squires moved then on impulse. Running lightly, he crossed the hundred yards to the warehouse at amazing speed, going on one side of the harness house as Tim Doon came out from the other. He dodged about the end of the warehouse, raced up an inclined platform that had once been used for loading purposes and in another moment was at a heavy door. It had been boarded up months before, because the lower panels were broken out, and quietly, with powerful wrists and fingers, the undersheriff wrenched away the two bottom boards, crawled through on hands and knees and went swiftly across the dark storehouse, his footfalls muffled by accumulated dust. When he came to a door at the farther side he leaned against it, panting a little and looking about with eyes becoming slowly accustomed to the semi-darkness.

Along the wall under his hand were double rows of barrels and cases neatly arranged. Beyond was a smaller room through the open door of which could be seen tier on tier of wine and brandy cases, above a floor crowded with demijohns and similar containers. From beyond the entrance at which he stood Squires could hear voices—the nasal speech of one man, the hoarse voice of another. Glassware clinked faintly.

"That's real stuff, eh?" the nasal twang exclaimed. "Over our way it'll be appreciated. I'll take two barrels."

"You're a fool if you don't make twenty out of the two, Bell," the second man said. "Burnt sugar and water—and I've heard of something else that gives it a kick."

The one with the nasal tones was fumbling about. Presently he said: "There you are! Same as if I paid your man Doon, ain't it?"

"Just the same," said the second with a laugh. "Only he loses his little cut. That's the reason I sent him out."

"Here—three fingers is enough for any man—of that stuff! All right—happy days!"

Stepping back, Squires hurled himself into the door before him—went bursting through it. As he recovered his balance he saw a hand come up awkwardly with a heavy gun clutched in it. He stepped sidewise and his own revolver swept down into the very face of buyer and seller.

The latter ducked and dropped his weapon, snarling. He was one of Radcliff's errand bearers and agents—and nothing more.

"This'll do your business for you now, Judd Squires!" he cried. "You don't suppose you can convict anybody in this county, do you?"

The undersheriff laughed at him.

"That might depend on who impanels the grand jury next month," he answered dryly. "Put your gun in your pocket, Sebright, and come along. You can telephone Radcliff from the jail."

III

RALPH GOSSARD, fifteen and small for his age, had tried being a tramp for nine weeks, and it had palled on him at last. The sense of being ill treated in his father's small garage in a Utah desert town had at first been strong enough to impel him to run away—to keep him going on westward when disillusionment had buffeted him. In the end he weakened; thought with sick longing of home and the smell of grease and gasoline, the feel of heavy tools in his hands, the element of suspense, even in that monotonous life, when a new dust cloud on the white road to east or west rose and drifted away to disclose a strange automobile from which an unfamiliar face could lean to ask questions or perhaps to drop hints of distant starting point or storied destination. Most of all he wanted rough, clean white sheets and his mother's suppers. In the yards of Livermore, east of San Francisco Bay, he found a train made up to go overland by way of Ogden, and he tried to swing himself between two rapidly moving refrigerator cars.

Had his grip held he would not have been in this tale—perhaps there would have been no tale to tell. By such slender threads does Fate carry forward the patterns that she weaves of life. Ralph's hands were cold, sore and unskillful. His body was hurled against the rearward car—for a breath he thought he was going under. But chance threw him outside, and he rolled to the edge of the road under a fence, where old grasses were withering in the snap of autumn. There he lay stunned for almost an hour.

When he came to himself he was in a Livermore garage and two or three men were watching him. He tried himself tentatively, and finding that he was not even seriously hurt mumbled his thanks and attempted to leave, having learned in his nine weeks' sojourn among drifters at least that much of caution. But a hand closed on his arm and he looked up into the face of the owner of the garage.

"Wait a minute, sonny. Ain't you the boy that was in here yesterday asking for a job?"

"Yes," Ralph said, gulping, "but I don't think I want it now. I want to go home."

They laughed.

"Where's home?" the proprietor inquired.

"Utah."

The man looked across at another then—a small individual standing beside an old-model automobile equipped for a long trip and weighted down with blankets and supplies. The small man asked sharply, "Where?"

"Utah," the garage man said.

"That's all right," said the other.

The proprietor turned to the boy.

"Driven a car much, sonny?"

"Since I was ten."

"You told me you'd worked in your father's garage—wasn't that it? Uh-huh! Know anything about that kind of machine there?"

The boy glanced over.

"Sure! Know 'em backward and inside out."

"I guess he's your party, Mr. Barnes," the garage owner said then, and he gave Ralph Gossard a friendly shove toward the battered old machine. "The gentlemen want somebody to drive them," he explained briefly. "They're going your way."

Half an hour later the sketchy negotiations were completed, the machine was fueled and extra oil taken on and Ralph was backing carefully out of the garage and turning the nose of the old car eastward. For a time he was engaged in trying out his machine—in getting acquainted. He was a good driver—steady, alert, saving strain. Ancient and battered as it was, he gave the automobile his approval, and thereafter grew to have an affection for it not uncommon among drivers. Meantime he was turning his attention to his employer and their traveling companion.

Mr. Barnes was interested, he said, in mining and land speculations. He was going overland because it gave him a better knowledge of the country. Though he was not a pleasant-looking man, he was quiet, easily satisfied, generous. He appeared to warm toward the boy. At the end of three days he was vaguely sketching Ralph's future for him—if he tended to business and didn't ask questions. From being grateful to Barnes, Ralph came to liking him. It was lucky that he had failed to pick up that east-bound freight—to go back to the monotony and hard usage of his old life! Mr. Barnes was a hero to him.

Quite to the contrary, Mr. Snyder, Barnes' guest, was an ill-conditioned, whining, fault-finding, timid old fool. He never took his eyes from Mr. Barnes; never let him get out of sight; complained at him and at the trip and at Ralph constantly; objected to every stop decided on; bewailed every new start. With his pouchy face, his tricky temper, his constant nagging, Ralph wondered that Barnes did not drop him from the party. Bit by bit the explanation came out. Barnes found Snyder an impossible companion, but owed the old man some money and was determined to pay it and be rid of him. Snyder had been promised payment many times, Ralph finally gathered, but had been disappointed. This, it appeared, had not been Barnes' fault, but the matter of fault did not concern Mr. Snyder. He was going to have his money this time, and they were now on their way to a place where that money could be got from a property in which Mr. Barnes was interested, and paid over to Snyder, thus automatically releasing Barnes from all obligations and terminating Mr. Snyder's connection with him. Ralph devoutly hoped this would be soon. He felt sorry for Mr. Barnes, and when out of Snyder's hearing he said so. Barnes seemed to appreciate Ralph's sympathy.

"Say," Ralph remarked on this occasion, "why can't the darn' old fool sit back in the tonneau? He drives me to drink yappin' in my ear all the time here in front."

"He don't like to ride behind, kid," Barnes replied.

"Let him walk then!"

"Tend to your business! I'll take care of everything else," Barnes said shortly.

He was often short, but never unkind. Sometimes Ralph thought he was going to lose his temper and swear—good! But he always checked himself, much to the boy's disappointment.

Their road did not lead them eastward into Utah. On leaving Livermore they began to turn southward, Barnes explaining that it might be a few days before they made the Utah country. Ralph did not care. He was happy—king of the wheel, emperor of the seat of power. Neither of the other two knew a butterfly valve from a torsion rod, and Ralph tasted the sweets of authority. They roared over the polished surface of the California highway south through Fresno and Bakersfield, then over the Tehachapi to Mohave, whence they turned eastward. Here Ralph was invaluable—rough, dusty desert roads, winding and snake-tracked because built by half a century of use and by that alone, were familiar to him, and he made time and saved tires and fuel because he had learned on just such trails in his own country. They fled eastward for mile after mile, passing through a few small towns, looking from the distance like children's blocks left randomly on the floor of a big nursery, crossed the Colorado at Needles, and on the evening of the last day of the month came to a sudden and unexplained stop in the middle of the barren waste at a foul-looking water hole. For several days Barnes had been indisposed—at any rate, he had stayed carefully out of sight in the back of the machine, with one side curtain up and with nothing to say. Now Ralph thought he looked a good deal older and more strained. He gazed about him as he alighted, studying the horizon, particularly on the road ahead, where there was a slight haze of smoke.

"We're about through," he said. "This is where we camp."

Ralph—according to a custom into which they had fallen—got out the outfit and started supper, while the other two unrolled the rough beds. Their supper was scant, for supplies were low. But neither of the two men noticed this. They had no appetites. Barnes had made his bed considerably apart from the others. After supper Snyder arose, and muttering something about not wanting to be lonesome and laughing awkwardly dragged his blankets that way and placed them close by those of his debtor. The latter sat by the small camp fire of greasewood and cow chips, watching. Ralph happened to catch a glimpse of his face and it startled him. But he shared Barnes' hatred of the querulous old man—and anyway, he thought, looks can't kill.

Presently gazing eastward Ralph beheld low on the horizon a cluster of twinkling lights. He turned to Barnes.

"Isn't that a town on ahead there?" he asked abruptly.

Barnes started, then nodded.

"Pico. My property's here."

"Isn't more than two miles away, is it—this town?"

"'Bout that. Why?"

"If we'd gone on in we could have got some grub ——"

Barnes started up with unexpected and unaccustomed violence.

"You double-blanked puppy, you," he cried, "I'll take a case knife to your stomach in a minute. Shut your yap!"

"What have I done?" Ralph asked doggedly as he backed away.

(Continued on Page 137)

'Rise Stood in a Little Awe of Judd Squires. But She Was Not Afraid of Him

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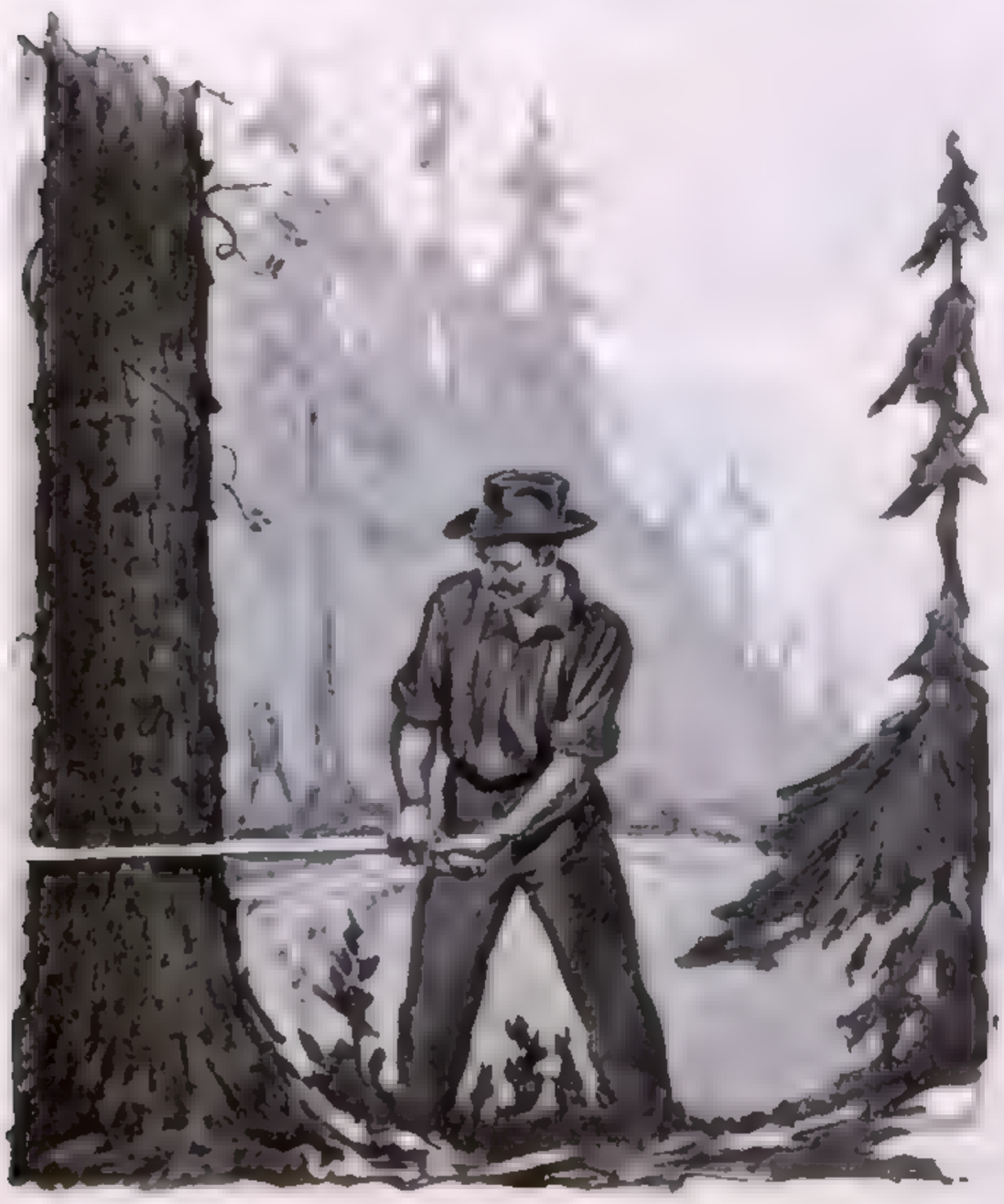
Atkins originated "segment grinding"—this exclusive process prevents Atkins Cross Cut Saws from sticking and binding. "Silver Steel", another exclusive Atkins feature, makes these saws hold their edge longer. Experienced woodsmen know these features have built a world-wide reputation for Atkins quality and value.



In Alpine timber, over-seas, forest regiments made war records operating Atkins Saws in double shifts at 344% above their rated capacity. Leading lumber mills everywhere know that Atkins Band and Circular Saws really cut faster, hold their edge longer and save time, material and money.

IN WS

Experienced carpenters are equipping their kits complete with Atkins "Silver Steel" Hand Saws. Because of Exclusive Atkins features, every saw is guaranteed to cut faster and easier and hold its edge longer.

Ford Motor Co., Bethlehem Steel, Pennsylvania Railroad and representative users in every line have adopted Atkins Metal Cutting Saws and equipment because of time, labor and money savings. Atkins AAA Non-Breakable Hack Saws eliminate hack saw breakage. Atkins Power Hack Saw Machines and Metal Cutting Band Saws are proved more efficient.

There are definite reasons why you should insist upon an Atkins Saw for every use. Interesting booklets covering the exclusive and better features of Atkins Saws for any use will be sent you if you give us your name and address and the work you have in mind. Before you buy any saw—look for the Atkins name on the blade and get the value the name insures.

E. C. ATKINS & CO., Established 1857 Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Makers of Silver Steel Saws and Tools; Automobile Clutch Discs; Meat Slicer, Belt Splitting, Cigarette and Tobacco Knives; Cabinet Scrapers and Specialties.

Canadian Factory, Hamilton, Ont., **Machine Knife Factory, Lancaster, N. Y.**

Factory Branches in Atlanta, Chicago, Memphis, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York City, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C., Sydney, N. S. W., and Paris, France

—At Leading Hardware Jobbers and Dealers and Mill Supply Houses Everywhere.

The merit of any product is best proven by the service it renders. The service record of Harrison Radiators is known the world over. The many universally known motor cars which are Harrison equipped have effectively demonstrated the uniform high quality of Harrison performance. The Cleveland is another Harrison equipped motor car.

HARRISON RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices and Factory: Lockport, N.Y.
General Sales Offices: Detroit, Michigan

HARRISON *Original Hexagon Cellular* Radiators

(Continued from Page 133)

"You've done fine since we started," Barnes retorted, though in a somewhat less savage manner. "You haven't asked questions. Keep on that way—not asking them!"

Ralph swallowed hard and was silent. He flushed with anger, but later his employer's agitation and irritability were explained to him as he thought of the nagging of Snyder. He fell asleep after having restored in himself his faith in Barnes. He was wakened early by an acrimonious debate. Barnes was urging some course with blasphemies and obscenities that made the boy cower. Snyder was wailing, threatening, whining, but was obstinately fixed against the plan Barnes proposed.

At last Barnes—observing with the tail of his eye that Ralph was stirring—said in a quieter tone: "All right, you bloodsucker; if you won't go, then neither of us will! I'll send the boy."

"But I want to get a hot meal for a change," Snyder complained. "I want some clothes. I'd like to get washed up once more just to see how it would seem. And I'm not going to sit out here in this wind and freeze."

"You're going to do what I say, you dashed stink ant!" the other shouted, suddenly menacing. "Close your trap, or I'll close it for you! I've took about enough from you!"

Snyder subsided. After some cogitation Barnes instructed Ralph to collect the camp outfit. Presently the three were in the machine once more and striking cross country. About two miles north of their highway they came on a little half-ruined shelter. It was toward this Barnes had been directing them, and here all the camping things were unloaded. Then Barnes called Ralph.

"You're going to town for me," he began. "Can you keep your face shut and do what you are told?"

"Yes."

"It'll be luckier for you if you do. My deal here doesn't need everybody in Nevada knowing it. Well, go into town and fill up with gas and oil. Get some supplies—here's a ten-spot. Now listen to this!"

"Yes, sir."

"Look for a man named Gessler. He's a lawyer. When you find him tell him that Mr. Barnes will meet him at Sheep's Crossing at sunup to-morrow morning. And tell him this: 'He says he means business and the man that tries any tricks wants to watch out for himself!'"

"I will"

"You will what?"

"I'll find Mr. Gessler and tell him you will meet him at Sheep's Crossing at sunup to-morrow morning. And I'll tell him: 'Mr. Barnes means business and if a man tries any tricks he wants to look out for himself.'"

"If he asks you where I am, what'll you say?"

Ralph eyed his employer closely.

"I'll tell him you're sick and I left you behind at a little place I can't remember the name of."

"You've got an idea there. Don't tell him any more'n you have to. Talk up to him and then shut up! Beat it now!"

Pico was the first of these desert towns along the way where Ralph had been given any opportunity or freedom to see, for Barnes had been rushing him through. He enjoyed the liberty. The town was small—dull. But many things caught his eye. He found the lawyer, Gessler, without difficulty. He did not like the cold scrutiny given him or the questions asked. There were too many of them, and they came fast and in unexpected sequence. He became stubborn. Finally Gessler laughed shortly.

"You've been well taught, kid," he said. "Here's a half a dollar for you. Tell Barnes we knew he was here—and where he camped. Don't forget!"

"No," Ralph said shortly, and left the office with relief.

"How could he know?" he wondered, passing into the street. "I'll bet he's a smart guy—that man."

His other errands he prolonged as much as he dared, though Barnes had neglected to tell him anything about coming back. With Gessler's fifty cents—the first money of his own he had had for two weeks—he bought himself a lunch, and it was three o'clock before he drove into a garage opposite a large ugly building he took to be some sort of post office or public edifice. A brisk, red-faced, stout young man stepped from the door of an office and storeroom filled with spares, parts, accessories and cases of bolts and nuts.

"Howdy," this man said. "Want something?"

"You got any springs for this car?" Ralph asked.

"I think we've got a secondhand pair that will do you. What's the matter?"

"Hit the high places coming from the river. I think I've got a broken leaf or two in the right rear. But I won't take it now. Just wanted to know."

"We can fix you up. Staying here?"

"Near here. Don't know how long. I want gas and oil."

When his needs were met he backed out, swung into the street, then glanced at the big sign lettered on the garage front:

HUDSON'S GARAGE

CARS BOUGHT, SOLD AND RENTED

LARGEST STOCK OF ACCESSORIES AND PARTS IN SOUTHERN NEVADA

HENRY HUDSON, PROP.

Ralph grinned.

"They beat time in this country," he mused. "Every place I've seen since I left Utah has got the largest or the finest or the longest or the richest or the somethingest! Utah'd look pretty good."

He could not shake off the depression that began to grow on him. He drove slowly, thinking of home. He was getting tired, for Barnes had kept him steadily at the wheel for ten days now. About a mile out of the town he overtook and passed a long-legged, awkward-looking rider on a rangy sorrel. The horseman pulled out of the road and turned to watch the car. Ralph liked the man—he had the appearance of one who would be even-tempered, steady and just.

"Hello!" he called cheerfully, and slowed down.

"Howdy, son? Going through?"

"No, just camping out here a ways. Come from California."

"Thought no one ever came from California—all going there," the horseman chaffed.

Ralph leaned on the wheels and accidentally pressed the horn button. The horn squawked and the big sorrel shied and wheeled. Awkward as the rider seemed, he did not even shift his weight back into the stirrups—merely caught the swing and jerk of the plunge by swaying his body.

"Dog-gone you, Judas-horse" he exclaimed good-humoredly, "you've got to get used to those things—I've been telling you."

"I didn't mean to," Ralph said hastily. And, "You can sure ride, mister!"

The stranger's voice was a little tired when he answered, picking up his bridle reins:

"A man's got to do something sort of halfway! Maybe riding's about my limit. So long, sonny!"

They parted in this way, the horseman turning northwestward. Ralph reached camp expecting to be berated for tardiness, but Barnes was snarling at Snyder and was abstracted. The old creditor sat hunched against the side of the shack. When Barnes ceased his tirade Snyder fanned it up with some nagging reminder. Their bad-tempered wrangling colloquy seemed interminable, and miserably petty and useless. Ralph was glad to get out to the car, where he found excuses to keep himself busied. He discovered a leaky feed pipe, which led him to the carburetor, and on that he spent more time than he realized. The shadow of evening fell on him without warning. Hastily he picked up a canvas bucket to go for water for the radiator, but was checked by Barnes' steel-edged voice:

"What in Hades is the matter with you, kid?" he shrilled. "Get over here and get some grub ready or I'll mash your face in!" There was more—a torrent of unprintable objurgations. Barnes had been violent the night before, but this was the first time he had been unrestrainedly obscene. The boy dropped his canvas bucket and ran toward the shack, his heart leaping.

Supper was an uncomfortable meal, hastily consumed. Snyder had fallen silent—was more furtive than before, watching Barnes with what the boy thought was a sort of fearful awe. Barnes himself leaned low over his plate and gorged. Presently he rose with decision.

"Come on," he snarled, "we haven't got all night. Wiggle a little, can't you?"

Snyder protested.

"What's the hurry, Barnes? I ain't through yet."

"You are through! Hear me talking? You—Ralph, grab them things!"

The boy busied himself, and Snyder went outside complaining in his reiterant whine. Barnes sat down on a broken old bunk and rolled a cigarette. In half an hour the kit of the party was packed or rolled and stored in the machine. Barnes climbed into his usual place behind, motioning Snyder in with Ralph.

"Turn round and drive back the way we came until I tell you," he said sharply.

As the boy twisted his wheel his eye was caught by a light dust cloud to the west, and he saw a small machine skitter across a rise, silhouetted against the sky, and disappear. A few minutes later he saw well to the south the lights of a second machine, dimmed and faint.

"Everybody's out to-night," he said carelessly.

The whole day had been one of suspense—apprehension. He had felt vaguely as though some crisis were drawing on him. He was homesick, he was afraid. The tension was beginning to tell. Then quite in a breath he remembered the message Gessler, the lawyer, had given him for Barnes—that they had known the party was near Pico; that they knew exactly where camp had been made. But he was afraid to give the message now. It was too late, he thought. He would rather avoid the precipitation of another of Barnes' tantrums.

But he knew—or thought that he did—that those machines contained men watching them from a distance. It made him shiver and he threw the wheel over and the clumsy old car left the road.

"What you trying on there, you hell's brat?" Barnes yelled.

"I didn't mean to. I was looking at those lights"—he gestured. "And a machine crossed the road about a mile or so ahead. Did you see it?"

"Well," Barnes said in a more agreeable voice, "is that anything? Roads are free, ain't they?"

"Sure! I only noticed."

"It's all right to notice," Barnes retorted, "but noticing is one thing and keeping your trap open and running all the time is another thing." He flared into one of his tempers, squalling: "Ain't you ever going to learn to hold your clack? Or am I going to have to cut your rotten tongue out?"

Ralph shrugged, keeping his gaze on the road.

"I ought to light my lights," he said sulkily.

"You leave your lights alone and drive!" Barnes snapped truculently.

So they went on, and presently Ralph was feeling his way. Barnes barked when the boy opened the cut-out, and slapped him with a heavy hand.

"Turn that noise off!" he cried. "I'm going to have to beat your brains out yet!"

By this time the nerves of all three were on edge. Ralph tried to fathom his benefactor's mood. All this was new, unexpected, inexplicable. But the task of keeping the machine on the staggering and apparently meaningless course Barnes logged for him with sharp words and vicious imprecations was sufficient to impede reasoning. They went north, west, east; bent back on their path and for some time bumped and plowed southwest. In a few minutes Ralph was completely lost. He began to think that Barnes had gone mad.

What added to his nervous irritation was that a dry, fitful wind had sprung up from the west and was now picking up sand and hurling it into their faces. His hands and face ached—his lips dried and stung. His jangled nerves jumped and he wanted to scream out or wrench the machine off its course and wreck it—end all this hysterical strain. The engine was giving him trouble, also. Its beat was broken, irregular. When they struck a quarter of a mile of heavy going in sand the radiator water began to boil. Then Ralph remembered that he had not filled it—Barnes had called him to get supper. He was afraid to say anything, but his heart stood still when he contemplated Barnes' probable rage if the machine stalled.

To his unspeakable relief his employer presently turned him to the left from the rude road they followed and ordered him to stop. It was now quite dark, and in the silence and at rest Ralph was aware that the wind was really strong and growing menacing. Snyder seemed to be asleep in his place, but he wakened after Barnes had alighted and started walking away with something in his hands that he had taken from the tonneau.

"Are we there?" he demanded anxiously. And then: "Barnes!"

"Mr. Barnes got out," Ralph said crossly. He was not afraid of Snyder—merely despised him.

Snyder turned.

"Got out? Where did he go?"

"How do I know?" Ralph retorted in anger. "It's none of your business, anyhow!"

"Why, you little devil ——"

"Aw, close your yap!" Ralph interrupted viciously. "I don't have to take your jaw, you old woman!"

Snyder stiffened as though contemplating violent action. But he sat back with some muttered remark and began craning his neck and trying to peer through the darkness.

Fifteen minutes passed, and then Barnes reappeared so noiselessly and so close to the car that Ralph started and Snyder stifled a frightened cry.

"Crawl out, you two!" Barnes said in a low tone. "Get over here and get going!"

Snyder tumbled out with alacrity, Ralph following him. They were led a few yards away and there stumbled almost into a shallow hole into which had been stuck a short-handled shovel. Barnes stepped down into the hole and heaved at a weight, passing it up.

"Catch on," he said, still guardedly. "Put it in the back of the car."

Ralph reached out and took a short and chunky slab, or bar, from his employer. Its weight disconcerted him; he very nearly fell atop of Barnes. The latter swore at him, straightening him up with a savage thrust. Ralph staggered off toward the machine.

The wind rose, tearing at the low brush and screaming through a small stiff tree near the hole, snatching at the curtains and top of the machine and making a peculiar sibilant sound that was irritating and threatening at once. The three trotted from one end to the other of their short path, staggering, laden, dropping their loads and hurrying back. In a few moments the last of the cache was in place. Ralph thought for a moment of his weakened springs, but he was past caring about trifles now. He stood by the car door, wiping sweat from his forehead. Barnes motioned Snyder in; climbed into the rear seat again himself.

As Ralph was about to take his place Barnes said sharply: "Damn that shovel! Go back and bring it. Leave the hole go."

Ralph sprang away, but not before Snyder's whine had been heard.

"I'll take mine right now," he said. "I'd like to feel it in my hands."

Barnes' reply the boy did not hear, but when he returned with the shovel an angry quarrel was in progress in the car.

"You shut that hole in your face, or I'll shut it!" Barnes said in a hoarse whisper.

As he was about to climb over the spare tire carried on the left-hand running board of the car in order to reach his seat Ralph's hand fell on a filled water bag that was tied inside the rim and that he had forgotten. He lifted it off, relieved, and went to the radiator. In a moment he unscrewed the top; began to empty the contents into the tank. The quarrel in the car raged like the wind outside. Ralph shook his head that ached a little with all the tension, the excitement, the mystery of this errand to the cache under the mesquite tree. It was gold they had carried—Ralph felt certain of that. For nothing else would men do such things as these men had done.

He picked up the radiator cap, looping the water bag handle over his crooked arm, and was about to screw it on.

A heavy revolver shot—deafening and stunning him—roared out. The boy leaped aside, dropping the cap. He spun half round; wondered for a breath if he had been hit. Then he got his bearings—realized that the shot had come from the car. For there were moans rising there now—a sobbing breath.

He sprang back and up to the car doors.

"Barnes!" he cried. "What was it?"

His hand fumbling for the top of the front door missed and fell beyond, touching the bowed head of the whining old Snyder, whose body swayed forward sickly, lifelessly and began settling toward the floor.

With a gasp the boy jerked his hand back—and it came away wet with a warm sticky fluid.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The best dealers handle the—

A-B-C

Unflagging interest in the operation of your A-B-C Super Electric is evinced by our dealers after the sale. They recognize that it is their gain to preserve your enthusiasm at high pitch so that you will endorse their service to friends.

The mechanical simplicity of the A-B-C obviously enters into it. Actually it is "as easy as a-b-c" to understand and operate an A-B-C. This avoids trouble to a degree where even our oldest dealers find that to extend all possible courtesies to A-B-C purchasers occasions but little time. An A-B-C dealer can afford to be obliging.

Consequently we have hosts of applicants for dealerships. The stores best fitted to serve purchasers of electrical appliances receive our preference. *Your* A-B-C dealer's name sent on request.

A-B-C
Super Electric
America's Leading Washing Machine

The best homes use them—

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES

You will find that many of the finest homes in any city are equipped with A-B-C Super Electric Washing Machines. Quality runs all the way through the A-B-C, and is recognized by those who believe that the best costs less in the end.

Women praise the way the A-B-C Super Electric washes.

Gently, swiftly and quietly it loosens and rinses out all of the dirt from washable fabrics.

In a tub of sudsy water the fabrics are lifted, dipped, squeezed—and then rocked in a way that surges cleansing water and suds through their meshes.

Repeatedly each minute these two actions alternate, owing to the reversal of the cylinder after each revolution.

Without a rub to wear a thread, and in comparatively a trice, tubful after tubful of fabrics is cleaned immaculately.

The A-B-C wringer swings and locks in any position. The wringer rolls turn in either direction by electricity.

Men appreciate instantly the mechanical simplicity, sturdiness and accessibility of the A-B-C Super Electric.

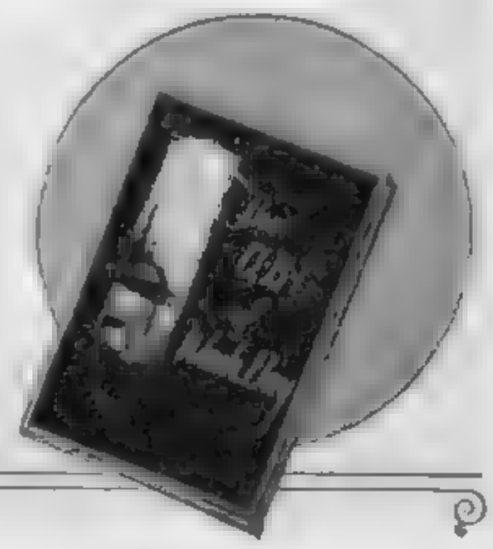
Its smooth, quiet operation while washing indicates clearly to them that wear, and opportunity for trouble, are virtually absent.

The quarter-horsepower motor, 50% oversize, is an advantage they also give due heed.

Write for "The A-B-C of Wash Day"

This illustrated book explains how electric washers differ. It clarifies much confusion on the subject. Write for it, also the name of the dealer who will gladly give you a home demonstration of the A-B-C.

Payments may be conveniently arranged—it is the prevailing custom to purchase electric washers this way.



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Leading manufacturers of power and electric washing machines in America

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SANFORD, ME
'Tis good news to hear that Chase Leatherwove has been proclaimed "the better upholstery of today."
For Furniture, Motor Car, Boat and Carriage Upholstery
Re-upholster with Chase Leatherwove. Write for Samples.
L. C. CHASE & CO. BOSTON
New York Detroit San Francisco Chicago

THE GATEWAYS OF A METROPOLIS

(Continued from Page 38)

1,200,747, the passengers 32,338,053 and the pieces of baggage 1,773,417. The Pennsylvania Station accommodates about 450 trains daily and handles 30,000 people during the rush period from four to seven. Strange as it may appear, the two big New York terminals are surpassed in the matter of train service by two other stations. The South Station in Boston averages about 725 train movements per day, while the big station in Melbourne, Australia, is reported to have a total of 1600 trains in and out every twenty-four hours.

The total area of the rooms open to the public in the Grand Central Terminal is six acres, or about the size of Madison Square Garden, in New York. Thirty thousand people can be accommodated in this space without crowding. The main concourse is 275 feet long, 120 feet wide and 125 feet high, and could accommodate fifteen regiments of infantry. The facilities are so arranged that the movement of the traveler is a progressive one, the ticket window coming first, the Pullman window next, then the luggage-checking office, and so on. No steps have to be retraced.

The station has private dressing rooms, where the traveler, while enjoying absolute privacy, may change from his everyday clothes and go forth to dinner or the theater in evening clothes. Not only can gentlemen have the personal service of a valet and manicure, but provision is made so that ladies who desire may have their coiffures arranged in the latest mode. Both of New York's big stations have rest rooms, hospitals with medical attendants and all accommodations for travelers who are taken suddenly ill. Other rooms are set apart for funeral parties that may be obliged to wait for train connections.

The dozens of colored porters in uniform who render special service in the stations are not picked at random and set to work without training. They are mostly high-school or college graduates, and have been taught to exercise courtesy and self-restraint. No porter is permitted to take a step after a traveler unless called, and he must not inquire if the person wishes help more than once. A unique system of signals will call a number of porters to any point to render service to a wedding party or other group. These men are paid very small monthly salaries, and depend on their tips for a livelihood.

The electric signaling system for the regulation of trains in the Grand Central Terminal is said to be the most elaborate and complete arrangement of its kind ever installed. The main signal tower is located several blocks up the tracks from the station proper, and houses the switching and signaling apparatus. The machine that controls train movements on the suburban level is the largest ever constructed, and has 400 levers, each of which operates a switch or signal. On the floor above is a machine with 362 levers operating the switches and signals on the express level. One man is assigned to each forty levers, and works under the instructions of a train director, who decides upon the track that each train is to follow.

(Concluded on Page 143)

The "LORAIN" is a scientific gas oven heat regulator that places 44 gas oven temperatures at your command. You set the wheel—the heat never varies, never fails.

The Answer to the Servant Problem

Never has the question of domestic help been so serious. Among housewives everywhere it is the chief topic of conversation.

It is estimated that there is but one servant available for every eight homes seeking one.

A wonderful invention

Invention has given to housewives the solution for this problem. It has given her a scientific device that assures uniformly delicious cooking to even the most inexperienced and the same freedom for recreation and pleasure that she would have, had she a competent maid. This wonderful invention is the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator. Thousands of women who have gas ranges today are enjoying the new-found freedom it affords.

Accurately measured heat

With this device on your gas range cooking is scientifically done. You measure your heat as accurately as you do your flour.

You set the "LORAIN" at the exact temperature that brings perfect results. Your direction book tells you the right heat for each dish. You know to the minute when your foods should be taken from the oven.

There is no guess-work. Thus your cooking is always uniformly delicious.

No stirring—no watching

Old-time cooking methods demanded that certain foods be cooked on the top burners. That meant watching and stirring.

With the "LORAIN" *you prepare a meal in 20 minutes and then put your entire meal in the oven at one time.* You set the wheel for a three, four, five or six hour cooking. Then your afternoon is free for outside pleasures.

When you return home at supper time there is a delicious meal all ready to serve. Not a moment has been spent in the kitchen since you put your meal in the oven.

On these famous gas ranges

Only on the six famous gas ranges listed in this advertisement can you get the "LORAIN." Go to the dealer for any one of these gas ranges in your city.

See the "LORAIN." Note its simplicity of operation and its wonderful accomplishments. Then you will know why thousands of women no longer worry about the servant problem.

Write us today for a FREE copy of our valuable book—"An Easier Day's Work."

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "LORAIN"

Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
Dangler—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
Direct Action—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
Quick Meal—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
Reliable—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 15 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

What shall I make it of?

Not Iron or Steel—It must be strong, but it must not rust. Iron or steel would rust.

Not Copper—It must not corrode, yet it must have the strength of steel. Copper is not strong enough.

Not Lead—It must be immune to chemical action, but it also must stand up under grinding wear. Lead is soft and easily destroyed by friction.

Not Porcelain—It must hold a bright finish and be easily cleaned, but it must be unbreakable.

Not Bronze—It must be strong and resist corrosion, but it must also resist the erosive attacks of superheated steam and retain its strength at high temperatures. Bronze will not do this. Monel Metal will, and will also resist the corroding action of alkalies, salt water and most acids.

Make it of MONEL METAL—because this natural balanced alloy combines the best physical properties of other metals without their limitations. MONEL is as strong as steel, more corrosion-resisting than copper, more wear-resisting than bronze.

Products exposed to Rust—MONEL Metal never rusts—Window Screen is practically everlasting; Marine Equipment is unaffected by salt water; Automobile Fittings always stay bright.

Power Plant Equipment—MONEL Metal withstands the cutting wear of superheated steam—Valve Trim, Turbine Blading, etc., stand up and give more efficient service.

Chemical Apparatus—MONEL Metal defeats the attacks of alkalies and most acids and so is generally employed in manufacturing parts of Bleaching and Scouring Machinery, Dyehouse and like Industrial Chemical Equipment.

Parts subjected to High Heat—MONEL Metal retains its strength under high heat and resists oxidation; flame-exposed parts in Oxy-acetylene Torches, Pyrometers, Spark Plugs, etc., last longer.

MONEL Metal has also proved superior for special parts of mining, refrigerating, oil and gas machinery, for dairy equipment, kitchen fittings, table cutlery, surgical instruments, golf club heads, etc. No other available metal or alloy possesses such a wide range of usefulness.

The name MONEL is given to a line of metal products developed from a natural nickel alloy—67% nickel, 28% copper and 5% other metals. These products include MONEL rods, MONEL castings, MONEL sheet, MONEL wire, MONEL strip stock, etc.

MONEL Metal is a product of The International Nickel Company, widely known as the sole producers of *Inco* Nickel

INCo Monel metal

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, 43 Exchange Place, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY — INCo MONEL METAL — INCo NICKEL

(Concluded from Page 140)

The movement of the trains is indicated by little electric lights on a chart which is a facsimile of the track layout of the yards. As the trains pass over the switches the lights on the chart are extinguished and not relighted until the train has passed over the switch onto the next one. The switches and signals are interlocked so that no error on the part of the operator can set a signal one way and a switch the other. Both must agree, and the safety of the train is thereby assured.

Another interesting feature is the system of advising the gatemen on the concourse when to open the gates and admit passengers to the trains. An electric lamp is sunk in the handrail in front of each gate, and when the train is ready to receive passengers the conductor presses a button illuminating this lamp, thereby notifying the gateman that all is ready. When the train is due to leave the gateman closes the gate, presses a button located on the same handrail, and thus illuminates a lamp on the platform near where the conductor is standing, thereby notifying him that he may proceed.

Perhaps the most noteworthy fact in the construction of the Grand Central Terminal is the absence of stairways. Ramps, or inclined passageways, are used almost entirely for traveling between the levels and to the trains and the street. The grades of the ramps were determined after interesting experiments. Temporary inclines were built and all sorts of people walked up and down—fat men with suitcases, lean women wearing long skirts and carrying parcels, school children with bundles of books—and as a result easy grades suiting the greatest number of people were established. All of these inclines are located in direct lines of traffic, so that the big crowds will never have to turn sharp corners or double back. The main concourse floor was built on a level with the mezzanine or ticket office floor of the Subway, as it was found that about eighty per cent of the people arriving at and departing from the terminal use the Subway to complete their journey.

But these stories of brick, steel and stone are no more important and far less amazing than the true happenings which occur daily and which deal wholly with the human element.

In every small town are hundreds of young people who look with longing eyes to the opportunities they believe are waiting for them in the nation's great metropolis. Last December ninety-one runaway girls were taken charge of by officers of the Travelers' Aid Society in New York's two largest terminals. Every day brings its quota of those who alight in these stations bewildered or penniless. Sharks in the forms of men lurk on the outskirts of these stations ready to pounce on the innocent unfortunates who may come within their reach. Some of them drive cabs and especially prey on all who are ignorant of distances and values. One woman with three children was charged fourteen dollars for the short trip from a near-by ferry to the Grand Central Terminal. This woman was an immigrant, and after paying the driver did not have enough money left to buy her tickets to the destination where she was going. In numerous cases taxi drivers, after circling round with their fares and running up a large charge, have dumped their passengers at a station distant from the place where the strangers wished to go.

The other day a woman who was totally blind landed at one of the terminals in search of her runaway husband, and with only a few dollars in her purse. Hubby, who was almost blind himself and who had worked in the same institution with his wife, had grown tired of home ties and started forth with a new love to commence a second romance. Strange as it may appear, hundreds of people, especially negroes from Southern States, come to New York to find Bill Jones or William Smith. When asked if they know the New York address of the person sought they reply that they had the address in a letter which they had left at home. Their idea seemed to be that Bill lived just round the corner, and it would be easy to find him.

Recently one of the agents on duty in a terminal noticed the uncertain movements of a husky young woman more than six feet tall and showing all the signs of one who has come directly from a back-country farm. The agent got in touch with the girl and was told that she had come to New York to marry her cousin. The circumstances did not appear to be in proper order, so the agent persuaded the girl to accept a guide who would show her the way to the address of the man she had come to marry. When the woman guide and the girl arrived at the place they found it to be a padlocked basement door. Other tenants in the same house said that the man would probably be home later in the evening. The girl wanted to remain, but was finally induced to go to the Travelers' Aid Home for the night. A note had been left for the man, and late in the evening he called up insisting that the girl be permitted to return to him. His accent on the phone roused suspicion and the next day an investigation showed that the man was a negro and that a number of white girls had been noticed entering his basement during recent weeks.

The reports of the investigators in this case were given to me and I found that this negro had been making a practice of registering as a member of introduction and corresponding clubs—object matrimony. On his application blank he stated his complexion as brown. The charge for membership in such societies varies from one dollar to five dollars. Usually the price is only one dollar if you will remit immediately.

The colored detective who ingratiated himself into the confidence of the negro just referred to was informed by the latter that it was easy to get white girls to come to New York by using the lists sent out by the different corresponding clubs.

Hundreds of girls, finding conditions at home distasteful, get together their little savings and come to New York to go on the stage or become famous stars in the movies. Last week two came from a little town in Pennsylvania to be nursemaids. One of the agents at the terminal followed them and barely succeeded in getting them away from a taxi driver who had just offered to take them for nothing in his cab to the address they had given him in the upper part of New York. It is certain these young ladies would never have reached the destination they were bound for, because taxi drivers don't take people for nothing to the places they want to go.

A couple of days later a young miss arrived at the big station from a little village in New England. During the summer this sixteen-year-old girl in her little home town had spent the time waiting on the summer boarders from the big city. One of the boarders told her she was wasting her life hiding away there in the mountains.

"You're too pretty to rust away up here," said he. "Come down to New York where you can make a lot of money and see real life at the same time. I'll help you and see that you get through O. K." When the boarders had all left and the little village had again entered upon its humdrum existence the little girl's thoughts were all on New York with its wonderful parks, theaters and shops.

The lure of seeing life finally won the battle, and two days later Helen landed at the big terminal with her few dollars of savings and a little bag of belongings. The hurrying crowds and the vast station filled her with dread. Before she knew it she had literally been carried out of the station and onto the street by the bustling throng. It was late in the evening and the address she had was a number in Wall Street. The cabby she approached told her that Wall Street was all offices and was closed for the day.

"Wuz you goin' to a hotel for the night?" said he.

Helen hesitated. Hotels cost money. Just then a flashy young man sauntered by and the cabby appealed to him with a knowing look.

"Bill, can't you help a strange lady out?"

At this juncture, fortunately for the girl, a Travelers' Aid worker appeared on the scene, took in the situation at a glance and acted with the vigor born of experience in such emergencies. Helen is back at her home in the quiet village and a letter to her benefactor leads one to believe that the little white farmhouse never looked so good to her as it does at the present time.

There are hundreds of stories of Helens and Marys who come to New York with rosy dreams and who safely end their adventures in the hands of kindly people in one or the other of the big terminals. But who knows how many of these young travelers filter through and go to make up a part of the list of thousands of girls who disappear never to be heard of again? The answer is written in the police records, at the morgue and in the hearts of thousands of mothers throughout the country.

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But if *you* are careful to get him Dubbelbilt Boys' Clothes, rough playing won't make inroads on the household budget; won't keep mother busy with her needle.

Dubbelbilt Clothes are made extra strong at every place where hard wear and rough handling come—at the knee, at the elbow, at the seat, at the pocket. Hence the Dubbelbilt guarantee: "Six months' wear without rip, hole, tear—or we will repair the suit free."

Dubbelbilt Boys' Clothes have *style*, too—an up-to-dateness that pleases both boy and parent. Visit the store near you where Dubbelbilt Clothes are displayed. Note especially the cloths they are made of—the famous Walcloth materials, in browns, grays, greens, blues, olives, and smart mixtures.

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If you can't find Dubbelbilt Clothes in your town, send us your boy's size, color of suit you want, and money order for price you select, and we will send you a suit direct—one that you and the boy will like.

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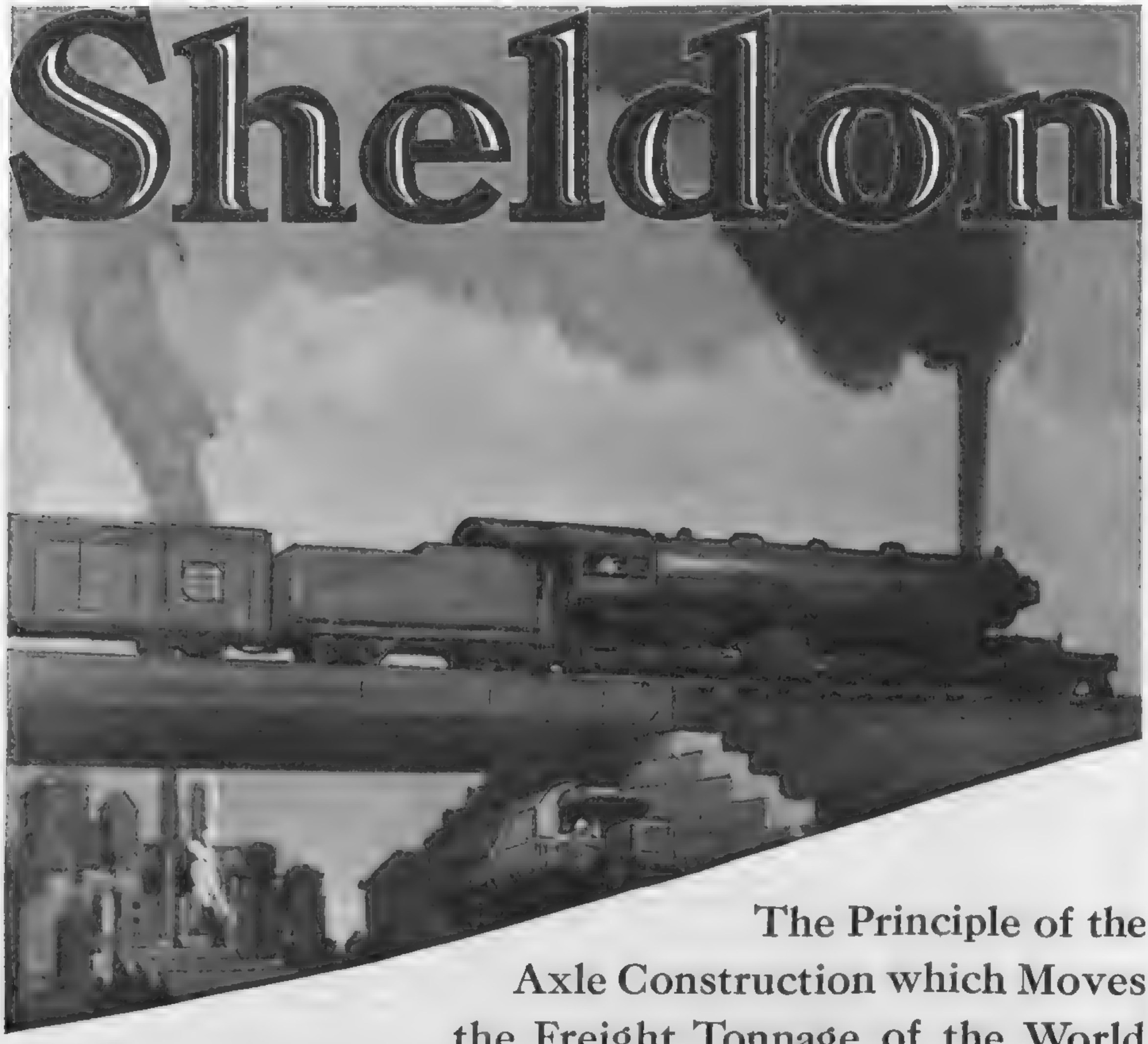

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With this axle equipment, locomotives and freight cars carry the Freight Tonnage of the World.

Sheldon Worm Gear Axles for motor trucks are constructed on the same principle as is employed in locomotive and freight-car axles.

FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

WHERE the railroad leaves off, the motor truck takes up the burden of freight delivery.

In motor truck construction the axle is the most important factor, for service demands and economy of upkeep make supreme axle strength necessary.

When you buy a truck, remember there is one of every size from ½ to 5-ton capacity, and for every purpose, equipped with Sheldon Worm Drive Axles, the axle built on the locomotive axle principle.

Send for the booklet on Sheldon Superiorities—it's yours on request.

SHELDON AXLE AND SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

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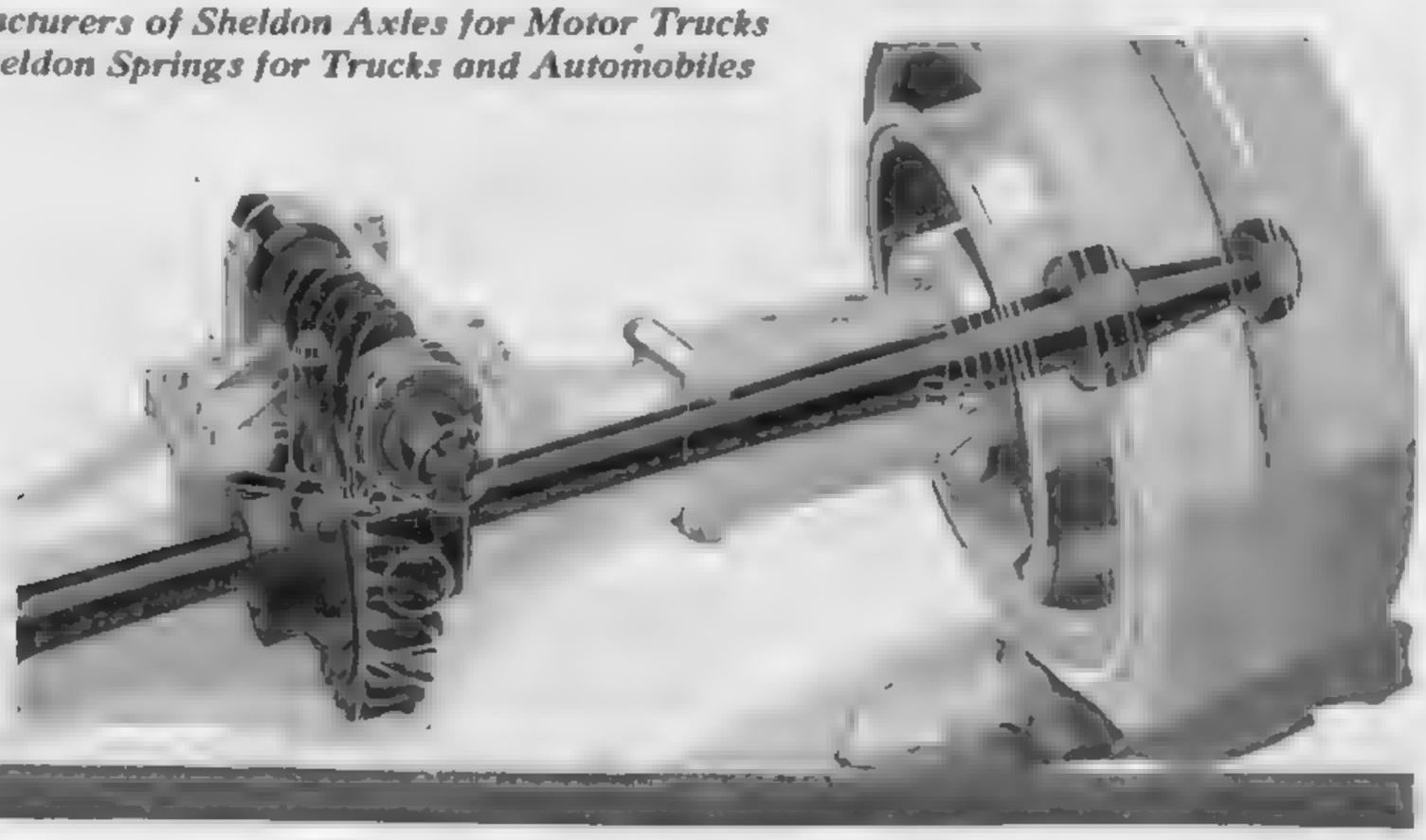

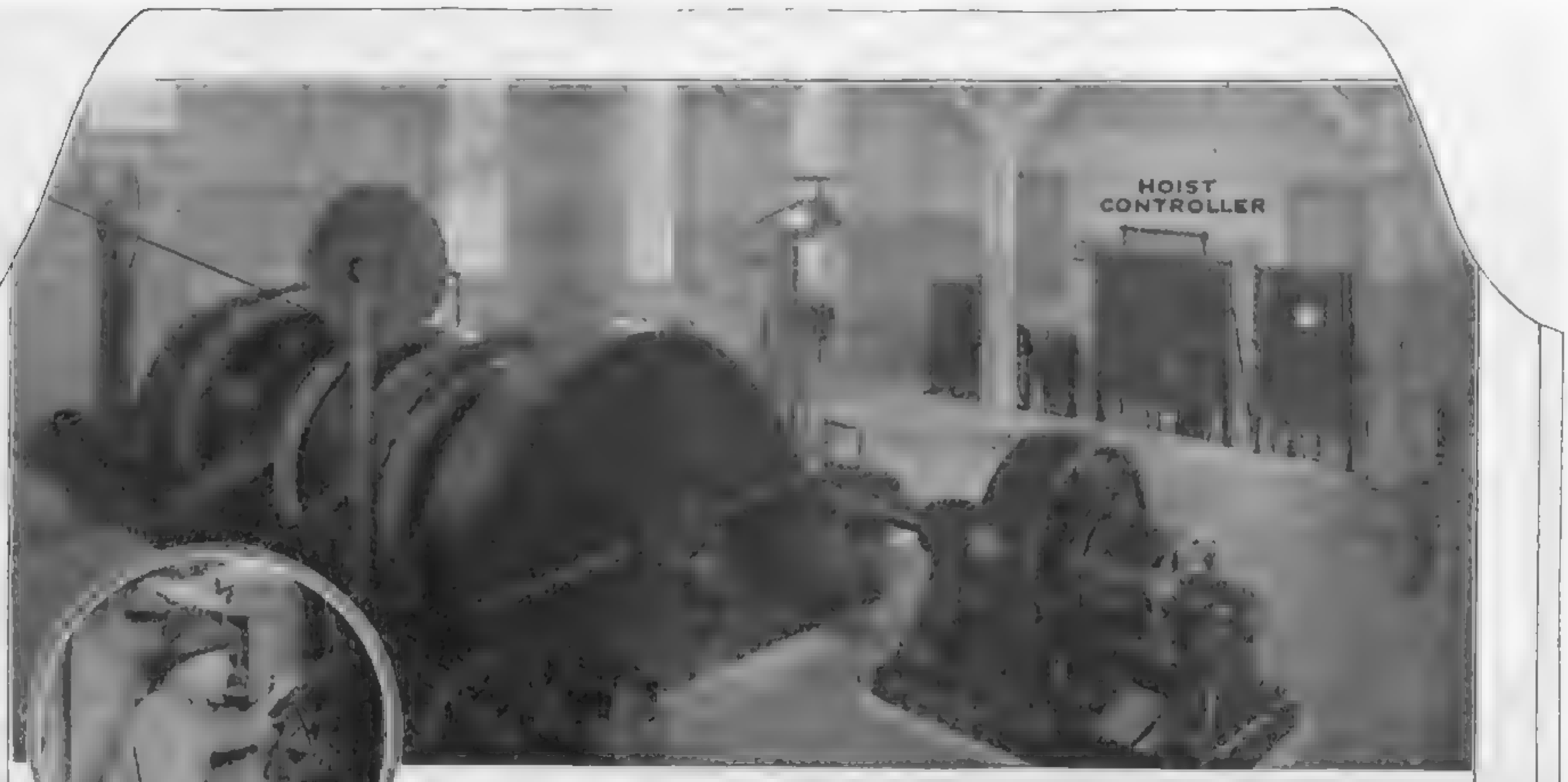

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Back of this huge machine, controlling its every action, stands a man-made brain.

Hundreds of feet below, in the mine, an operator throws a lever. Automatically, the Cutler-Hammer Controller starts this giant hoist, slowly increases the momentum of the elevator or hoist until it is traveling at express speed. As it nears the surface the Controller automatically diminishes this speed, gradually bringing the hoist to a stop.

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The simplest type of hand-operated motor starter.

A more complex type of Controller which automatically starts and stops the motor, increases and decreases its speed, applies dynamic braking, protects against overloading and interruption of current supply.

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CUTLER-HAMMER

ELECTRIC CONTROLLER DEPT.

C-H

THE WINE BEYOND THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 5)

Mr. Gayley liked Europe because it was old, and like all true Americans he was very indignant whenever he discovered the slightest attempts at progress in the customs of the Old World. Mrs. Gayley also liked Europe for the purposes of a honeymoon; but she liked it somewhat as a lover of musical comedy will turn to a Chinese fantasia for an hour's amusement. She had no desire to live permanently among the mandarins. They often argued the matter during their lovers' pilgrimage to the shrines of the great poets and musicians of the Dark Ages, as Mrs. Gayley called them. But she threw herself enthusiastically into Mr. Gayley's romantic scheme of paying tribute, sometimes with gifts of flowers and sometimes in a more substantial way, to their memory. Mr. Gayley's chief argument, in fact, was from old books, old wine, old violins and old friends; and in all these matters Mrs. Gayley agreed with him, though she affirmed that the merit was not entirely in their age, even in the case of the wine. She declared, moreover, that for practical purposes she preferred the comforts of her house at Newport to the most romantic ruins of the Middle Ages; and knowing full well that her husband only enjoyed ruins because he was not obliged to live among them she was greatly amused at his distress over what he called the putting of new wine into old bottles.

"In England," he said, "you have the modern spirit with a medieval equipment, in Germany you have a modern equipment with a medieval spirit. Surely there must be some inn beyond the pine woods, some unsuspected valley beyond the world, where we can find the old wine in the old bottles.

"I have an idea. We will end our wedding tour with a visit to the famous inn at Rosenheim, where I am told they have a very marvelous wine; and you will forgive me for saying so, honey"—this term of endearment was a regrettable lapse into modernism; but, after all, the shepherds of Theocritus might have liked it, Mr. Gayley certainly used it and truth requires it—"you will forgive me for saying so, honey, but I believe it's the oldest wine in existence."

And so, with that enchanted gleam before them, they had rambled through the Middle Ages, reconciling two forms of happiness that are usually, and falsely, held to be incompatible—the joy of life and the beauty of the past. Mr. Gayley, indeed, was something of a poet, and he expressed himself in two ways. In the morning he sometimes amused himself by putting into light verse his opinions and impressions of persons and places. Once or twice recently an editor had sent him a check almost large enough to buy him a box of cigars. As a general rule, however, he wrote for private circulation, and indulged occasionally in the luxury of a sumptuous little edition printed on handmade paper at his own expense, and distributed on feast days among his friends.

In the afternoon he would compose a poem of an entirely different kind while he was smoking the post-luncheon cigar that he had earned so pleasantly. He was very much of a poet, indeed, at this time, and there was nothing trivial about his mood as he composed the menu for the evening dinner. Every detail had to be considered, down to the color harmonies of the flowers, the wines and the sauces.

Both of these forms of happiness were provided for in the scheme of their ramble through Europe. To one little village on a river of elfland, whose name shall never be torn from me, they had journeyed for the purpose of eating lampreys. But they were divine lampreys, fattened in a stream whose banks were knotty with the roots of vines, and their very mud an essence of vine leaves. The flavor of those lampreys—but no apology is necessary for those joyous wanderers. Even Keats would agree; and, as for those who love in cottages, there is surely a happiness in the thought that once in the history of the world two lovers were entirely free from care and could obtain everything that they wished.

Once or twice they had followed a mere will-o'-the-wisp of humor. They went to Rudesheim for the sole purpose of seeing the Castle of Boosenburg, where a descendant of Count Johann Boos had once won an entire village in a wager by emptying a jack-bootful of wine at a single draft. Mr. Gayley maintained, however, in the poem that he wrote upon this memorable feat, that it could hardly have been accomplished by a mere descendant, and that it must be attributed to the noble founder of the line, Count Johann Boos himself.

After this frivolous excursion they had visited Weimar and left a magnificent bunch of roses at Number Twelve Schiller Street. They went to Ilmenau and walked through the woods to the little wooden shooting box on the site where Goethe had sung and slept, and they scattered violets wherever they thought he had trodden.

They had visited the Black Forest and picnicked in the woods. Mr. Gayley had sent a chef with a specially constructed table ahead of them in another motor car without the knowledge of Mrs. Gayley. He had then led her through the woods by various romantic ways until in a deep glen they had come by surprise upon the table, decked with the red lights of fairyland.

And now finally they had arrived at Rosenheim, the goal of their quest and the home of the wine beyond the world. On the morning of their arrival Mr. Gayley's poem had been more severe than usual, for he had noticed several distressingly modern buildings on the way to the inn. He composed his verses while he was refreshing himself in a pine-cone bath after his journey. They have no special connection with the story, but as they throw a light upon his emotions at the time they may perhaps be quoted here in the interests of the psychological reader:

On Tuesday week I met a man
Who chuckled to his brother,
"I'm quite impassioned with a plan
To modernize our mother;
Electrify, electrocute,
Or absolutely execute
Our quite old-fashioned mother.

"You see," he said, "my dearest John,
Her face is full of wrinkles,
And now that her digestion's gone
She has to live on winkles.
She eats 'em with a pin, and oh,
If she should swallow that, you know,
There'd be a slump in winkles."

So though it was not orthodox
To love your mother dearly
They gave her twelve electric shocks,
And hey, she acted queerly!
For first she thumped and then she jumped,
Then down upon her back she bumped,
And bruised herself severely.

Then round about the room she hopped,
So gallantly they grilled her.
I don't suppose she would have stopped
If something hadn't killed her;
For first she hopped and then she flopped,
Then — dead as mutton — down she dropped.
I wonder what had killed her.

But no one fussed about the dead;
The savants had no doubt, sir;
They took those clever sons instead
And turned 'em inside out, sir.
They thought such clever men must be
Made differently from you and me,
And turned 'em inside out to see;
Yes, turned 'em inside out, sir.

But when they looked for their insides—
Their tears could hardly blind 'em—
No lens the oculist provides,
No microscope, could find 'em.
No matter how they poked around,
There were no innards to be found—
They simply couldn't find 'em.

On the other hand, his poem for that evening was a very charming lyric; but it did not strike either Mr. or Mrs. Gayley as a masterpiece until it was presented to the head waiter, when they presumed that it must be something unusual by the extraordinary confusion of that gentleman's features.

"The Kaiser wine!" he gasped, as if he he had felt the foundations of his house moving.

Then, recovering himself, he smiled condescendingly and murmured a mild reproof into Roland Gayley's ear.

"This wine, sir, is the famous vintage that only the Emperor can afford to drink. I am afraid it is not for ordinary mortals, and that you will not care to pay the price."

Now this was the first time in his life that Roland Gayley had been treated, even by a head waiter, with that kind of benevolence; and though he was the most amiable of beings and had never lost his temper in his life, all the pugnacity of his father, the steel king, gleamed for a moment in his eyes.

"I did not ask the price," he replied. "I ordered the wine."

"But the wine is t'ree t'ousand marks a bottle, sir. It is the Kaiser wine."

Mrs. Gayley stiffened slightly. Her eyes were fixed on her husband's face, and this, of course, determined him. It must be remembered that young as they were they could hardly rid themselves of their possessions if they lived to be a thousand.

"I am afraid my German is not good," said Roland Gayley, looking at the head waiter's agitated face with the calm of the steel king during a Wall Street panic. "I have already told you that I did not inquire about the price. I ordered the wine."

The head waiter turned away dumbly and held a kind of international conference in the corner of the room with a Swiss and an Italian waiter. Again he approached the strange visitors.

"I wish to understand quite correctly," he said. "You have ordered a bottle of the Kaiser wine?"

"Certainly!"

"At t'ree t'ousand marks a bottle?"

Mr. Gayley chuckled happily. He was never angry. What was the use, when you had sixty millions to play with and a sense of humor?

"At three thousand marks a bottle," he repeated. "Is this a debating society?"

For the second time the head waiter retired in dumb distress. If this were a genuine offer of course an entirely new problem was raised. The price had not been put upon the wine in order to tempt lunatics. It was a precaution, not a bait. On the other hand, three thousand marks was a great deal of money. The proprietor might desire to sell a bottle at that price, if he could do so secretly and without destroying the

(Concluded on Page 150)

"You Have Made a Mistake," He Said. "This Wine That You Have Ordered Is Very Costly. The Kaiser Himself Drinks Less Than a Thimbleful Once a Year"

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(Concluded from Page 147)

tradition of his inn. The visitors were evidently people of consequence. They had ordered a dinner that commanded his respectful attention. There was a second international conference in the corner; then the head waiter resolved that this was too great a matter for his own judgment and that it must be referred to the landlord himself. The Swiss waiter was dispatched to find him, and in a few minutes the potentate of the inn appeared, wiping his mouth and marching forward like a major general, with the entire staff at a respectful distance behind him. He ran his imperial eye over the visitors, and smiled.

"You have made a mistake," he said. "This wine that you have ordered is very costly. The Kaiser himself drinks less than a thimbleful once a year."

"I quite understand," said Mr. Gayley. "Madam here is a little tired, and a glass of this good Kaiser wine is just what she would like as a restorative with her dinner."

"But you do not understand. Even if it were sold by the glass it would cost you a t'ousand marks, and it is only sold by the bottle. The price is t'ree t'ousand marks."

"I have ordered a bottle," said Mr. Gayley, still chuckling, but with the dangerous glint in his eyes again. It was the first time that Mrs. Gayley had become aware of the reincarnation of the steel king in her husband, and she watched him with awe.

"The only thing I don't understand," he continued, "is why everybody in this confounded inn wants to come and talk to me about the dinner I've ordered. Do you usually argue with your guests about the prices of things?"

"But I fear you do not understand. Are you aware that this wine ——"

"Look here, my friend, don't wave that napkin in my face! I understand you perfectly without any flag shaking; and since you have raised this question of international misapprehensions, let me suggest that it is you yourself who are not aware. The trouble with you people is that you've been taught to consider yourselves the whole thing, and you've never really acknowledged the great work of Columbus. I don't object to your having emperors and cathedrals and things, so why should you object to my having a little pocket money and spending it just as I please? Now if this is really an inn, where things can be bought to eat and drink, will Your Majesty please tell my waiter to bring me what I ordered from your own wine list?"

The landlord bowed and retired in confusion, followed by his entire staff. A dramatic hush brooded over the inn. It was nearly ten minutes before he or any of his satellites reappeared. Part of the time had been used—as was disclosed later—in cross-examining the chauffeur as to the strange visitor's ability to pay his bills. The chauffeur had spoken quite frankly and had talked in very large figures. He had explained that three thousand marks meant about as much to Mr. Gayley as a *pfennig* to the local baron. He had even produced newspapers and certain documentary evidence to prove that Mr. Gayley was the son of the steel king. The results were admirable.

The hush of the dining room was broken at last by the footsteps of the landlord and the staff returning. There was a whisper of "*Amerika*" and "*Kolossal*" somewhere outside. Then they all entered in stately procession and with not a little of the pomp that they had hitherto reserved for the visits of the Emperor.

The landlord came first, carrying the sacramental bottle as if it were the most precious baby in the world; as if, in fact, it were a little crown prince; as if the cobwebs that clothed it were more costly than all the silks of the Empress and as if every grain of dust that clung to it were more radiantly beautiful than the most priceless jewel of the imperial diadem. Behind him came the head waiter, carrying a voluminous white napkin as if it were destined for some sublime hieratical function; and behind him again all the other waiters in order of precedence, and distinctly awe-stricken, followed at a discreet distance as if they were expecting an explosion. Even the vivacious Mrs. Gayley was a little awed by the solemnity of the proceedings.

"Do you think we really ought, Roland?" she murmured. "It seems to mean so very much to the poor dears."

But it was too late to draw back. The precious red blood of the sun, of which even the Emperor drank only one thimbleful in a year, was already winking in the glasses of those two visitants from the New World. The costly bubbles, the least of which must have been worth a week's pay to any of the officiating hierophants, were bursting and evaporating with a heartbreaking carelessness. Mr. and Mrs. Gayley raised their glasses. They touched them together. They smiled at the landlord.

"*Prosit!*" said Roland.

"*Prosit!*" said madam.

Then came the tragedy. The wine had no sooner touched the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Gayley than they rose to their feet, spluttering.

"Ugh! How disgusting!" said madam.

"Ugh! Bilge!" gasped Roland.

"*Um Gottes Himmels Willen!*" cried the landlord.

The head waiter rushed forward with his napkin to wipe the spilled wine from the dress of madam, while the waiter who came next in precedence performed the same office for the trousers of Roland.

The two visitors recovered themselves more quickly than the staff of the inn, who stood trembling round them, looking from one to the other in a chaos of interrogation.

"Now I understand," said Roland, "why the Emperor only calls for one thimbleful in the year."

"And spits it into his handkerchief," said madam, shuddering again.

"Landlord," said Roland calmly, "this wine is too glorious for me. It is worse than high treason, it is blasphemy for ordinary mortals to drink it. Bring us very quickly a bottle of this Rhine wine"—he indicated a number on the wine list—"this, you understand, at four marks a bottle. Be quite sure that you understand. We shouldn't like to drink the Kaiser wine again by mistake."

"But vot shall I do with this bottle of the Kaiser wine?" said the landlord in a voice husky with emotion.

"I have bought it," said Roland, "and of course it must be put down upon the bill. I understand that it is your birthday tomorrow. I give it to you for a birthday present."

The landlord retired, overwhelmed with his good fortune, and the dinner eventually proved to be quite worthy of its composer.

"How fortunate it is," said Roland as he lighted his cigar, "that even when one has a great deal of money it is always possible to procure the wine that is drunk by those who have little."

"But you know, Roland, this proves everything that I have said about the Old World. I am sure it is all just like that, if the poor dears would only understand," said madam.

Roland lighted her cigarette.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully—"I wonder what became of that artist!"

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THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

TIMKEN-DETROIT FRONT & REAR AXLES

It's joy'us to be kin to a jimmy pipe!

YOU can warble all the songs about pipe smokes that ever flittered into your ear, but you'll never land the listen of a real smoke sonata until you get to puffing on Prince Albert! Then your old T. D. will earn its service title—*jimmy* pipe! And, you'll be smoke-set so happy-like, you won't worry who gets picked-for president!

Living the life of riley isn't a marker to the joy'us comfort and contentment a pipe packed with P. A. hands out! You'll feel fresh as a morning glory when you know the *inside story* of a tidy red tin of Prince Albert! For, it's the biggest surprise any smoker ever had put across on his taste and on his tongue! You can smoke your fill *without bite or parch!* Prince Albert is free from both! *Our exclusive patented process takes care of that!*

You've certainly said your piece when you call for Prince Albert—*you've cut loose the last word in smokes!* The sport of cracking open that P. A. tin, with the whiff of joy'us fragrance that comes only from Prince Albert, is a sure enough great game! *But*—the keen delight of the puffs that follow! *Me-o-my!*

Man, man, how can you stave off the day when you're due for the try-out that will put the medal on you for being the most P. A.-pipe-smokinist-man-in-the-block!

Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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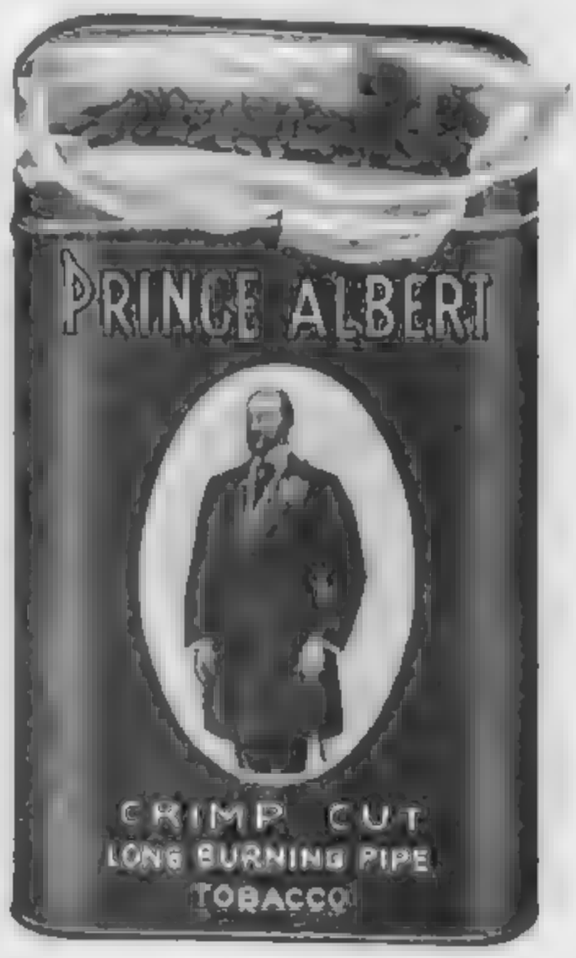

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

ROSEMARY RISKS IT

(Concluded from Page 21)

to fall so desperately and passionately in love with me, since I am such a singularly unattractive young person.

RUTHERFORD: Excuse me, but I didn't say that at all.

ROSEMARY *(raising her eyebrows)*: That you were madly in love with me? I beg your pardon. I must have misunderstood you.

RUTHERFORD *(with a despairing gesture)*: You do misunderstand me. You catch me up so quickly that I—I —— *(He has recourse to his handkerchief. ROSEMARY leans back against her cushions and watches him maliciously.)* I—er—I meant to say that I had no intention of saying that you were unattractive. That would be untrue. I have a distinctly contrary impression.

ROSEMARY: This is encouraging. I shall be quite vain presently. I am afraid that you are trying to flatter me now, Professor Warren.

RUTHERFORD *(earnestly)*: No, indeed. I hope I am incapable of such a thing. Believe me.

ROSEMARY *(with a sarcastic inflection)*: I believe I do.

RUTHERFORD *(gratefully)*: Thank you. I have always tried to be sincere and truthful in anything I say. I want to make myself as clear as possible, but I am finding it strangely difficult this afternoon. There are very few young women who can justly lay claim to equal loveliness with you and ——

ROSEMARY *(amazed)*: Equal how much?

RUTHERFORD *(apologetically)*: It seems a romantic sort of word, I know. I might have said "prettiness"; or that very few were as good-looking. Still, I don't think that I overestimate when I say "loveliness." When I said I was glad that you were not beautiful I meant in the altogether perfect and unusual sense of the word. In a way, I was merely assenting to what you said, and you gave me no time to modify or amplify my statement. It would be palpably absurd to imply that you are lacking in personal charms. I am short-sighted, but I am not absolutely blind. In the same way you obliged me to answer that I was glad that you did not attract the attention of the opposite sex. It seemed superfluous to mention that by "attract" I meant consciously and purposely attract.

ROSEMARY: Really, your mind seems to be clearing up, professor. I find this extremely interesting.

RUTHERFORD *(appealingly)*: Rosemary! But perhaps I shouldn't call you that.

ROSEMARY: Well, it's not the name I would have picked, but as a botanist's child I suppose I may consider myself lucky that I wasn't christened Belladonna or Rhubarbara. *(The telephone bell rings and she gets up and answers it.)* Oh, Mr. Dinwiddie! How do you do? . . . I want to thank you for those exquisite flowers! I adore violets! . . . Oh, I'm sure you don't mean that. . . . You ask Judith. . . . I'm afraid not this afternoon. . . . No-o, I'm sorry, but I have an engagement for to-morrow. . . . I really couldn't say when. You see I've taken up psychology with Professor Warren. He's here now. . . . Oh, perfectly fascinating! . . . And absorbing, as you say. . . . Good-by. Thank you again for the flow—— Well, I'm sure! *(Hangs up the receiver with a snap, kills RUTHERFORD'S radiant expression with a chilling stare and then laughs at his dismay.)*

RUTHERFORD *(pleadingly)*: Rosemary——

ROSEMARY *(briskly)*: Then you think that I am passably good-looking?

RUTHERFORD: Far more than passably.

ROSEMARY: And not unattractive to your sex?

RUTHERFORD: It would save me a great deal of anxiety if you were.

ROSEMARY *(delightedly)*: Why, this is splendid! One might almost be justified in a basic assumption of your normality. And you do not regard me with indifference?

RUTHERFORD: By no means. I think I have already assured you of that. I venture to hope that you will make me happy by —— (ROSEMARY *shakes her head, slowly and mournfully.)* By—by —— *(He falters, as she continues to shake her head.)* By recip——

ROSEMARY *(with a final shake)*: No, it cannot, cannot be. I am, believe me, not ungrateful nor insensible of the honor you have done me, and as a friend, nay, as a sister, I shall ever ——

RUTHERFORD *(with emotion)*: But, Rosemary, you ——

ROSEMARY: Nothing doing. Ab-solutely!

RUTHERFORD *(indignantly)*: You can't mean this! It isn't possible! You are not going to reject me coolly after leading me to suppose—yes, that's what I say—leading me to suppose that you cared for me. You did that, Rosemary. You know you did and—and I tell you plainly that I'm not going to stand it. I—I —— *(He makes a furious gesture, rises and strides up and down the room; then stands, facing her.)* Perhaps you don't understand. I'm not Billy Joyce and I'm not Dinwiddie—nor Plimsoll, nor Regan. I never went queening. This isn't a game—a social amusement with me. I've always had to grind—grind like the devil to make my way, and I've had no time for social amusements or girls. I never wanted to until you spoke to me. Even then I fought to keep away from you. I would have, if you had let me. But you didn't. You set yourself deliberately to draw the poor, shy, stilted stuff out of his shell, and the more he fought against you the kinder, the sweeter, the more sympathetic you were. You must have wanted amusement badly—didn't you?

[*He glares at her. She has taken a corner of her handkerchief between her teeth and pulls it with little jerks as she looks up at him, wide-eyed. At his question she nods twice.*

RUTHERFORD *(bitterly)*: Well, you ought to be satisfied. I know I have always been funny to most people. I once overheard Mr. Joyce allude to me as a scream, which I understand to express something provocative of mirth. I know you have laughed at me a great deal, but, somehow, I never minded it—before. *(His manner changes.)* Oh, Rosemary, how could you! How could you find it in your heart to make your eyes lie to me!

ROSEMARY *(almost flippantly)*: I didn't, I didn't, I didn't!

RUTHERFORD *(fiercely)*: Don't dare to deny it! Three times I have seen that lie in your eyes, and once again this afternoon—and believed it to be the truth. How senselessly cruel! *(He throws out his hands.)* What am I to do now? What is there for me? "Madly, desperately in love!" you said. Yes, I think, after all, that you were right. I was mad, I am desperate. *(Softening)*: Well, Rosemary, I mustn't say hard things and I shall try not to think hard things—but it is a scream to think how you made me love you, how completely you have possessed me, how tenderly you have been in my thoughts, day and night! *(He walks to the door.)* Good-by.

ROSEMARY *(calling)*: Professor Warren. (RUTHERFORD *stops and looks at her.)* Come here. *(She crooks a finger and beckons.)* I want to ask you something.

RUTHERFORD *(hopelessly, and without moving)*: Yes?

ROSEMARY: I want to know if you consider yourself a competent psychological expert?

RUTHERFORD *(with dignity)*: Good-by.

[*He turns to go.* ROSEMARY *springs from the sofa, draws him back with a finger and thumb on the lapel of his coat, and stands with her hands behind her back, smiling at him.*

ROSEMARY *(speaking breathlessly and with a shaky sort of gayety)*: Because if you do, I don't. But, gracious heavens! Even with all I know I'm going to have my hands full with you. Did you think I was going to let you get away with a Gaskell's Compendium proposal to a young lady—or get away on any terms at all? I see your mind has got muzzy again. Don't fold your arms and stare at me; it looks so silly. (RUTHERFORD *allows his arms to fall limply at his sides.)* That's better. Now I can —— *(She suddenly reaches up, takes one of his ears in each hand and looks earnestly at him.)* Do you think my eyes are lying to you now, Rutherford?

[RUTHERFORD *folds his arms again with great promptness and energy and disengages his ears with a swift movement of his head.*

CURTAIN

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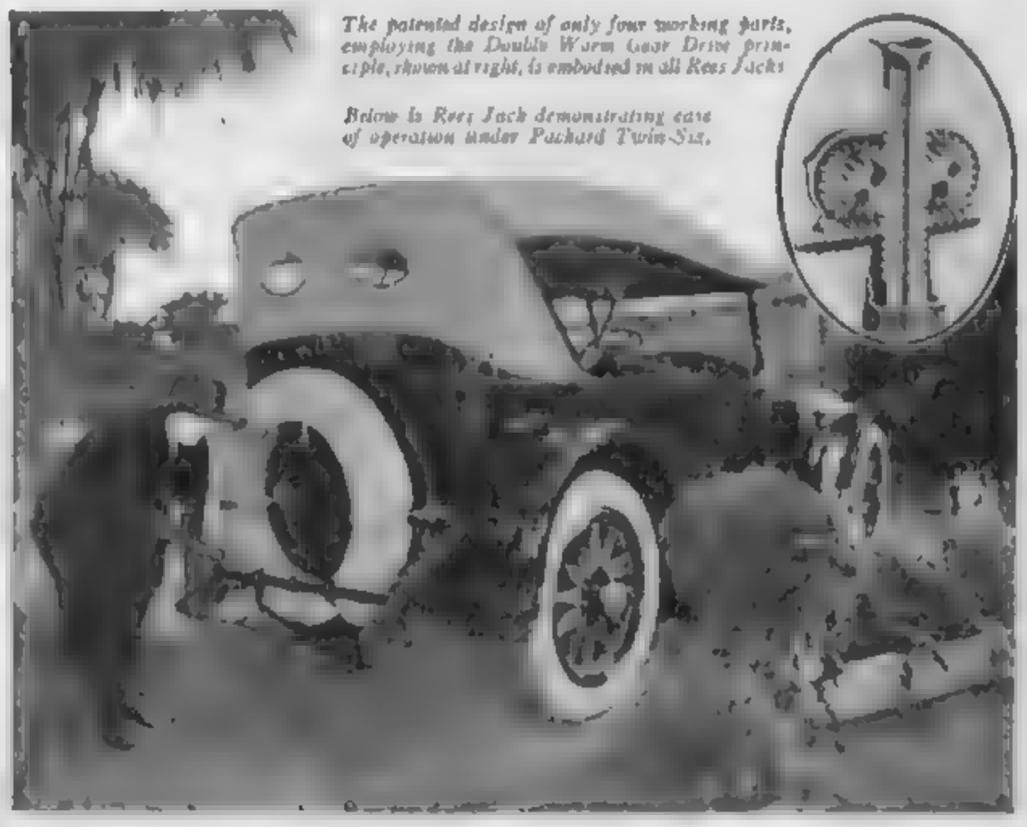

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Below is Rees Jack demonstrating ease of operation under Packard Twin-Six.

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WHEN I sell a man a Boyce Moto-Meter I'm doing him a favor. After he's had it a month he'll never again drive a car without one. It's the only way you can avoid engine trouble. Most engine breakdowns are caused by friction due to overheating.

Boyce Moto-Meter tells you the heat condition of your motor at all times. It warns when trouble's headin' your way long before *you* can detect it. It prevents premature wear, burned bearings, scored cylinders and other motor troubles and expenses. It adds greatly to the appearance of your car and gives you a lot more pleasure and satisfaction in driving.

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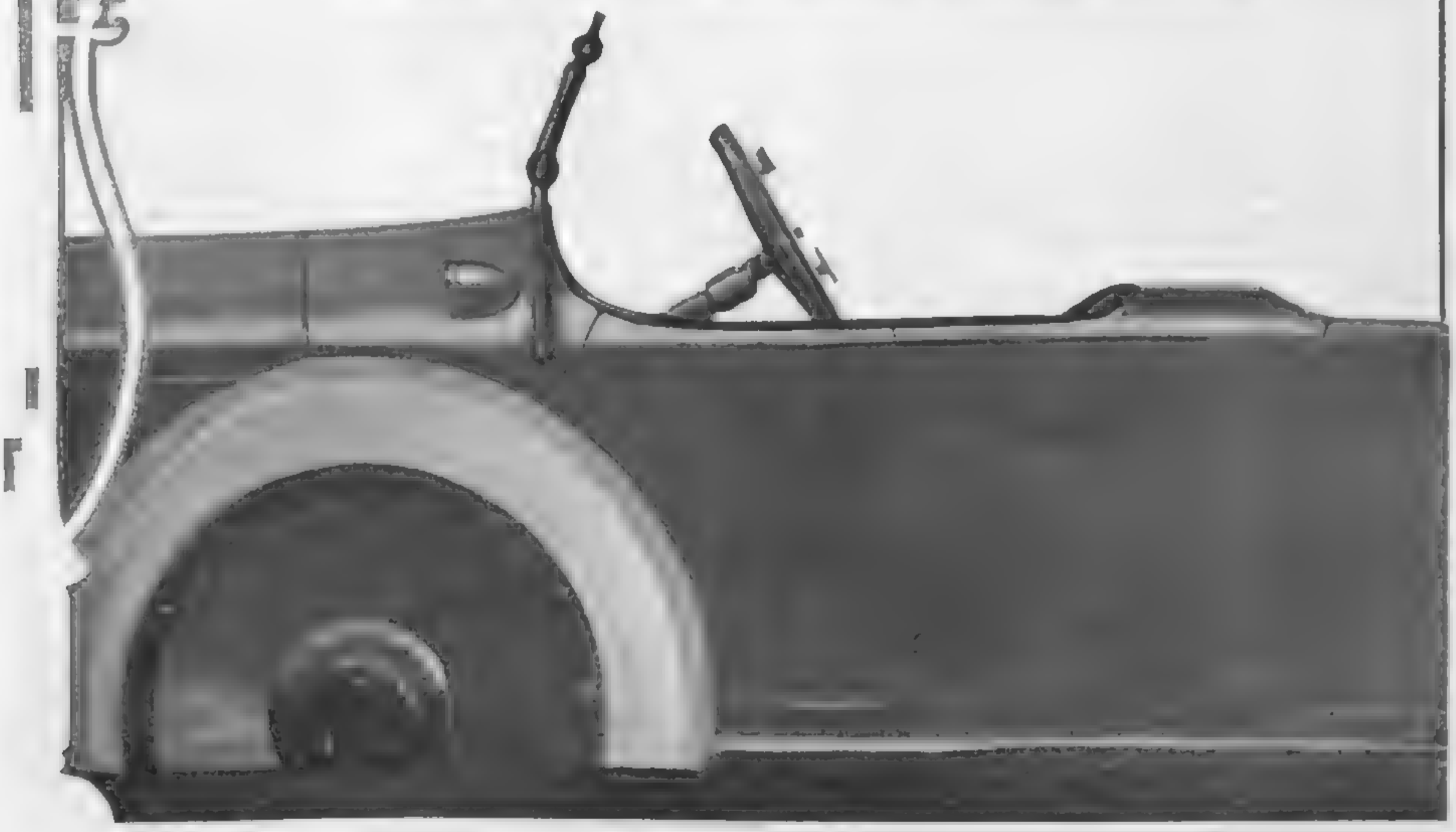

Some One Cried "Smallpox!"

and terror seized upon the crowd. They ran, fear crazed, to escape the dread malady! That night frantic officials quarantined half of a town. . . . This happened a good many years ago, at a county fair in a small middle-western town. Today it would be impossible. Science has dealt smallpox a staggering blow, just as it has wiped out yellow fever.

Now; science and common sense must deal with another menace, more terrible than smallpox—one that claims its toll without a warning cry! But there is not the same need for quarantine or fear *if you have the protection of full knowledge*. . . . . This everyone must have, for under cover of ignorance, false modesty and prudery, the venereal diseases continue to spread misery, mental anguish and death.

The Day For Temporizing Has Passed

Governmental and allied agencies have recognized the danger—have determined on the American Plan, a nation-wide campaign to stamp out the infections—for they are both *preventable and curable*. Science is fully equipped to win—if the public will help.

Do You Know All The Facts?

Success depends, to a great extent, on giving every man and woman all the information and facts in the indictment against the venereal diseases. To help, to throw your force into the fight, you must first LEARN. There is much that the public does not understand—much that it *must know. Are you informed?*

Send Today For Will Irwin's Book

A straight-from-the-shoulder narrative that goes right to the heart of America's greatest health problem. "Conquering an Old Enemy" is the title of this book, written especially for American men and women. LEARN the facts from this mind-stirring booklet. Send ten cents to cover the cost of printing and mailing—today!

For Educators, Employers, Parents and Young People special literature is available.

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The National agencies co-operating in the American Plan and backing up the state and local boards of health are:

The U. S. Public Health Service.
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This advertisement is paid for by public-spirited men and women who realize that the greatest menace to public health can be stamped out.

PATRIOTS OF PEACE

(Continued from Page 22)

There has always been in this country, and still is, a tragic misconception of politics, and especially of the so-styled politician. This conception was fathered of cartoonists and mothered of the exigency of casting opprobrium upon the unworthy.

So with the word "politician" there comes to our minds, always, the one picture—of the lowbrowed and obese "party," tastefully garbed in check suit, with tilted hat, walrus mustache, half-chewed cigar, with foot on the brass rail and the fat hand cuddling three fingers of red-eye.

The figure, unfortunately, is not far wrong in certain cases. Unquestionably such a politician did exist. A few of them still cling, even though the brass rail has been removed and they have to depend on bootleggers. But granted that they exist—who is responsible for their existence?

Isn't it you? You who, superciliously tossing your head, say: "Oh, politics is a rotten game! None of it for me!"

Politics, dear reader, is no rottener than you allow it to become. And when you refuse to play, who is to blame if someone less worthy takes your place? The business man who a few years ago said that politics was none of his business has learned this fact. For politics walked into his business in spite of him. And the business man soon found that it was his own business which was no business of his, because politics had taken it away from him. It is a very human institution, politics, and if you don't help it to direct the country, then it is likely to misdirect the country, and you along with it.

In most cases this again would not be the fault of politics or politicians. The politician now evolving, and in many instances evolved, wants to have the aid and counsel of all straight-thinking citizens, and if they don't help him, that isn't his fault but theirs. He doesn't want this aid necessarily through altruistic motives. Consider only selfish reasons. There are shortsighted politicians, of course—politicians who want to get theirs and then get out. But the man who gets his and gets out doesn't get out and then get back, whereas the farsighted politician wants to remain. He clearly understands that, with a government by majority rule, the better the laws—which are the basis for the majority voters—the better his chances of the majority keeping him in politics. Such a man doesn't pretend to know everything, but he frankly looks to you to tell him what it is that you know better than he does. Without your advice on your specialty he will do the best he can; with it he will do the best you and he can do together.

Party Organization

As I have said, the only way for its citizens to look at the United States is as a big corporation in which all of us are shareholders; its aims are those of each of us, its losses ours. There has never been a time when voters should—and the day is now passed when voters will—tolerate a lax conduct of the country's affairs. The party that is to succeed must for these reasons faithfully and honestly, efficiently and economically stand for the faithful and honest, the efficient and economic administration of the nation's business. There is but one kind of successful politics to-day, and that is the politics of faithful, honest, efficient and economical administration. The only "politics," as we to-day consider politics, is finding out what is best for the country and doing it first. Above all things, we want more men in politics for what they can give and not for what they can get.

Moreover we must realize that politics is the very essence of the country in which we live. It is the system in which we live. It is the machinery by which we govern and are governed. And to those who say "Oh, there's too much politics in this country!" I repeat and shall continue to repeat that what we need in this country is not less politics but more attention to politics. Politics is the science of government. We need to develop that science, not to deny it. We fought in France to make certain that everywhere men should have the right to govern themselves. Here, where we have that privilege, I insist that we not only exercise it but that we exercise it to the full, and not only now but always.

It is strange indeed that men have to be urged to exercise the first privilege of a sovereign citizenship—the right to help govern themselves. Yet urged they must be, and it is because of this fact that most governmental evils develop. Government functions through individuals. This is academic, but is forgotten. These individuals are elected by the processes of practical politics, a sequence which cannot be avoided. We can have better government if we have better men in public office, and we can have better men in public office if we have better candidates, and we can have better candidates only if we interest ourselves in their selection. They are selected by politics.

Political parties are not instruments for individuals to use for their personal aggrandizement. Political parties are the means by which thinking men and women first promulgate and then practice principles for the control of influences which surround the place they call their home. Hence the reason strongest of all reasons for the interest of women in politics. If a political party does not stand for those things which will bear the severest scrutiny it is not entitled to succeed and it will not endure.

There must be in this country two political parties, and both must be strong and virile. To which party a person belongs is of less consequence than that a person belongs to some party; that every citizen seeks for the truth, and finds it, and acts, and acts continuously.

No Twilight Zone

The first truth to realize is that one's efforts for right things in government can best be effective if operating through organization. Then let the individual membership in the party give that attention to the party's affairs which is due the instrument through which, and only through which, individuals can apply their patriotism in actual participation in government affairs in times of peace. Individuals can affect motion, but seldom affect progress. An individual, however pure his purpose, endeavoring to operate alone in what he believes to be his plane above party is like that certain kind of bug that used to operate on the surface of the old mill pond, darting hither and thither, back and forth, splendid in action, making beautiful circles and much motion—but that was motion, not progress.

There is no zone of twilight in politics. Right is right and wrong is wrong, and the same strict standards of morals, equity and justice must obtain as in any private business or professional matter. When we get our politics entirely on this basis, when we live our patriotism daily, we shall do a citizen's full duty, and not until then. I repeat, I have no use for the individual who is either too busy or too good to help. He has no just complaint to make, whatever happens. He is riding on another's ticket. Abraham Lincoln was reasonably well thought of in his period, and Abraham Lincoln was never too busy or too good to take part in the practical politics of his community. What a condemnation is his entire experience of those smug individuals who sit with their hands folded, taking no part in governmental affairs and expecting all things to be right though they share no part of the burden in making them so, men who refuse to pay the price of citizenship!

There has been no geography, political or physical, in the patriotism of this country—there must be no geography in our patriotism in those trying hours of readjustment ahead.

This in no time for little things. We do not have a minute for petty jealousies, carping criticisms, pullings and haulings; but fearlessly, in a spirit of patriotism, with our eyes solely on the country's welfare, let all men join in an effort to solve its problems.

I urge that each party make it its business to see which can go further in developing plans and executing purposes for the welfare of the people and the glory of the nation. Let this be the real effort between political parties in this country.

A successful political party's objective is the record of a faithful discharge of a sacred contractual obligation to the people. Political-party programs must always be subject to amendment and change by the responsible living thought expressed within the party by men and women alike.

(Concluded on Page 159)

Q·R·S
PLAYER ROLLS
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DO you want to add fifty per cent to your enjoyment of your player piano?
There's a startling new Q·R·S invention—a real innovation in player rolls—which makes possible so much more musical enjoyment than the old roll, that fifty per cent is a conservative estimate of what it adds.
The majority of good music dealers are now showing the new Q·R·S STORY Rolls.
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The Q·R·S line comprises every variety of player roll that you could possibly want—Word Rolls—Story Rolls—Autograph Rolls—Mother Goose Rolls, etc.
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"If you don't own a Player Piano, you are denying yourself the most wholesome enjoyment in the world."

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TO all who enter the portals of the famous Poor Richard Club of Philadelphia, this legend gives its friendly greeting:

> *"Poor Richard bids you welcome in the name of goodfellowship. Under this roof you need no formal introduction. Speak to others as you would have them speak to you, and do it first."*

And to second this hospitality, there greets members and guests a brass-bound keg. In it is the "heart" of Kentucky Burley which has been "aged in the wood" by two years of mellowing into that fragrant, cheerful maker of friends, Velvet Tobacco.

After luncheons and during conferences, the followers of Poor Richard fill their well-loved pipes with that same good Velvet *you* find in the bright red tins.

Men who like "kindly atmosphere" are making America's smoothest tobacco their fireside companion.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Poor Richard Club

The Poor Richard Club is located in the quaint colonial section of Philadelphia, and gets its name from Benjamin Franklin, the originator of Poor Richard's Almanac. The membership is comprised of leading writers, publishers, advertisers and printers, who believe with Velvet Joe that it is well to "Fill your mouth with friendly smoke, your heart with friendly thoughts and let the ole world wag."

Half Actual Size

America's smoothest tobacco

(Concluded from Page 156)

No party can live on its past achievements; it has no right to expect support on the basis of its past alone. A party's record is a guaranty to the country of future fulfillment, but it is only on future fulfillment that its usefulness will depend. A successful party must continue to be the instrument to apply to new and changing conditions the wisdom of experience and the efficacy of honest, zealous service. It must be a party of the future or there is no use for it.

To men and women alike a party must offer the right of political self-determination. The duty of the party membership is to say what the party's purpose shall be, what its policy shall become. The fundamentally essential right within a political party is the opportunity of the membership to express itself. There should be no hard-and-fast set of rules, no unalterable list of dogmas to be presented by any arbitrary power within the party, saying: "There it is—take it or leave it." Instead, with the open forum of the party organization and a complete participation, it is the problem of the party membership to determine what the party stands for. Through it all, however, must run a supreme purpose, and that supreme purpose should be the honest, unselfish, patriotic and intelligent effort to promote and safeguard the best interests of the republic and its citizens.

The citizenry of the country, believing in one or the other of the political parties, are entitled not only to their faith in the honesty of intention and fundamental ability of the party of their choice, but also to a well-defined statement of party purpose and program. The party organization that discharges its duty will endeavor in a most serious and honest manner to ascertain the needs of the nation and frankly, honestly and definitely state the fundamentals of the party's plan for the solution of the problems in a comprehensive program of constructive measures. Then it should assume that the supreme duty of the party when intrusted with power is to square its performances with its promises.

It is not necessary to shift essential principles to meet events, but a conscientiously working organization can mold events to meet the needs of the nation as surely in 1920 as in 1898 or 1861. Thus during the world war and period after the signing of the armistice it was possible to make sane preparation for the solution of reconstruction problems, to plan a renewal of prosperity, and economic administration of government, an enlargement of this nations's strength at home and abroad and an end of the red peril; possible to devise a means once more to set the country's feet firmly on the path of progress.

Be a Citizen!

In the deepest sense, the Republic has been kept intact by the political institutions on which it was founded—by the party system. Liberty is responsibility, and responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty which we enjoy through the one only means available. Choose, then, the party that you feel best fulfills your ideals—the party in which you believe your ideals will have fullest play.

Choose it and, as it will help you, do you help it. Don't be a pauper, sitting with expectant palms extended in the sun. Be a citizen, conscious of your rights and exacting them, acquainted with your duty and doing it.

For in this way, and only in this way, can you help to serve and save your country. In this way, and only in this way, can we hope to fan once more to flames the patriotism of peace which shall fire our souls for the tasks that lie before us—can we hope to realize again that great new value that came to us from the tense spirit of mutuality, that value which, depriving us of nothing, gave to us moral, spiritual and financial wealth beyond all measure.

And this value? Three years ago no one knew it existed. It was born of extremities and was so characteristically American that it might have been expected under the circumstances; but before the crisis it simply did not exist.

This new value is the dollar-and-cent worth of the hours of labor which men and women found they were able to give to war work. It was the more miraculous in that it took from no other value. It gave us much and took nothing. We had our cake and ate it too!

Until war came people thought they did not have the time, and were sure they did not have the ability, to do anything but their ordinary routine. The crisis came, and in a spirit of patriotism that was pure flame hundreds of thousands of men and women went out and did the national service without which the armies could not have functioned. Nothing was lost otherwise; production continued and increased, things were done which never had we dreamed possible—miracles, almost, became facts.

And so I would voice the menace—for that great value is rapidly being lost. Today it is virtually gone. No longer are these vast armies of workers serving their country. Not realizing that the tasks of peace are as essential, if not so spectacular, as the tasks of war, they have laid down their arms and, self-demobilized, have retired to the petty interests of their private lives. No longer do they strive collectively for country; they now but work individually for self.

A Great National Asset

It is a vast pity and a grave danger, for if some small part of the same interest in their country could be maintained by these hundreds of thousands of good people—if some small part of the time which they gave so freely in war could still be given by them in thought and action to the business of the country in peace, our governmental evils would be short-lived indeed.

This great value, this tremendous national asset, must not be lost. This army of fine, devoted men and women, who have been such splendid war workers in every corner of the country, must now realize that they have a duty in peace as well as in war, that their country needs their continuing interest and that this continuing interest they owe to their country's welfare.

The problems which are ahead are immeasurable in their complexity and magnitude. The forces of evil work continuously, and neglect is as wrong as willful evil. It should be possible, and it will be possible, with the stimulated interest in affairs governmental, to make certain the proper readjustment in this country; but this will only be so if there is the same unselfish interest in the country's welfare that functioned so splendidly in the stress of the war itself.

If men and women should now, on the theory that their obligations are discharged, turn solely to selfish pursuits in a mad scramble to make up for time falsely considered lost, or go back to the old order, they will have failed absolutely to profit by the most valuable lesson of the war.

I plead for a patriotism in peace as well as in war. I insist that we have not merely that patriotism born of extremity, which burns in the souls of men when their country is in danger; not merely a patriotism stirred by martial music—but the patriotism of good citizenship; at the fireside, the plow, the mart, in low places and in high places, in season and out of season. Let us have the patriotism which moves men to make their country's welfare their own business, and in prosaic times of peace interest themselves continually in the practical politics of their community! Good government is possible in no other way.

The turmoil of conflict has stirred in this country the deepest-running water from the purest springs, but it has also pulled into the current foul matter from bayous and sluices, which, unless there is filtration, may befoul the stream. All these matters we shall meet as Americans, meet in the spirit of fairness which must be the natural resultant from the experience of fire and blood that has taken away the dross and left the gold of an honest purpose to give to all men and to all women an equality of opportunity to develop to the last degree the good that is within them.

The potentiality of the women for influence is immeasurable. The suffrage amendment has passed. Women coming more and more into the rights of their full citizenship are most important factors in the situation. The only just rule for a political party is that the rights of participation in the management of the party's affairs must be and remain equally sacred and sacredly equal. The women of the country are a part of the membership of the political party. In many states this has not been so. In the presidential campaign of 1920 it is my very earnest hope and well-founded judgment that it will be so everywhere. Women should come into party activity, not as women, but as voters entitled to participate, and participating, just as other voters. Their activity should not be supplementary, ancillary or secondary at all—they are units in the party's membership, and where the suffrage for them is new they come in just as men have come in when they have reached the legal voting age. They are not to be separated or segregated, but assimilated and amalgamated, with just that full consideration due all working members of a party in the rights of their full citizenship. There should be no separate woman's organization created within the party, except and only in those cases where such an arrangement may be needed temporarily as an aid in the complete amalgamation which should be the objective.

Humanize Industry

Women as well as men are able to contribute, and owe to the situation the peculiar ability which is theirs. I trust the women voters of this country to help develop the highest standards of health and to maintain and enforce them; to help require a proper compulsory school education; to see that we have proper limitation in the hours for women in employment where standing is required, and that there be an eight-hour day; to see that there be a proper prohibition of child labor; and to see that there be adopted as speedily as possible every practical principle which can further humanize industry.

I trust the women voters of the nation, too, to appreciate the value of the budget system, which is nothing more than the Government applying the same system of economy that the average housekeeper uses in her kitchen. I trust the women voters, too, to help stem the tide of socialism in the nation. I know that women in their first national expression of the power of franchise will show their innate and continuing reverence for that on which rests the safety of the holiest things in life—law and order and progressive stable government. As it is only in security and in peace that women can have their best life, most certainly they will rally to those principles which guarantee the integrity of our national institutions. I believe that ultimately we shall find in the great woman vote of the nation that same safe, sane and balancing anchorage for the country which woman furnishes in the home for the family.

No exigency, however serious, will present to this nation an insurmountable crisis. Every problem is solvable. Readjustment demands the best there is in us as a nation, mentally and spiritually. We shall adhere to the true, clean things and never abandon our high ideals. Dead branches fall from the live oak during the hurricane, but the fiber of the tree tightens, and the roots drive into the soil. This nation is a success; it is still the hope of the world; it must be made a yet greater blessing to the sons of men.

Equality of Opportunity

Let all well-wishers of good government, regardless of party affiliations—let all those who love their country and its institutions listen for a moment, listen with eyes aloft, listen to the voice of experience and the call of inspiration from the spirit of America which was Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt—listen and hear from them the call: Carry on, Americans! Carry on! Carry on! Carry on, now, against the foes of our own household as you fought at Valley Forge, at the Argonne and at Château-Thierry. Carry on! Carry on! Find disloyalty if there be disloyalty, and scotch it; find dishonesty if there be dishonesty, and crush it; find the right, and cleave unto it. Keep your eyes raised, Americans, but keep your feet on solid ground!

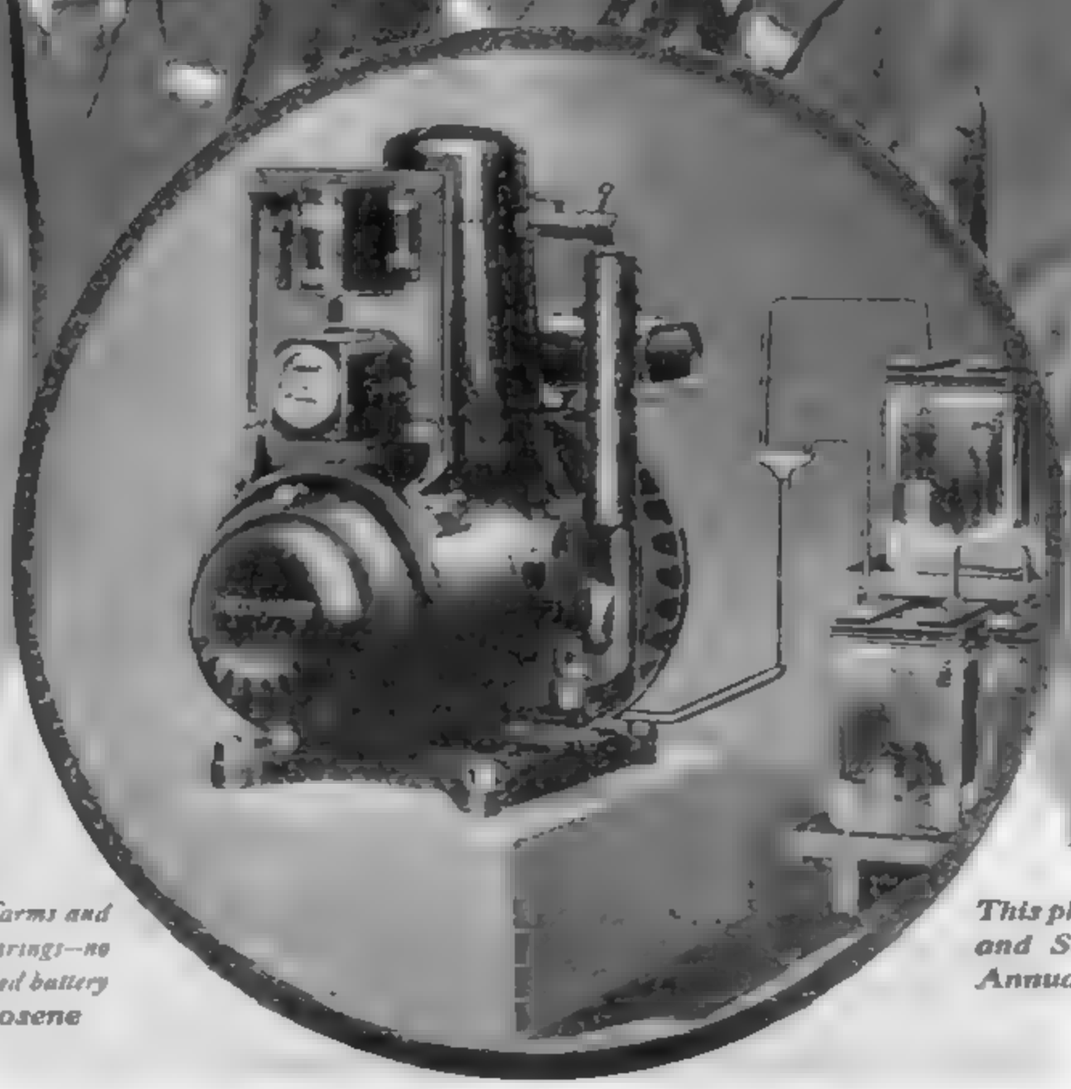
Find the reason for discontent, and meet it squarely; correct the cause where there is a cause, and mercilessly destroy the excuse where it is an excuse only. Find exact justice and demand it—demand it for all men and require it from all men. Remember the stuff you are made of, Americans. Remember the heritage which is yours. Remember—and be encouraged. The manhood and womanhood of America are sound. The stress of late days has strained all overmuch.

Be patient with one another, but as you value your country's future wait not a moment to realize the emergency, nor longer delay your action. Each one is equally responsible. Stop and look within. Look, each one, to your own industry and thrift. Look to your own conscience and moral responsibility, and in the whirl of the storm about you seize upon common sense and good conscience. Holding fast, then, lift yourselves from the maelstrom of unrest and regain for yourselves your own sound judgment—and then reach for others as they are hurled by.

Yes, forget not the others who are about you. It is as dangerous now as it was just outside the walls of Eden to ask in surprise: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Remember, we all go up or we all go down together. The great power which is the spirit of America must not tolerate any attempt to array group against group, section against section or sect against sect. Guard against this as you would against a pestilence; the nation has no greater enemy than one who would thus divide the country against itself.

While you are in turmoil our late enemies are marshaling with dispatch all of their industrial resources, so let not our great accomplishments in war be marred by our inability to order our own affairs. Mere agitation and mere motion are not progress. The vicious circle is not the shortest distance between honest effort and highest reward. Remember that one man is better than another only when he does better. Give all well-behaved men and women their equality of opportunity, and require from them their full measure of accountability. Live and let live is not enough—we must live and help live—and, as you live and help live, find always exact justice and enforce it.

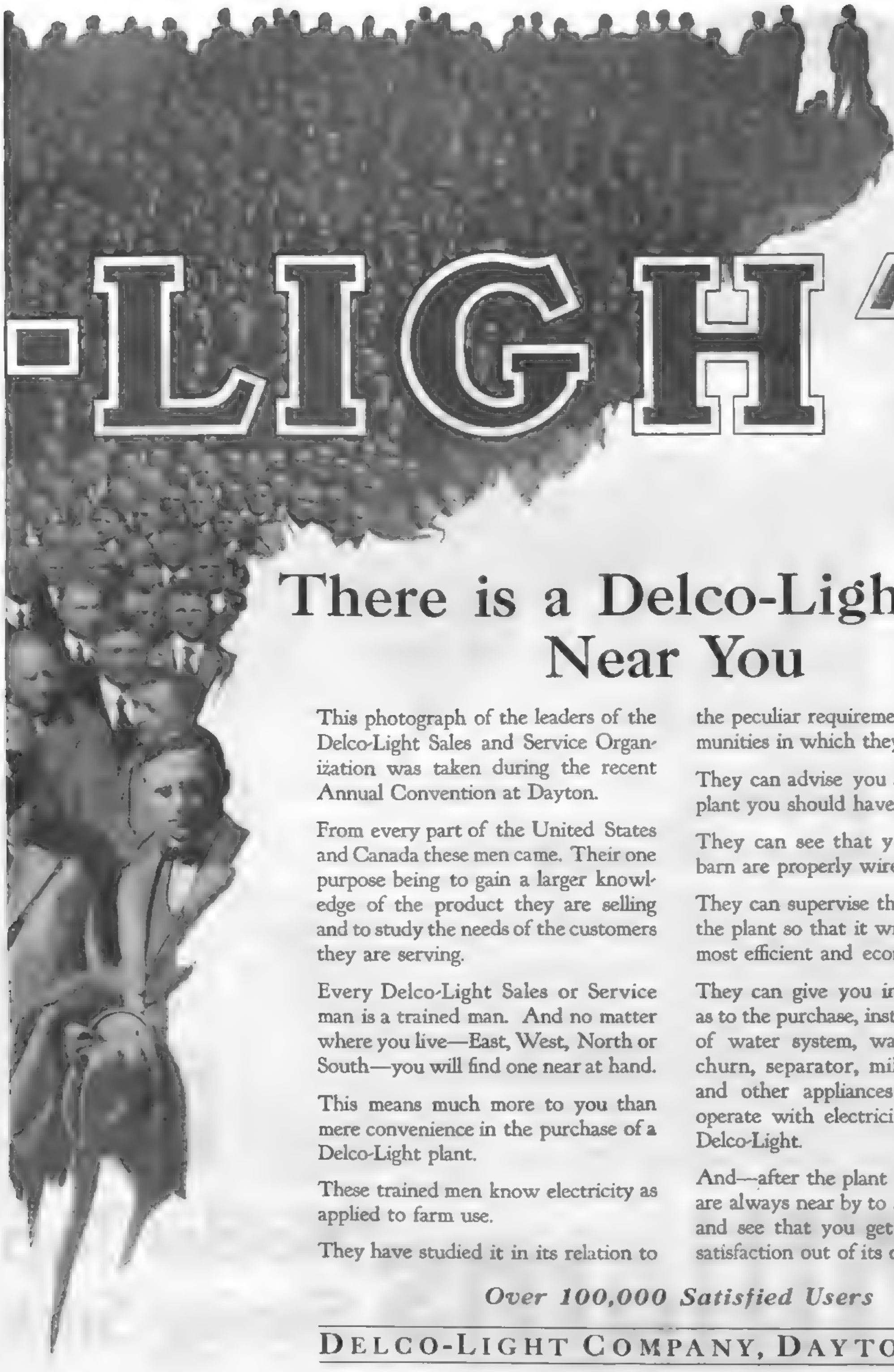
DELCO



A complete electric light and power plant for farms and country homes, self-cranking—air cooled—ball bearings—no belts—only one place to oil—thick plates—long-lived battery

Valve-In-Head Motor Runs on Kerosene

This photograph of 1200 Delco Light Sales and Service men was taken during the Annual Convention at Dayton, March 17-20, 1920



There is a Delco-Light Man Near You

This photograph of the leaders of the Delco-Light Sales and Service Organization was taken during the recent Annual Convention at Dayton.

From every part of the United States and Canada these men came. Their one purpose being to gain a larger knowledge of the product they are selling and to study the needs of the customers they are serving.

Every Delco-Light Sales or Service man is a trained man. And no matter where you live—East, West, North or South—you will find one near at hand.

This means much more to you than mere convenience in the purchase of a Delco-Light plant.

These trained men know electricity as applied to farm use.

They have studied it in its relation to the peculiar requirements of the communities in which they live and work.

They can advise you as to the size of plant you should have.

They can see that your house and barn are properly wired.

They can supervise the installation of the plant so that it will give you the most efficient and economical service.

They can give you intelligent advice as to the purchase, installation and use of water system, washing machine, churn, separator, milking machines and other appliances that you can operate with electricity furnished by Delco-Light.

And—after the plant is installed they are always near by to advise with you and see that you get fullest possible satisfaction out of its operation.

Over 100,000 Satisfied Users

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

Are you scraping along without Williams'?

I suppose you *can* scrape along without knowing my friend Williams, and his rich, creamy lather. But why should you? He is generous—he just bubbles over with it. Throw cold water on him as much as you like, you can't keep him down. He is white clean through—and uses himself up working for others. He believes in the rights of shavers—he never goes dry. He makes you smile from ear to ear and never leaves any smarting feelings behind. His favorite complexions? He hasn't any. And although over 75 years old, he is as popular with young men as with their seniors.

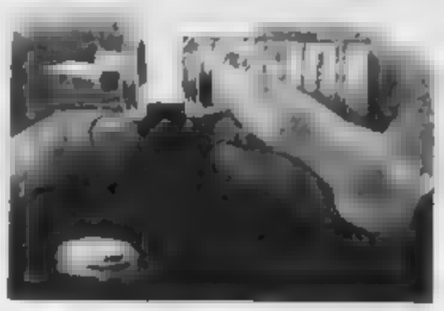
Send 8 cents for trial Re-Load stick

The Re-Load has a firm threaded metal collar. You simply screw this into the holder-cap—no threads in the soap. Send 8c in stamps for sample, *full size* permanent holder-top, with reduced size soap. When the sample is used up, you need buy only the new Re-Loads, saving the cost of a new holder-top.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams Shaving Soap also comes in the forms of cream, board and powder. Trial size of any of these for 6c in stamps

Re-Loads Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick



Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J.B.WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

HIGH LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

We have, however, already recorded all the strictly historic words there spoken. They were somewhat enigmatic in that they seemed to give no clew as to any project in His Majesty of Constantia-Felix's mind as regards the matrimonial chances of his offspring.

"I'll bring her on to Geneva," said Mrs. Hastings. "And probably neither she nor I will be marrying anyone for the next day or two. At any rate, I think I owe this to Lydia, that she should be married first."

Both Georges and Otto considered this statement, but to them it seemed to lead nowhere.

Otto again threw open the door and the men went out. The motor whirred away in the darkness and the women knew that Georges was on the road. Was it the road to Lichtenmont?

VIII

ALL through the night the motor whirred toward the Lac des Alpes. A crescent new moon scudded through scattering clouds. Georges IV eyed it warily. Did it, he asked himself, mean hope? Somehow now that the thing he had longed for ever since that night at Lichtenmont had happened—but a new moon is in any case a pretty thing. Clouds too.

They stopped toward midnight at the little Auberge des Grisons, where it was a real pleasure to rout out the innkeeper and make him give them jugs filled with boiling water to pack about poor old Churak in the car. The Great Pass was clear of snow, it was true, but the night air was very bitter. It was almost as great a pleasure to drink a generous cup of a kind of pear brandy native to that canton and not to be neglected by thoughtful drinkers. But soon the motor was again eating up the long empty road. They crossed the pass and slid down the valley that leads finally to the lake.

Count Churak, so cozily jugged—if one may correctly employ that phrase—did not speak. And Georges of Constantia-Felix, peering at the road and at the night without seeming to see them, fell deeper and deeper into his own thoughts. It is quite possible that he had never thought so much before. But even stories must not intrude too far upon a hero's privacy. Sometimes the mountains reminded him of the Garpentian range in the eastern provinces that were no longer his. Sometimes a pine against the sky made him think of Christmases at Lichtenmont when his grandfather, old Charles X, was still alive. Then jumped the years to that last night of good-by and to this new night of welcome, when Constantia-Felix was—so it seemed—to take him back. What would she take back—unhappy, racked, yet lovely land? What manner of king could Georges IV ever hope to be? There are moments when the thoughts of kings are long, long thoughts. We will instead merely follow the longish road that leads down from the Great Pass to the sapphire lake. The cold moderated as the motor descended to pleasant lower levels, to vineyards, to sunrise and to coffee and rolls at the little capital, on the terrace of a café by the lakeside, where a sleepy waiter lazily and unwillingly wiped off a tin table, little realizing that it was for the *petit déjeuner* of a king.

By ten they were at the Château de Branchazay, which instead of sitting peacefully as usual in the sun was already humming with the emissaries of all the dethroned gentlemen of the lake district. Events in Constantia were, it was hoped, a torch lit which would start fires of royalism in all the countries now oppressed—so these exiles phrased it—by democracy. It was the decision of the Council of Montrésor—hastily called together the night before—a little earlier than when His Majesty of Constantia-Felix had been drinking pear brandy at the Auberge des Grisons, to request George IV to receive the delegation from Lichtenmont at the Island of Montrésor itself, instead of his own modest château of Branchazay, and in the company of his fellow sovereigns, who, it was hoped, would—glittering with gems and orders and gold lace—thus lend to the first restoration all the éclat of a first-rate historic event. It was hoped obviously that the repercussion—a charming European word, too little used by us in America—of such a party would enormously aid their own publicity and propaganda at home. Indeed, it urgently and rather pathetically put to the Constantian Georges that since they had all fallen together he should do all in his power to enable them to rise together. It was the opinion of Count Churak, whose importance now almost surpassed that of any unseated monarch, that this procedure would be quite contrary to tradition.

"I point out to you, Churak, that tradition landed us where we are. No, I'll do what they want. I've certain things to say to the Constantian delegation which it might do them all good to hear. Fix the show for nine o'clock to-night, and for the love of heaven let me have some champagne for dinner!"

There were quaint minor events which, much more than the action of the Council of Montrésor, made the possible return to Lichtenmont seem real. The local butcher at Larentonville sent up his bill to date, though it was only the twentieth of the month. And the real-estate agent telephoned from Geneva asking when Branchazay was likely to be free. There had been the evening before, it appeared, a little revolutionary trouble in Styrditzia and the grand duke needed a Swiss place in rather a hurry and there was nothing on the lake but the gardener's cottage on Prince Cezar of Illyria's place. Now, unfortunately, Hazelinda of Cromatzi, the grand duke's somewhat plain sister, had been slightly married to Cezar before he became so interested in the Parisian stage and she returned—to the great distress of everyone except her husband—to live with her brother in the family palace at Prymzichoval. So this hut, the real-estate agent judged, was, on account of these family complications, out of the question; and he welcomed the news from Constantia-Felix which seemed to point to a fresh tenant and a fresh commission.

The new Triest-Constantinople express de luxe—though there is precious little luxe about it—arrived at Lausanne at seven-thirty and the Constantian committee was almost at once transferred to a launch belonging to Stefan of Illyria—the one with the cook wife—who thus courteously indicated how happy Constantia could be with Illyria if she could but induce the latter country to call him back.

The twilight still lingered over the Lac des Alpes and a moon still young hung in the western sky. The air was soft and the little island of Montrésor with its fairylike palace of white marble seemed fantastically almost to float upon the lake's placid waters. From various points along the green shores little launches—royal puff-puffs—darted forth, converging upon the isle of counsel, small ill-smelling petrol craft, but heavily freighted with hopes, worthy and unworthy. The concert of Europe tuned up, though the hero of the evening, Georges IV, looked oddly pale and nervous, not elated and triumphant as might a king homeward bound.

Yet the paleness and the look in his face consorted better perhaps than his habitual gayety might have with the solemnity of the moment. The grand salon of the empress was lit by hundreds of candles, an extravagance that had not been indulged in there since Her Majesty's ball to King Exon early in that fateful summer of 1914. Again kings glittered as of old, and when the doors were flung open and the delegation of humble Constantian subjects advanced toward their monarch, who detached himself from the waiting group, brightest of bright stars, for an instant it seemed that in its flight time had indeed turned back.

There was something in the air, some faint fragrance of the loyalties of an earlier time. One old gentleman broke down and sobbed as he fell on his knees to kiss the hand of his royal master. Even the stout, stubborn young man with a red beard, who represented the new Democratic Law and Order Party in Constantia, bent his head as if even for him there was some transitory romantic magic in the summer night, though the acceptance of royalty by him and his party was only a temporary compromise made necessary by the breakdown of communistic government at Lichtenmont.

The candles flickered gayly in the soft warm breeze that occasionally stole into the empress' grand salon from off the lake. And Georges IV of Constantia spoke.

"There are some small things," he began, "I want to say, from the old régime to the new. For since I left so hurriedly my capital - your capital, I should say—of Lichtenmont I have had many long days to meditate in—dull days, sad days, most of them, but excellent for thought. If I go back, as you seem to ask of me, I shall go back to the new régime, not the old. I do not approve of the old régime. It produced bad kings. We were all"—and he turned with an almost intolerable suave politeness to his fellow monarchs—"I make the statement deliberately—we were all bad kings."

A faint murmur of varying significance and quality ran over the room.

"Shall we make good kings?" he asked, and his voice cut into the growing babble and there was silence again.

"I do not venture to answer for you, my brothers. You may do that if delegations like this should ever come to you."

Was there a touch of pride here that he should be the first asked home? Yet Georges was in this moment of his humility more pleasingly, more romantically royal than ever before.

"For myself," he went on, "I cannot say that I am very sure to make the king I ought. If my daughter, if someone else not even of my family, is likely to make a better sovereign I would beg Constantia-Felix so to choose. No one with a sense of humor," he said, and his eye ranged mockingly over the concert, "can still think kings divine—we least of all who know them best. But"—and again he grew serious—"perhaps kingship is divine—the right to lead a people to happiness. That I have come to see during the hours when I was bored. And it is perhaps too great a strain upon my credulity to believe that I can carry kingship as it should be carried upon my unworthy shoulders."

Again the murmur ran through the empress' grand salon, and a little puff of wind suddenly intruding upon these sacred and royal presences blew out some of the candles. In a gloomier light and an even lower voice Georges of Constantia went on:

"I will be even more honest. It is an odd sensation for a king—I wonder if any of

(Continued on Page 166)

"But Aren't You in Love With the Young Man?" "No, Certainly Not!" "Isn't He in Love With You?" "No," Miss Smith Managed to Say. "Not a Bit"

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

Fuel of the Future

Modern civilization is power-driven. Until today the power that has kept it steadily moving forward has, for the most part, been wrested by slow and costly means from reluctant coal.

Now it is the turn of water—the one other comparable power resource—to lend its inexhaustible might to America's upbuilding. Out of streams that today take their profligate way to the sea, electricity is about to expand and, to a great degree, reconstruct the nation's industrial and social life.

In utilizing, by hydro-electric development, millions of horsepower of energy now wasted, industry finds its one hope of relief from the paralyzing effect of coal scarcity; a means of releasing countless brains and hands, and a way to simplify the transportation problem.

Already industry's demand for power has reached the point where it takes more than a million men to dig and distribute the coal supply. Nearly a third of the nation's railroad equipment is devoted to its transportation. Yet all the horsepower, approximately 50,000,000, produced from coal, does not equal the amount of potential power flowing away in the water-courses of the country.

High in the mountains of the Far West, water-power plants now vitalize with electric current cities hundreds of miles away, while others hurl 3000 ton trains across the steep grades of the Great Divide. The cheap abundant power of Niagara's plants has kept this country at the forefront in electro-chemistry. The yoking of southern streams has brought about a revolution in cotton-spinning. And these, as well as many other important developments, have been accomplished by using only one-tenth of the country's water-power.

Power in plenty is vital to the progress of an industrial nation. Already this country has felt the pinch of shortage. For its fuel of the future it must look more and more to the latent might of its waters.

Westinghouse engineering and manufacturing abilities have helped make possible some of the greatest hydro-electric achievements, including the harnessing of Niagara, and Westinghouse has won world-wide recognition for its accomplishments in this field.

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The Bon Ton

Ralston

Did you ever see a finer-looking shoe?

LAST MAKING is an art. Last makers are really born, just as sculptors are born. They model the human foot in wood.

The head of the production department of the Ralston Health Shoemakers is a skilled last maker. That is the reason Ralston Shoes are famous for their perfect fit. It is also the reason why the graceful lines of the Ralston styles are distinctive. It is one of the reasons why Ralstons are always comfortable and wonderfully serviceable. The "Bon Ton" model, shown here, is a noteworthy example. Did you ever see a finer-looking shoe?

Ralston dealers are honest-value givers. There is a Ralston dealer in every neighborhood. His name on request.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.

(Continued from Page 163)

you has ever tried it? I am thinking of myself. You cannot learn to think about the rights of subjects without thinking about your own rights. Are we not in this new world subjects—subjects of the people? A pretty idea, *hein?* Perhaps being a king is not my *métier.* Perhaps I want to be happy too.

"I will tell you what I want, friends from Constantia, and then it will be for you to say whether or not you still want to call me back.

"I am going to-morrow to Geneva to ask a lady to be my wife. She is not eligible by the old rules to be a queen. She is only a citizen of the great democracy of the West—of America. She is, to my taste, more like what a queen should be than are most queens. But the chief thing is—and I apologize for bringing forward such a vulgar reason—I am much attached to her and have been for years. I should dislike to seem grandiloquent, but I think I want my happiness, even at the cost of my throne."

Disguise it as he might with light phrases, it was an abdication. Describe it as inadequately as we may, it was yet a historic moment, a milestone on the European road toward the future.

There was a silence first; then a faint buzzing such as might grow into a storm. By the doorway, below the startled angry kings, the Constantian delegation put their heads together, and there was almost a half minute's confused discussion. Then the young man with a red beard pushed his way angrily through his companions and strode toward Georges, who once had been his king, but was now just a man like another and at his mercy. His Majesty—let us for a moment still call him that—turned, pale but still smiling, to meet Redbeard.

"Well?" he asked quite simply.

IX

THE young man with the red beard spoke with all the firmness which his countenance indicated. "I don't know what the others think, Your Majesty, I consider it very *chic.* Your decision puts Constantia-Felix in the front rank of modern democratic states. I am glad you have chosen a woman of the people. I would welcome her if she were a red Indian or a simple cowgirl of the Far West."

Georges meditated a moment in surprise. He thought of his inamorata's costumes from the Rue de la Paix.

"She is scarcely as you so optimistically describe her," he admitted. "The lady is more—shall I say?—an international."

"International is good," said the young man with the red beard. "That will please the radicals."

"I fear," said Georges, "and I beg you to believe that it is a matter which does not interest me and has not been investigated by me, but I fear she is something of a capitalist."

Human nature is of course not what it should be. His Majesty's phrase seemed to galvanize the whole assemblage to new vitality. At the sound of it the Constantian delegation came forward nearer their king; now suddenly they were warmed, so it seemed, by a more intimate personal feeling for him.

As for the ex-sovereigns of Europe, they moved as one man, as if some spell drew them magically, as if already the melodious clink of American dollars was making lovely music in their ears. A servant was closing some of the windows and relighting the candles; already the world seemed more cheerful.

"This is important, Your Majesty," began the ancient count, who represented the extreme right, the reactionary royalist party of Constantia-Felix. "The Constantian Treasury ——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Georges, "I am giving thought to the matter for the first time, but I already see that if the lady marries she will be marrying me, not the Constantian Treasury."

"Obviously," said another of the delegation—the head of the Black Sea Bank at Lichtenmont—"but the Constantian Treasury might be relieved of your personal allowance ——"

"I am not at all sure that the lady will take me," suggested Georges.

At first the Constantians seemed perturbed at this thought. Perhaps they saw in the background Miguel of Elzenia, only twenty-five, twist confidently a minute black mustache. Perhaps they heard Heinrich Albert mutter darkly, "Most likely she won't."

For an instant the fair bedollared American may have seemed to elude them. Then the sight of Georges, erect, slight, handsome, with the gay, gallant air which had always so far attracted ladies, gave them courage. Forty though he might be, they felt ready to pit him against all royal comers for this unknown American lady's hand. With a murmur of deprecation and wavings of the hands they expressed their confidence in him.

"How rich is she?" asked one of the princes of Illyria, all children of Nature.

The assemblage was hushed. Yet Georges IV only answered in a very bored voice, "I have so little idea. She keeps the wolf from the door."

"It will not be difficult to know," said the ex-King of Romalia sharply, "if you care to go so far as to give us her name. We have always in Romalia kept excellent track of all the marriageable American fortunes. We have always encouraged our younger nobility to go out there after wives. When they left for New York they had very carefully revised lists, and our minister at Washington was always instructed to aid them.

"The results were excellent. Almost eighty-seven per cent of those who went out brought back excellent financial results."

"This is most painful ——" began Georges.

"But important," interrupted the young man with the red beard. "Would Your Majesty favor us with her name?"

"Under the circumstances," hesitated our king, "I almost dislike giving it. But no," he went on with a sudden energy and a quick standing erect proudly, "I am glad to give it. The lady is Florence Hastings, *née* Denison, widow of the late Alfred Hastings of New York."

The Constantian delegation, it was evident, did not know Mrs. Hastings. But her name was like a bomb thrown among the monarchs. It blew up first the King of Hellenos—old Gregorius, as his son somewhat disrespectfully termed him. Fairly sputtering with excitement he pushed his way toward Georges.

"What makes you think she will take you—you old Georges?" he called out in an angry raucous voice.

Georges smiled, shrugged his shoulders and bowed from the waist. What else could a gentleman do?

"I understand my son Otto has a pretty good chance," went on the older man. Georges stared in amazement at him.

"You don't suppose for a moment that I allow my son to go rampaging round Europe without someone to keep an eye on him? I had a complete report on the affair of Delices-les-Bains. My son is a good bet for place in this race, let me tell you, if he is only an heir apparent. He's a younger man than you, my boy."

"He is, as I have every reason to know," confessed His Majesty of Constantia. "You will note that I admitted I was not sure Mrs. Hastings would accept me. Prince Otto of Hellenos has the honor to be the chief reason why I was not sure."

"I am glad you admit that," said old Gregorius, still sputtering. And then he turned to his fellow monarchs and continued in a shrill angry, old voice. "My friends," he cried, "the Council of Montrésor is asked to break the sacred obligation we all entered into to uphold the tradition in our marriages. And we are asked to break it in order that Constantia-Felix, instead of Hellenos, may carry away one of the biggest American fortunes!"

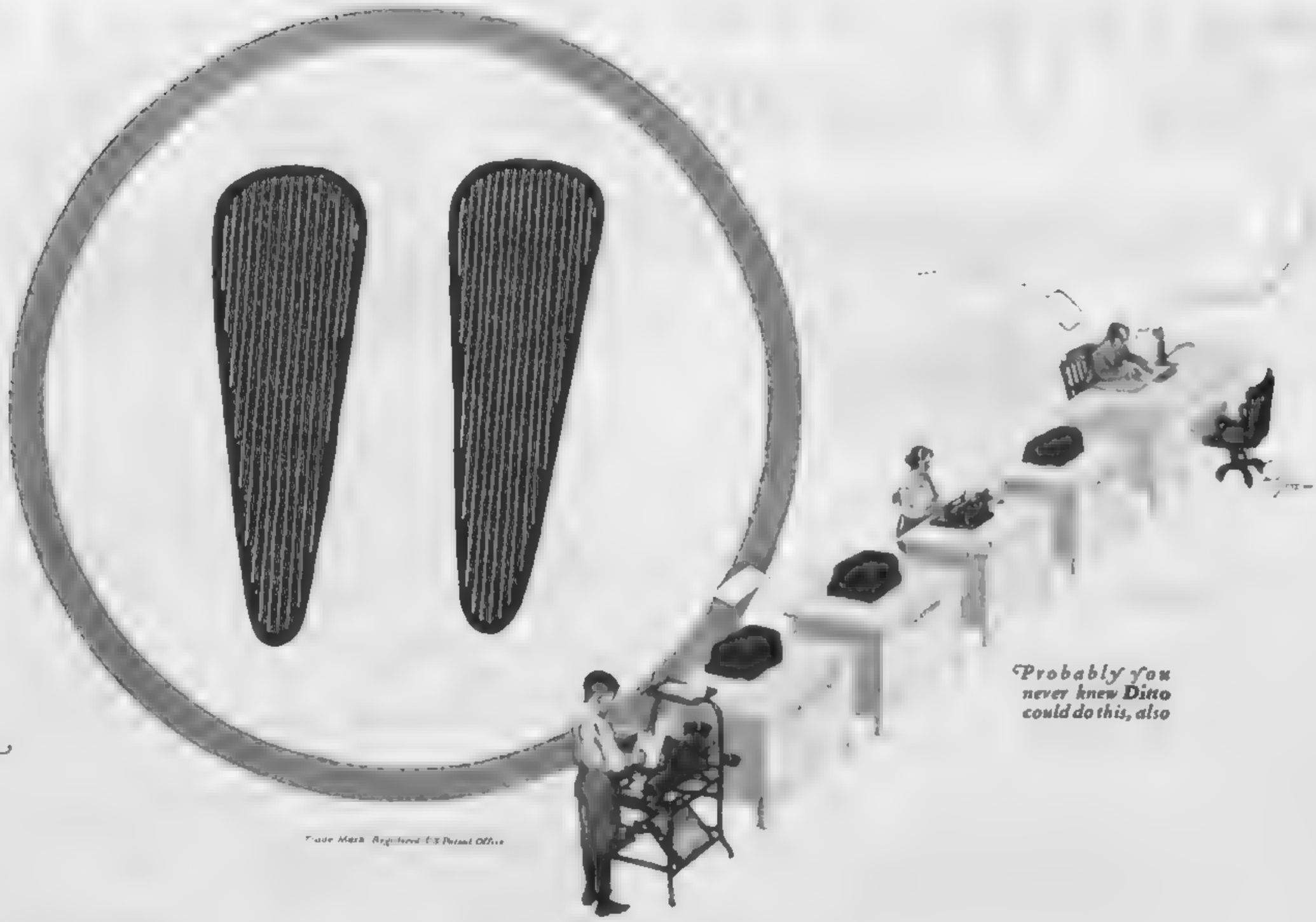
"Have you the figures?" asked the King of Romalia.

"Naturally I have," said old Gregorius, fumbling in the breast pocket of his coat. "I am not a fool. Here we are. These are what was laid before my privy council at a vermuth meeting at the Café du Nord yesterday. The Hastings money is extremely well invested, though there is perhaps a shade too large a proportion in Lehigh Valley and Public Utilities. I should say it is one of the best American fortunes."

"Tut, tut!" said the old Archduke of Wallankia. "Give us the sum total."

Old Gregorius tantalizingly delayed to adjust a pair of spectacles. In this pause readers are invited to note the lack of vulgarity in this narrative which has so far dictated that nothing should have been said about our American heroine's money. The moment, however, cannot longer be postponed. The moment, furthermore, was one which perhaps changed the course of history in all Southeastern Europe.

(Continued on Page 169)



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STEVENS

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Stevens-Duryea
Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 166)

"The amount is forty-eight millions—about four hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars—and a few hundreds that our advices are not quite accurate about. Of this in fluid assets there are ——"

"*Ach, Himmel!*" groaned Karl of Saxreich. "The injustice this war has inflicted on Germany! To think it will be years before a German can again marry an American dollar princess!"

"Oh, heavens above," cried one of the princes of Illyria, "she is worth two hundred and eighty million konitskis in Illyrian money, or three billion eight hundred million konitskis at the present rate of exchange!"

"I wonder how she would feel about my morganatic marriage? Of course it is really no bar to my taking a princess," mused Stefan, "but I am told these Americans are very prudish about extra wives."

"You say that, trying to bar me," retorted the Sultan of Zambifor. "I am not a Christian. In my country the position of twenty-third wife is considered very *chic*."

"I have the honor to demand of the most noble and royal Council of Montrésor"—it was old Ludovicz of Romalia speaking—"the permission for my son, Claude-Ergone, to seek the hand of this lady in marriage."

This roused the Constantians. The young man with the red beard bellowed angrily: "This is a matter in which the people must be consulted. We get this money. Our man saw her first."

"Very good!" yelled old Gregorius in reply.

The barriers between sovereigns and people were certainly broken down at last. The grand salon of the Empress had now the tone of a village market place when a group of excited peasants bargain over a live, squealing pig.

"You say your man saw her first"—and the ex-King of Hellenos shook his fist almost in the beard of the young man. "Yes, he saw her first," he continued in fury, "but who proposed to her first? Was it not my son?"

Here Georges IV, pale with rage, cut into the discussion, speaking in a low cutting voice.

"Gregorius," he said, "you are intolerably ill-bred. And besides," he added, "what do you know of whether your precious Otto has or has not proposed?"

"I know enough," was the reply. "I had two special agents with field glasses behind a hedge."

"Did you install a listening-in device in the lady's sitting room?"

"No, but I wish I had!" said Gregorius.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen ——" began the old Archduke of Wallankia.

"There are no gentlemen here," shouted Redbeard—"only kings and proletarians!"

The archduke gazed at the young man in silence for a moment, then he went on:

"You are treating this as if it were a personal matter, Georges."

"It is intensely personal to me," protested Georges.

The old archduke smiled paternally.

"Be a statesman!" he said. "Remember that this is an international question. Remember that it involves the relations of our countries to America. Whichever country first accepts an American queen will probably be very well thought of by the American people. Whichever of us first has an American wife will probably get back on his throne first. As the concert of Europe this council cannot permit one of its number to get ahead of the others like this. No, no!"

"Do you mean," asked Georges, "that she must marry all or none of us? I must warn you that on these terms she's quite likely to marry none. Great heavens!" he went on. "I suppose that there are probably five million unmarried women, in America!"

"But have they all three billion eight hundred million konitskis at the present rate of exchange?" asked one of the princes of Illyria.

King Gregorius again consulted his paper.

"There were, in the spring of 1914," he said, "only fifteen thousand six hundred and eighty-nine heiresses in the United States who brought with them over four hundred thousand dollars."

"I am old"—it was the ancient archduke placidly pursuing his train of thought, unperturbed by interruption—"that is, I am seventy. I have not been married for years. And yet in the interests of my Wallankian people I stand ready to marry this—this—what did you say her name was, Georges?"

There was an instant turmoil in which it became evident that there were several more candidates proposing their names. Then suddenly someone thumped on the table with a gavel and a voice was heard above the din, that of M. Théophile Braun, the representative appointed by the government at Bern to be present at the meetings of the Council of Montrésor so that these gatherings should not involve the Swiss Republic in any European difficulties.

"Your Majesties," yelled Monsieur Théophile, "I must protest against Switzerland being excluded from this opportunity. You must not trample on the rights of neutrals. We have fine, upstanding young Swiss, any one of whom would make an admirable husband for a rich Americaness. I demand that this lady be permitted to consider one of them!"

"Holland will protest, too," began someone.

"And what will America say?" asked very pertinently the King of Romalia.

"We can always cable to Wilson," suggested someone else.

The turmoil rose higher. It was evident that the concert of Europe produced the most modern of music, with many discords. It was obvious that it would soon be necessary to separate the second prince of Illyria and the young man with the red beard, who seemed inclined to settle matters by the simple method of *la boxe anglaise*. At last somehow Georges of Constantia rose above the storm.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "there is but one person who can settle this! The lady herself!"

"Where is she?" asked His Majesty of Romalia.

"At the Beaurivage in Geneva."

"Let her be sent for at once."

"To-night! To-night!"

The turmoil rose again. Georges IV consulted his watch.

"Why not?" he asked. "It is nine-thirty. She will have finished dinner."

"Meanwhile," said Heinrich Albert, "I feel a need of food. I have had nothing for two hours. There are, I am told, the usual sandwiches in the dining salon. And"—he paused at the climax—is it not almost the climax of our tale?—"I have to-day had sent here a barrel of *echt Münchener* just from over the border."

■

ABOUT a half hour later two ladies sat alone, concluding a conversation, at the prow of the little launch of the Prince of Illyria, which sped through the warm soft night toward the lovely fabled Island of Montrésor. Farther aft the heir of Hellenos—if he could get Hellenos back—smoked a cheap American cigarette. For a day neither of the ladies had had much to say to him.

He had indeed been almost tempted to bare his heart to Miss Bidgerton, who, though bedewed with tears, still exists in our story. Now he meditated in a chastened spirit on life and its uncertainties.

"Lydia," said the elder lady, "I hope you understand now."

"I understand," was the reply, "and I truly forgive you."

"I wish things were as if we'd never gone to Delices-les-Bains."

The girl made no comment at first. She seemed to watch the twinkling tiny Swiss towns on the dark shore of the Lac des Alpes.

"No," she said, "I don't think so. Miss Lydia Smith was rather silly, as young girls are. The Princess Lydia, if I must be that again, is grown up. And I shall be happy somehow—you'll see."

Yes, she looked older in the crescent moon's faint light.

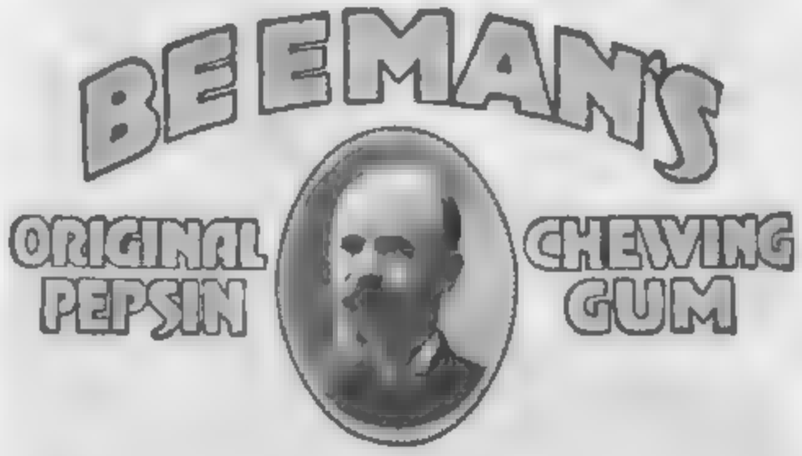
The older woman leaned forward and took the girl's hand and said, perhaps unexpectedly, "You know, dear, you're lovely at last. Is it tears I wonder that make so wonderful a lotion?"

And the little Princess Lydia replied quite frankly, "I'm glad, whatever happens, that I'm prettier and that my waist is not quite so large."

They were nearing the little Isle de Montrésor and the unknown future and the odd, unexplained conference to which they had been hurriedly summoned. At the stern Prince Otto's glowing cigarette had disappeared; he was coming toward them. But before he came there was between the ladies a final interchange.

"I've told you everything, Lydia. And you understand that I love him."

"I understand," said the little princess. "I love him too."



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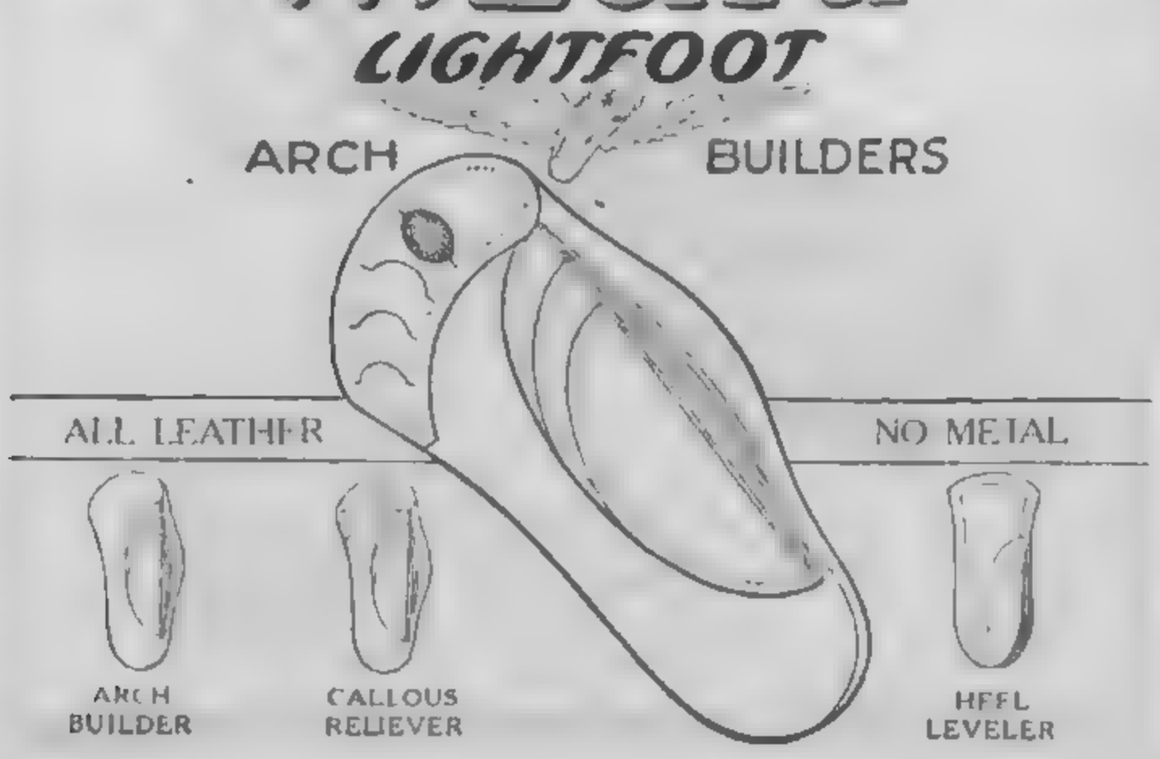

At Geneva no explanations had been given or asked. But now as the old Count Churak, who was waiting at the dock, led Mrs. Hastings ceremoniously up the white marble steps that led to the terrace of the villa her conversational tone was not at all what he considered suitable for the future—— Well, for the future what?

"Why am I summoned before the council?" she asked. "I can only think of—wasn't it Phryne before the Tribunal? I've seen the picture. And her costume—well, even now when one doesn't exactly balk at décolletage, she went lengths that are out of the question. Though of course if I were to ——"

The King of Romalia made the formal speech. And the scene was no longer the indecorous village market place it had been.

"The present occasion, madam, has no historical parallel, but then history is no longer what it was. We are—or we were—Europe. We hope to be Europe again. You, madam, are America. Now that I see you, I may add America at its best. Europe wishes to ally itself with the West. You are already aware that two countries, Hellenos and Constantia-Felix, wish to marry you."

A faint smile flitted over her face, her color seemed to heighten a little.

"Oh," she murmured, "does Constantia wish to marry me? I hadn't quite understood."

"But we wish you to know before you come to any conclusion that there are other countries which honorably sue for your favor. I speak for my son, but in honor bound I speak for many others here. We ask the privilege of your acquaintance. We ask your consideration."

Suddenly she looked confused, frightened, very young.

"Your Majesty, this isn't a joke you are playing upon me?"

"On my honor as a gentleman," he answered.

And acquiescence was voiced from a score of throats. Her color surged back into her cheek. She sank in a low curtsy.

"It is," she said, "even for America, almost too great an honor. As to its being for me, it is unbelievable. The world is indeed changed."

"For the better, we hope," said His Majesty of Romalia, "if you accept any of us."

"I marry so rarely," murmured the lady. "In fact, it has only happened to me once, and then for love. This is all very confusing. The thought of marrying a total stranger is for the moment almost frightening to me.

"Will you think it horribly discourteous of me if I incline at this moment to someone I already know? May I, in fact, ask that the Council of Montrésor permit me to be alone for a few minutes with ——"

She hesitated—out of pure mischievousness, no one could doubt it.

"With Prince Otto of Hellenos?" she said at last.

For an instant one might have thought that the late King of Constantia-Felix had not heard. He stood very erect and very pale. Perhaps it was in his family to improve with age; like his daughter, he had never looked better than now. Are unshed tears as well a magic lotion? He did not seem to see anything but the candles and dark Lac des Alpes beyond. Yet the lady, oddly enough, was staring at him rather than at the heir of Hellenos, who near by, flushed and handsomely boyish, was poised almost as the young Mercury about to fly.

At last they were alone, and for at least a quarter of a minute silent.

"Do you still want to marry me, Otto?" she asked slowly.

"Did I not ask you?" He flushed a deeper red.

"That is, as you quite well know, not an accurate answer to my question. But I shall not press you. You saw me this afternoon after a hard day's motoring beginning at an intolerable hour. My appearance may well have led you to suspect the worst."

"I suspect nothing of you that is not beautiful and kind and good," he answered.

"Oh, dear, dear young Otto!" she cried softly. "I hope—I so hope you're right about me! I so hope that what I'm doing now is the best thing for you. You—you must not marry me!"

"Must I not?" he asked gravely, though his eyes were suspiciously, boyishly wet. "Why not?"

"First, because I am so much older than you."

He protested, but she went on:

"I don't, of course, mean that I shall actually grow old. That's absurd nowadays. There are creams and lotions and massage. And modern surgery will lift the skin of your face and take out the wrinkles and the puffiness. It can carve down your hips, they say too. And your neck, with wax injected under the skin ——"

"Oh, don't!" he protested afresh. "It sounds horrible!"

"It is horrible," she admitted.

"You could never grow old."

"Well, perhaps I wouldn't. But I might—yes, at seventy-five or eighty I might begin to fade ever so slightly."

"You don't really think all that matters, do you?"

She paused a moment before she answered him and then she said slowly: "No, I don't think all that matters. Ah, you force me to give you my best reason! I'm really in love—in love with Georges of Constantia-Felix. I think I have been for fifteen years. But until now, when—so it appears—he's asking me to marry him, I haven't allowed myself to think of it. Is that being puritanical? I'm afraid I am."

"I'm glad you are."

"That's nice of you, Otto. That's why besides being young and handsome and a prince you were a temptation to me. But I love him, and it's better I should. For there's another good reason for my doing what I am: You're really in love with Lydia."

"Oh, you make me out a thing with no mind of my own!" he cried.

"No, I don't. I make you out just young and natural. You and she love the new world. You love freedom. Don't you see how wonderful all this is in a prince and a princess?"

"She does look prettier than ever before, doesn't she?" he said, and then he grew shy again.

"That isn't what I was talking about," said Mrs. Hastings with a gay small laugh. "But yes, she does."

"Ah, but I wouldn't dare now ——"

"Wouldn't dare, because for a time you'd been led astray by a good woman. Oh, she'll forgive that! She loves you!"

"Oh, does she?" His eyes shone.

"Yes, she'll tell you so herself if you'll give her a chance. And, Otto, she's a splendid girl."

He suddenly began to laugh.

"Why, you'll be my mother."

"Even that doesn't discourage me," she cried.

"If the Council will permit, I've made my choice," she said. "I'll take Constantia-Felix."

And in the empress' grand salon Georges IV kissed her before them all. Within half an hour on the terrace Otto and the Princess Lydia, too, sealed a bargain in this way.

There is not much more to tell—just a pretty incident.

The Constantian delegation opened a box they had brought along, and lo, there was in it a crown—diamonds and emeralds—and the great ruby of Azanoff. The young man with a red beard, already a hopeless victim to his future queen, dropped on his knees before her, offering it. She took it and lifted it to her head. "Of course," she said in a low voice to Georges, "my hair's not dressed for a crown, and besides I've a really lovely tiara of my own. Still ——"

The glitter of the candlelight was on her, and the spell of the moment caught everyone there. It was a vision no one was ever to forget. Then slowly she lifted the bauble from her shining locks. She took a step forward.

"Listen, Constantians," she said, "and try to understand: My great-grandfather was a farmer—in Ohio. My grandfather made his money buying and selling cheese. I'm not a queen in the old sense. There is no crown of Constantia which belongs or can belong to me. It is yours. It is the people's."

She came nearer them, and the great Azanoff ruby shone upon them all.

"Will you take it and keep it for me so long as you love me, so long as you think I am the queen that there should be in Constantia? Will you not take back the crown? From Ohio to Constantia-Felix, eh? I love your king. If you will let me, I mean to love you and Constantia too."

It is in such episodes as this that the history of the King and Queen of Constantia is being made in Southeastern Europe.

(THE END)

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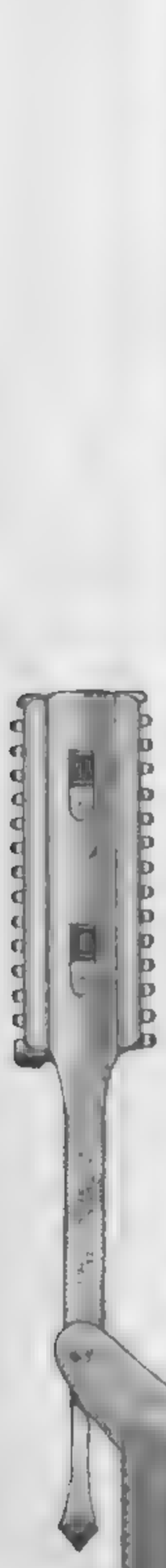

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THE SENSIBLE YEAR

(Continued from Page 7)

ten-dollar excess above the lawful passage money but rode perforce, at still another surtax, in a Pullman car. He scowled malignantly at a weedy young man in dinner clothes who squired a chattering girl in a fleecy theater wrap. Probably some bill clerk, he thought, putting up a desperate bluff. Probably most of these people and the friends they had come to meet were bluffing, for that matter. People who really had money didn't feel it necessary to advertise the fact in such displays as this. They were apt to ride in day coaches and eat their meals from shoe boxes, wrapped in newspapers. Very likely none of these butterflies had as much ready cash in the bank as John Webscott himself, in last year's suit and the overcoat which had been new four seasons ago.

Webscott frowned at the plumpish lady of the earrings and speculated on the likelihood of her owing an overdue grocer's bill. It was such people, he told himself, who rode in these extra-fare trains and gave dollar tips to negro porters who owned real estate and drove their own cars.

Shirley stood in a fair way to grow up to be one of them. A serenity of conscious virtue possessed him as he saw himself dedicated to the task of correcting her false perspectives. After a sensible year with Esther in the flat on Poplar Place she would know better than to travel in a train like this, among people of this silly sort. Ken and Edith had done their best to spoil her, of course, but a child of ten would still be plastic, teachable. He and Esther would give her a year of rational existence, crowded with objective instruction.

His mental vision unveiled a pleasing picture of the flat—the gleam of painted birch under the kerosene reading lamp, the sectional bookcases along the inner wall, the automatic piano, the potted geraniums on the sills. A year in such a home would do wonders for a child in danger of growing up to be a waster. Shirley had good blood in her. It was only her parents' distorted ideals, the miserable atmosphere of extravagance in which her little life had been spent, which had power to corrupt her. Esther, a year of the simple life in East Elmwood, school, helping with the housework, learning to cook and sew and dust, playing on the balcony porch with the little girls of Poplar Place—why, a year like this would make a little woman of her! He felt suddenly a sense of secret triumph as he contemplated his neighbors behind the rope. He was about to rob them of a promising recruit under their very noses!

Headlights shone in the tunnel. A thin wave of passengers swept up the incline and broke at the gate, men walking briskly, their eyes narrowed and held straight before them, their lips compressed, pigskin brief cases in their hands. He nodded a tolerant approval. Saving an hour or two was worth the excess fare to men of this sort. He had a profound respect for them. Builders, workers—above the folly of extravagance and idleness.

After them, straggling a little, came the others—parasites and spenders like those who waited at the barrier; men in tweeds and soft hats, branded with the marks of their purposeless lives—smooth unlined faces, pink or brown; good humored, indolent eyes; lips perpetually relaxed. He regarded them scornfully. Toward the women who climbed the incline with them he had a deeper sentiment. They were either thin with the thinness of late hours and cigarettes and dancing or fat with the adipose of sloth and chocolates and tea and erotic novels. He thought suddenly of Shirley, destined to belong to one group or the other, and his fists tightened in the pockets of his coat. A year wasn't any too long, after all.

He found himself jostling toward the end of the barrier, conscious of an apoplectic glare from a rosy white-mustached personage whose foot suffered from his haste. He had caught sight of Shirley, far along the incline. He was a little puzzled at his eagerness to reach her.

She knew him at once. Her little brown-gloved hands fluttered into his and her gray eyes met his evenly and unabashed above a level smile. He had a dim relief at the sight of her apparel; the pale-green tam-o-shanter, the brass-buttoned serge coat, the dark-brown stockings and low shoes were distinctly pleasing in their effect of little-girlish simplicity. Her bright hair, falling in a gentle artless wave to her shoulders, a shining frame for her delicate pointed face, was reassuringly natural. They hadn't wholly poisoned her, he thought. A year ——

"Uncle Johnny! How nice!" She turned her cheek for his kiss, without excitement. He became aware now of a thick man behind her, a solid erect personage somehow associated with the meeting. Shirley turned: "I'm quite all right now, thank you. Uncle Johnny, this is Mr. Payne. He was going to see that I got home if we missed you."

John Webscott started. Payne! Not Martin Payne, surely? He strained his eyes in the gloom of the tunnel and felt a throb of excitement. It was Martin Payne! He saw a mirage of the great rolling lawns and stately columns against the blue-green background of Elm Hill. His dreams had not ventured to suggest an acquaintance with their master, with the great man who lent a certain cachet to East Elmwood merely by using its railroad station for his daily passages to the city. He found himself shaking hands and muttering incoherent thanks.

"Enjoyed it," said Payne. "Got a couple of 'em myself. Been telling this young lady to come up and play with 'em."

Again John Webscott had a sense of unreality. His niece playing on terms of casual equality with Martin Payne's daughters! He caught his thoughts up sharply. Was he getting the infection so soon, after all? What had John Webscott, fifty-dollar clerk, to do with Martin Payne, manifoldly a millionaire?

"That would be nice," he evaded. "Much obliged for looking after her on the train. Good night."

He drew the child away almost rudely. A sebaceous negro, red capped and gray coated, moved after them, bearing a miniature black-enameled dressing case. It dawned on John Webscott that this was Shirley's baggage, that this able-bodied field hand was diverted from useful labor for the absurd task of carrying a toy bag! He paused, one hand moving toward the handle. But he caught Shirley's puzzled eyes upon him, and beyond her the lingering inspection of Martin Payne. Something restrained him. After all he must not be too abrupt in his educational processes. It would not do to forfeit Shirley's regard for such a trifle. After he and Esther had won her liking they could safely proceed with lessons in the folly of wasting money on porters. He used the outstretched hand in a clumsy beckoning gesture, and the grinning darky followed them. Shirley twisted about and spoke to Payne:

"You're going to East Elmwood, aren't you? Won't you ride over to the ferry with us?"

John Webscott had meant to use the tubes and to reach them by the inexpensive process of a foot passenger. He fumbled for speech in which to declare this laudable intention. Meanwhile Martin Payne genially accepted Shirley's invitation:

"All right. Take you home in my car when we get out there."

They rode westward in a leather-lined taxicab. John Webscott's eye clung to the meter. He paid at the ferryhouse with an impotent sense of submitting to extortion, modified a little by the realization that Martin Payne actually lay under a financial obligation. He contemplated this idea during the passage across the black river, broken by imaged lights, while Payne pointed out the landmarks to Shirley. After all, he reflected, the account stood fairly well. Deducting the fee of ten cents to the superfluous porter and the total outlay on the cab, Shirley's credit balance amounted to $2498.85. It might be worse, he decided, as he bought Shirley's half-fare ticket to East Elmwood and reduced this credit by twenty cents more.

The eight-fifty carried them across the marshes and deposited them on the dreary platform of the East Elmwood station, where a liveried chauffeur laid hands on the black dressing case and a purring limousine enveloped them. Poplar Place—Webscott scowled in the darkness as he gave the address. For the first time since he had taken up his abode on that thoroughfare its botanical title affected his ear unpleasantly. He surprised himself in the shameful reflection that it was very dark. Neither Martin Payne nor the lordly person in livery would observe Poplar Place with any accuracy.

This Tag on Every Pair of Juvenile Brand Shoes
It furnishes buyers of Children's Shoes an easy means of identifying genuine Juvenile Shoe System Footwear.
Our trademark is on one side, and our pledge to shoe buyers on the other. This pledge is really the corner-stone of our business—it pledges Quality. Read it carefully.
As it goes on all shoes that leave every one of our factories, every shoemaker in our employ knows that the quality must come up to the highest standard.
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Booklet of "Juvenile Brand" styles on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name
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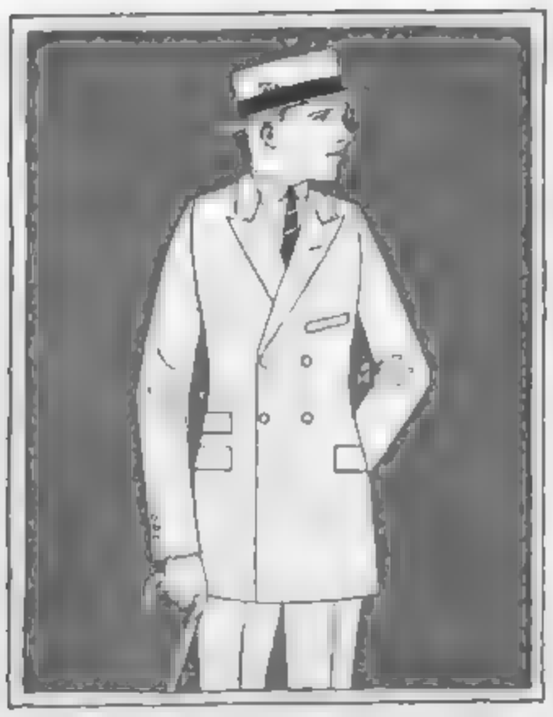
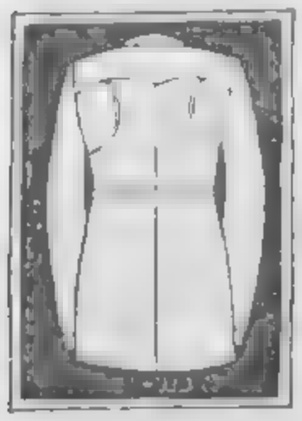
The Oxfords illustrated are made in Mahogany Calf White Pearl Glove Sport Leather, Tan Glove Sport Leather and Black Calf—all fine grain, nob selected stock. A complete run of sizes from girl's size 12 to young woman's size 8, in all widths AAA to D. This is the ideal oxford for street and sport wear
Juvenile Shoe System Standard of the World



Things That Give Style To the Summer Suit

IT'S not at all a bad idea, this plan of getting a summer knock-about suit to alternate with the business suit for wear through the vacation months.

And it is, I have found, as much a matter of genuine economy as it is of being well dressed. Your business and your outing suits will look better and retain their newness longer if worn intermittently, than if worn steadily for the same actual length of time.



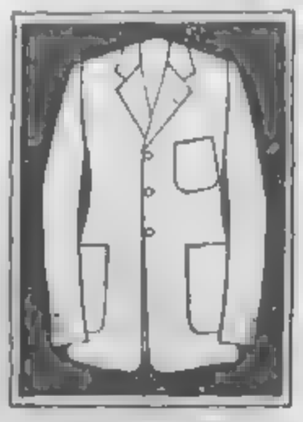
The "bellows" inserts back of the shoulders in the golf suit give arm freedom.

And so I notice that many young men here in New York are buying two suits at a time, one cut in good business style and the other designed for outing and sports wear. In these models created particularly for out-of-doors I find some most attractive features of style that are new with the season.

Of the several correct models to be seen in those fitting rooms where New Yorkers pass judgment upon the new wearables are the semi-lined suits in two-tone mixture, blue flannel or serge, both single and double-breasted.

The double-breasted coat has two buttons and is extremely smart on almost any figure. In the patch pocket models the tapering shape of the pockets is one of the pleasing things about the suit, the lower end of the pocket being perhaps an inch or more wider than the top. The lapel is of the simple "notch" type and the suit shows the same new shoulder idea as expressed in the best examples of the Spring styling. It has the slender lines of waist, sleeve and trouser which distinguish the correct business suit of the season.

For sports wear men are finding great utility in the golf model. It has the accommodating extension-pleat pockets and the ingenious "give-and-take" inserts at the shoulder blades that permit entire freedom of the arms. The Norfolk style is suitable for either outing or business wear and provides a refreshing change from the workaday sack suit.



A patch pocket model both smart and comfortable for use in town or country.

In interpreting these various summer styles for the young men of America I doubt if any maker has achieved quite as satisfying results as the men whose good taste and genius are devoted to the production of Cortley Clothes. The outing as well as the business suits which bear the name of Cortley express the most effective and timely style ideas and, what is also tremendously in their favor, a man is able to have two Cortley suits without feeling that he has been extravagant. They are to be had in almost any town at surprisingly moderate prices.—H. L.

A Book of Styles

prepared in New York for the use of men everywhere will be sent upon request without charge. Write for "Round About New York," giving the name of the best clothier in your town.

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors

In the City of New York

LOOK FOR THE CORTLEY LINEN LABEL IN THE INSIDE POCKET

He straightened his shoulders against this attitude. What did he care? It was good enough for John Webscott—a sensible place for a man to live whose income amounted to fifty weekly dollars.

Payne shook hands with them both. Detecting Farrell in the act of emerging from the common doorway Webscott lifted his voice a little in his leave-taking, and stressed the name of his benefactor with a shade more emphasis than the circumstances required. He nodded to Farrell, as they passed, with a certain affability, and for the first time became aware of that worthy gentleman's sartorial shortcomings. Farrell was a good fellow, to be sure, but he certainly looked like a tramp. Lucky Martin Payne hadn't seen him.

Esther, at the head of the varnished stairs, laid glad hands on Shirley, blocking the narrow entry while John Webscott stood on the steps with the dressing case. The single bulb in the upper hall revealed her in her usual evening aspect—the severe shirt waist, the shepherd's-plaid skirt, bagging at the knee and sagging behind; her hair drawn back hurriedly and straitly from brow and temple. Vaguely, as his eye moved from Shirley to Esther, Webscott was aware of a feeble discontent. Esther might have taken a little pains with her appearance this once. Somehow, as he carried Shirley's minute case to the guest room, he had an uncomfortable sensation of being held to account for his wife's attire. He made up his mind to speak about it after Shirley had gone to bed.

But he listened, with a resentment deepened by a conviction that Esther was right, to comment on last summer's suit and the overcoat appertaining to four years ago.

"It makes me ashamed to think that Mr. Payne saw you in those clothes," said Esther. "Not to speak of Shirley herself. You don't realize how shabby they are. You'd better wear your gray suit into town to-morrow and get another one for best."

"What about you?" Webscott defended himself with the ever-fallacious *tu quoque*. "That old skirt of yours ——"

"Mr. Payne didn't see me," said Esther sharply. "But I won't wear it again anyway. I—I could feel Shirley watching it. We've got to have her respect if we're going to do anything with her. And she won't respect us unless we look—respectable. Both of us."

"All right. I'll do it."

Webscott made the concession with a fictitious display of reluctance. He had been meditating a new suit ever since the encounter in the station, and it was pleasantly unexpected to find Esther urging the extravagance instead of opposing it. After all he could afford a few clothes, with twenty-five hundred dollars in hand over and above his normal income. So could Esther, for that matter. In one way, in fact, they actually owed it to Shirley to live up to her conception of the simple decencies.

He decided on a cheviot mixture this time, and fell asleep in a medley of patterns.

III

IT WAS quickly determined that Shirley should not go to School Number Twelve, which stood conveniently close to the end of Poplar Place. The decision was unanimous after Esther had paid a visit to that institution and discovered that the fifth grade was in charge of a disinterested young woman who labored persistently under a misapprehension concerning past participles such as "seen" and "done," and whose distinction between the verbs "lie" and "lay" was slightly vague. Webscott, who had successfully opposed, in the last taxpayers' meeting, an attempt to burden the community with an increase in teachers' pay, was properly indignant over Esther's report.

"We'll send her to Miss Laird's," he announced. "Ken would have a right to be sore if he came back and found her mangling the language. It's his money anyway."

"But there's no way of her getting there," objected Esther.

He saw the force of this. East Elmwood, like many other suburban sleeping places for men who labored in the city, lacked means of intracommunication. Miss Laird's School lay at the foot of Elm Hill, three good miles from Poplar Place.

"We'll send her out in a taxi," he declared. "Ken's paying for it."

Later, however, when it developed that Tim Mulroy, whose tin-pot taxi operated at cut rates, desired ten dollars a week for the service, John Webscott conceived a subtler device. For four hundred dollars he could buy a used car. They could keep it in the vacant garage behind the house across the street and Esther could learn to run it. She could drop him at the station and continue on toward Elm Hill with Shirley.

"It won't cost us as much to run it as to hire Mulroy's flivver," he argued, "and we'll have the car to show for the money. It isn't as if we were buying it—it's Ken's money."

Esther, dubious but overridden, acquiesced at last. The car, in spite of a chronic asthma and a touch of St. Vitus, presented a decent aspect of varnish and upholstery. And on Poplar Place, with its unbroken line of two-flat houses exactly duplicating each other, it was undeniably impressive. Webscott found himself holding his chin a little higher.

"She's used to such things," he explained to Esther. "It won't do her any good to spend a year with us unless she respects us. We've got to remember her bringing up."

"She's awfully quick about the housework," said Esther. "She helps me ever so much. Did you notice how she wouldn't let me wait on the table to-night?"

Webscott scowled in the darkness of the bedroom. Shirley's eagerness had spoiled dinner for him. Esther's service was subtle and unobtrusive. Shirley's substitute made him uneasy. It seemed in some recondite fashion to reflect on him. He had an uncomfortable sensation of sitting at his ease while his womenfolk danced slavish attendance.

"I wish you'd quit wearing that old apron," he said, unconsciously evading the issue. "It makes you look ——"

"Don't be silly, John. I can't cook and sweep and dust in good clothes. The idea!"

He saw the force of this. Eventually his discontent with Esther's appearance foisted a hired girl on the household. The meals were not very much inferior to Esther's and their service caused him no discomfort. Also, Esther no longer presented the aspect to which he objected—outwardly on the plea that it would impress Shirley unfavorably, inwardly because of its implied reproach on John Webscott's thoughtlessness.

Casting a balance now, he discovered that Kenneth's check had dwindled to $1612. Deducting the cost of the car, plus incidentals and repairs, Miss Laird's tuition fee, the price of sartorial improvements, he still had a comfortable profit on the transaction. If these expenditures had emanated from his own pocket they would have appalled him, of course. As it was, his eye strayed persistently to the remainder, unaffronted by the vicarious extravagances.

Shirley's presence was a delight. He found himself informing Esther again and again that Ken and Edith hadn't managed to spoil her a bit. She was quietly affectionate, thoughtful toward them both, a stimulus to conversation at mealtimes and in the evenings. He found nothing to criticize or correct in her behavior, and on the occasion of a minor disagreement with Esther over the dress to be worn to the Payne children's party he took Shirley's part with a vigor that surprised him.

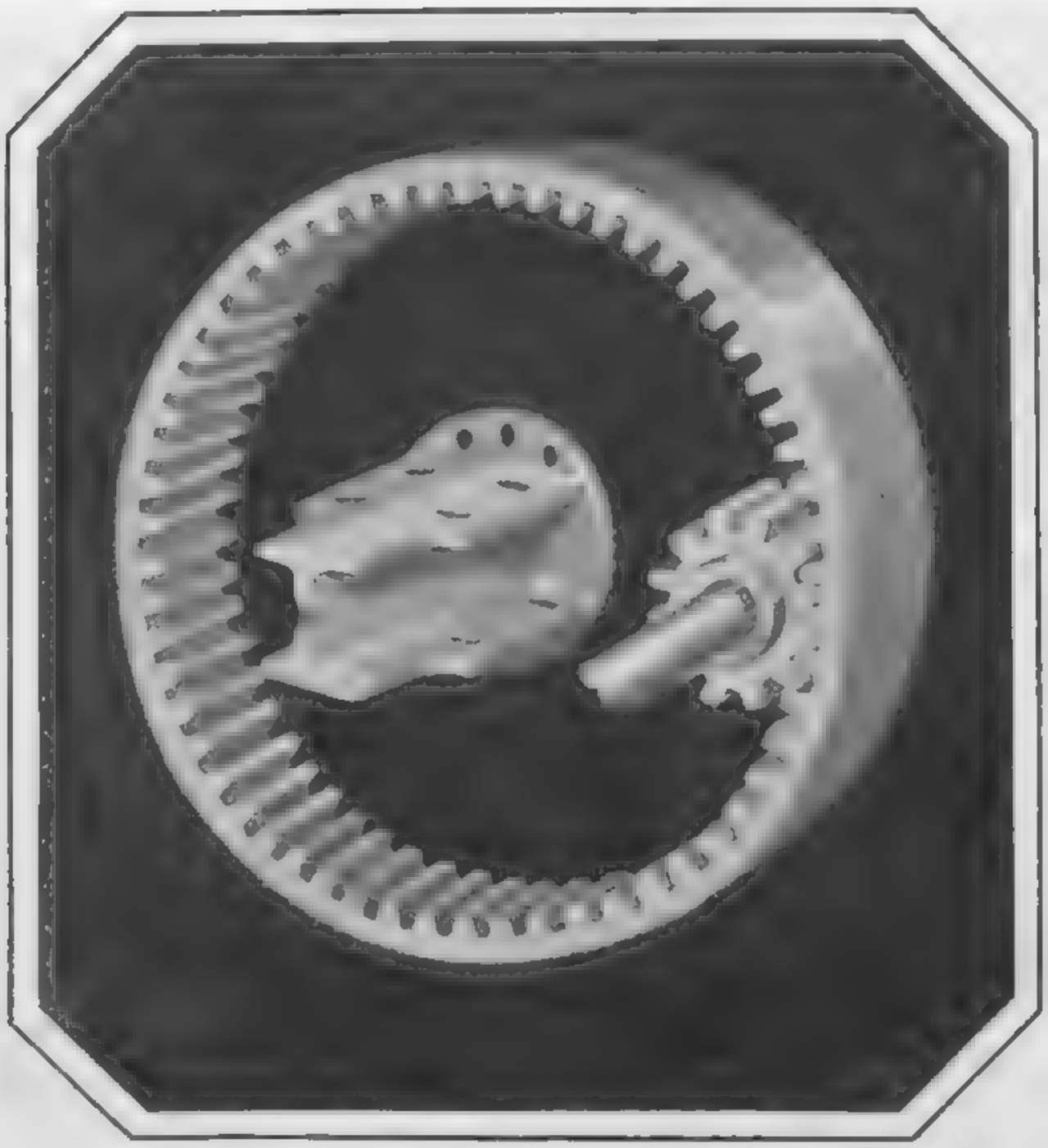
"It's doing her a tremendous lot of good," he was fond of saying. "Just see how she's adapted herself to the way we live! No matter what Ken and Edith do when they come back she'll always have this year to remember."

Esther agreed with him about it. The conviction of well-doing reconciled them both to such minor concessions as the premises demanded. Even the presence of Olga in her spotless and systematized kitchen ceased to trouble Esther. He observed that she was taking more pains with her appearance these days—her hair especially. She explained that having it washed and waved occasionally was responsible for the improvement, but his comment plainly pleased her.

He would have been wholly happy as the autumn chilled into an early winter if matters had marched well at the office. As it was, the changed situation in the flat was offset by the odious innovation of Limo Squares in the staid and conservative business of the Universal Confectionery Company.

He had done his best, to be sure. Again and again during the preliminary considerations he submitted damnatory cost sheets, on which the item of overhead loomed menacingly. But Forbush was past reasoning. A tardy and reluctant convert to the modern heterodoxy, he developed swiftly into a blind zealot, refusing to hear reason, fatuously convinced that some mysterious

(Continued on Page 177)



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Torbensen Axle does turn more of the engine's power into driving energy. It is much lighter without the loss of one iota of strength. It is beautifully simple, ruggedly strong, and remarkably trouble-free and long-lived.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

TRADE MARK FACE

"Born at a dollar and not raised yet"

THE 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor is the bane of tough beards and a boon for tender faces. Because of its handy balance and scientific design, it will always shave you quick and clean, even in the troublesome face-angles where the stubble is stiffest.

The keen 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades reduce your shaving time and increase your shaving pleasure. Each blade is made of the finest razor steel, is tested, inspected, and sold with its keenness protected in a patented package.

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AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes
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(Continued from Page 174)

miracle would reconcile cost and selling price and leave a bulking profit.

John Webscott's ingrained reverence for authority handicapped him. In his sight, in spite of this temporary aberration, Arthur B. Forbush was of a higher order of intelligence than John Webscott. He could not be general manager unless he was. The thing was not debatable, to Webscott. And his objections to the new scheme, diplomatically advanced, served rather to strengthen Forbush's confidence in his own judgment.

Under the pleased supervision of the radiant Payton money oozed into such futile investments as the preparation of lithographed wrappings, display signs and decorated cartons, street-car cards and kindred heresies. John Webscott looked on impotently, foreseeing disaster and restrained from playing Cassandra by his rooted respect for those set in high places above him. Sometimes he wondered whether, after all, he wasn't a clearer thinker than Arthur B. Forbush, with his twelve-thousand-dollar salary and his impressive titles of office. He checked the thought sternly.

IV

"WELL, let her give 'em a party then. I guess we can afford it."

Webscott spoke impatiently. Esther's air of confronting a problem irritated him. Here was nothing to justify her harassed frown. If Shirley felt—as it was natural and proper for her to feel—that she lay under social obligation to the little Payne girls and Marian Lawrence and Annabel Reid, the hospitality of these children was easily repaid in kind. He returned to a troubled consideration of the newspaper in which Limo Squares were blatantly intruded on the public notice. But Esther was not answered.

"Here?"

Her tone startled him. He lowered the paper and met her glance. It led him about the room, its one hundred and fifty square feet crowded with the birch furniture, the piano and the sectional bookcases so that one must know the channels nicely to navigate in safety. For the first time since he had inhabited the flat he saw it with disfavor. Esther was right. The Payne children and their friends would be out of place here.

"She's too sweet to say so, of course, but I can see that she's bothered. She doesn't want to ask them here and she feels embarrassed about accepting their invitations unless she makes some return. She wouldn't go to Annabel's to-day. I'm sure that was the reason."

He shrugged. "Well, it can't be helped."

"I suppose it can't." Esther nodded. "But it's a pity. I hate to have her feel out of things."

Webscott remembered a shadow in Shirley's smiles. The idea troubled him so that even Limo Squares receded from the foreground of his thought. After all, when Ken had fixed the terms he had been liberal. How had the money been spent so far? On Shirley's benefits? A servant for the kitchen, the car, the new clothes—his conscience struck at him shrewdly. But he saw no remedy. They had a lease on the flat until next November, even supposing the unsupposable concept of moving away from Poplar Place. It just couldn't be helped.

Nevertheless he stopped in at Mallock's real-estate office next morning, after watching the car depart from the station platform with Esther and Shirley. It was just possible that Mallock might be able to sublet.

Mallock emphatically was. Flats were scarce, he admitted, and especially flats in the Poplar Place district, convenient to the lamp factory. He had a commission from a new superintendent to find furnished quarters in this territory—the man would pay as much as seventy-five a month, he thought. Webscott's rental was forty-five. But the furniture couldn't be left behind. He said so. Mallock consulted an index file.

"Here's exactly what you want, Mr. Webscott—a modern brick cottage on Elm Hill Road, five bedrooms and two baths half an acre of ground, one-car garage—all completely furnished and available at only a hundred and fifty a month. I know you'd like it—one of the prettiest small houses in the Elm Hill neighborhood—only three blocks from Miss Laird's."

Webscott mumbled an evasion and escaped to the eight-fifteen with a sensation of fleeing virtuously and discreetly from the tempter. A hundred and fifty a month—five bedrooms—the Elm Hill Road! Well, after all, if Mallock could rent the flat for seventy-five, moving would involve only seventy-five a month more than they were spending on rent at present. And Ken's money—he decided to lay the question before Esther. If she thought best he wouldn't stand in the way of Shirley's friendships. And it wasn't as if the extravagance tapped his own pocket, of course.

At ten-thirty he reached the point of telephoning to Esther by way of the obliging Farrells, and found her disposed to be admiringly complaisant. She would see Mallock and inspect the cottage at once.

He came home to find his household in a state of high excitement. Not only was Esther's report favorable to the edge of enthusiasm but the visiting superintendent and his wife had viewed the flat and were eager to relieve them of it, furniture and all. He detected a wistful suspense in Shirley's expression. It occurred to him with a pang of something like self-reproach that not once since she had been with them had she voiced a preference, though she knew that her father had prepaid her way with characteristic lavishness. The idea of denying her this indulgence impressed him suddenly as the act of a selfish and parsimonious profiteer. He agreed to look at the house next morning; it could be managed before train time easily enough.

"After all, it's only for the time being," said Esther after Shirley had been persuaded to bed. "We'll still have our lease on the flat and our things in it, all ready to come back when Shirley goes. And Kenneth's money is paying for it, of course."

"It's going out of our class," he objected. "We don't belong out there with the millionaires."

"I guess we're good enough for anybody," said Esther. "Shirley's the smartest child in her school."

"She's bright," he admitted, puzzled by the word, "but I don't see what that has to do with it."

Esther breathed a patient condescension. "I don't mean smart in that sense. She—she looks smart; she has style, you know."

"Oh."

He considered this and agreed with it. There was an indefinable atmosphere of royalty about Shirley. He had noticed it on a number of occasions. The idea of dwelling among the mighty, mingling with such men as Martin Payne, lost something of its formidable aspect. Esther brought up the heavy guns as he weakened.

"If we're going to hold our influence on her we've got to keep her love and her respect. Of course she doesn't say anything about living here, but she feels it. She's beginning to wonder why we don't—why we aren't ——"

"All right. If the place suits I won't stand out."

He assured himself that it was his duty to retain his hold on Shirley's regard—for her own sake. But a vision of John Webscott residing within easy earshot of the Payne house followed him far into his dreams.

He signed the leases before he left in the morning. They moved the next day. He consoled himself with the reflection that exchanging furniture as well as premises avoided the extortion of the carters. Also it would save gas and tires to be so near the school. Indeed, as he contemplated the affair, it appealed to him as a remarkably economical bit of business.

■

"WE'VE got to stop this extravagance somehow. It's costing us $96.83 a week to live. At that rate ——"

Esther lifted her eyebrows.

"I'm sorry you think I'm extravagant, John. I'm sure ——"

He was startled at her tone. The Esther with whom he had spent eight placid years had never addressed him so. He surveyed her above his penciled calculations. She sat in a wicker chair, silhouetted against cheerful cretonne, on which the flicker of the wood fire played amiably. The dark taffeta dress, revealing her smooth throat, imparted a strange effect of girlish slenderness to a figure subtly unlike the sensible contours to which usage had accustomed him. In the glow from the hearth her crossed ankles were smooth and slim and silken, and a ruddy glint shimmered from the toe of an indisputably decorative pump.

But it was her hair which particularly absorbed his notice. He had been aware of

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TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
"GYM-BAL" SHOE

The "Gym-Bal," shown below, is the real thing for looks, wear and low price. It has durable, extra quality white duck or tan duck uppers, leather trimmings and ankle patch, and a dark red, non-slip sole of the finest rubber.

Both the "Grip-Sure" and the "Gym-Bal" are also made with patented "Arch-ease" features—of great benefit to those who have any foot weakness. "Arch-ease" shoes give perfect support to the arch and prevent fallen arches and flat feet. Write for the name of the dealer who sells these shoes in your city.

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"GYM-BAL" SHOE
"Arch-ease" style

Shapely, perfect fitting arch supporting. Relieves and prevents foot troubles and fallen arches. Fine white or tan duck, leather trimmed.

a certain progressive change in it. Tonight, perhaps because the firelight lay caught and interwoven in its softness, he found it disturbing to the appointed trend of his mental processes, a shining coronet which touched the cheeks and brow with the effect of a caress. He removed a trace of complaint from his voice in deference to a sudden throb of affection.

"I know you're not extravagant," he said warmly. "I—what have you done to your hair anyway?"

Esther smiled deliberately as her finger tips touched the shimmering fluff at her temple.

"I thought I'd wear it this way for a change. Like it?" Her eyes softened as they met his. "Mrs. Payne noticed it too." She lowered her voice. "John, I think she must like me. She's been here six—no, seven times."

He checked a glow of satisfaction. They were getting rather wide of the topic. He tapped his pencil.

"What I meant was that we'd have to cut down expenses right away. We're living way outside of our income."

"I'm doing my best, John—truly I am." She clasped her hands before one knee. It occurred to him that the gesture was distinctly appealing, but he opposed the thought. "It's the house, you see. Somehow it costs twice as much to run as the flat used to—especially since we've had Minna. Just the grocery bills alone ——"

"I know, but we've got to chop it down somehow. This can't go on. We'll be in debt, at this rate, before the year's up."

She straightened. "But Ken's check ——"

"We've spent all but four hundred of it, so far. I've kept a separate account. The car and the school made a big hole in it. And then we both had some clothes, and there was Olga, and now Minna, and the furnace man, and the rent. You can go over the figures if you like. We've been spending it like rain, Esther."

She rose, looked over his shoulder at the neat columns.

"It doesn't seem quite right to charge all that to Ken. I don't think he meant us to buy a car, for instance. And the clothes ——"

"It doesn't matter. The point is that we've got to get back to earth or cut into our savings. We're over our depth."

Esther drew back to the fire, lifting one pump to the low fender. There was a pause.

"John, why don't you make them pay you more at the office? That's one way out of this. I don't see any other. We just can't run this place any cheaper than we do. And it would break Shirley's heart to give it up, even if we could get out of the lease. We've just got to go through with it till the year's up, for her sake. It's doing her so much good to be with us—to live sensibly and simply like this. And we've used Ken's money for ourselves—the clothes and the car and all. We can't ——"

"No use thinking about it," he cut in, irritated at her intrusion on his private domain of finance. "You don't understand. I'm just a cost accountant. I'm getting all I'm worth as it is. There's no way I can earn more. I wouldn't have the nerve to ask for a raise—especially now."

An edge of bitterness sharpened his tone as he thought of Limo Squares, with their steady and increasing drain on the profits. His forecasts had been more than justified by the fact. Limo Squares simply wouldn't sell in quantities adequate to the burden of the overhead. It was no time to be asking for more salary.

Esther turned toward him. "I've been wondering about that," she said slowly. "You know I always used to think that it was cleverness that made men rich. I believed that some men, like Mr. Payne, for instance, were brighter and abler than—than you." The disloyalty of this evidently distressed her. "Don't think I wasn't satisfied with you. I was. But I just took it for granted you weren't smart enough to make money."

"True enough." He nodded. "I can make a living, all right, but ——"

"John, since we've been living out here and seeing the Paynes and the others I've begun to wonder a little. Honestly, does Mr. Payne strike you as so wonderfully clever? The other night when you and he were talking about the tariff I thought ——"

The iconoclastic concept stunned him. Of course she was wrong. Martin Payne was a genius or he couldn't possibly own three or four millions. And yet—he remembered a train conversation in which Payne's abysmal ignorance of cost accounting had been manifest. Suppose Esther was right, after all!

"I believe you could be just as successful as any of them," she went on defiantly. "You've just convinced yourself that you can't do anything but figure costs. Why, that horrid little Salton man we met at the Reids' was nothing but a clerk three years ago!"

"There's no way of getting rich in the cost department," he defended, "and I don't know anything else."

"I should think there must be some way you could do it," she said. "If you found some big waste, for instance, they'd be glad to pay you a bigger salary. Why don't you try it?"

Limo Squares! There was his target, broad and inviting for the shot. The irony of it annoyed him. If Forbush would only listen to his arguments the Universal Confectionery Company would be spared a loss running into the thousands, and some small percentage of the resulting economy might with justice fall to the author of the saving measure. It was not inability which handicapped him, but the obstinacy of a man set in authority above him. He explained this to Esther, simplifying his phraseology to the level of her understanding. She considered.

"Well, if I were in your place I'd go straight to Mr. Harrison. I wouldn't waste any more time with Mr. Forbush." Esther spoke with decision. "I don't believe Mr. Harrison knows about it at all."

He caught his breath at the audacity of the proposal. Harrison, moving augustly in an exalted ambient of presidential majesty, was far above the earthly orbit of mere cost accountants. Webscott had never intruded on his notice. And yet the thing was conceivable. Forbush, committed to a foredoomed innovation, would be driven in self-defense to conceal the deadly facts as long as possible. It was even probable that Mr. Harrison had no idea of the truth—did not guess that his dividends were being scattered to the winds with every shipment of Limo Squares, lavished on every advertisement dedicated to their gospel, poured hopelessly into the uneconomic processes of their manufacture. The daring of Esther's suggestion fascinated him. It was thinkable that, enlightened, Mr. Harrison might translate his gratitude into financial terms.

"I'll think about it," he promised.

But the phrase was disingenuous. He had already resolved to carry his case to the court of last appeal. Even the thought of Forbush and his vengeance did not appall him. Somehow as he contemplated Esther in her new manifestation he felt that the husband of such a woman was intrinsically superior to a dozen Forbushes.

"You see, we really owe it to Shirley," Esther was saying. "It isn't her fault that we've spent her money on ourselves. And it's such a splendid experience for her too!"

"I'll manage it." He spoke crisply, decisively. "You're quite right about it. We'll give her one decent sensible year of it, even if"—he groped for a sufficiently emphatic phrase and found one almost blasphemous in its intensity—"even if we have to take some money out of the bank!"

VI

MR. CULVER HARRISON was one of those rare phenomena in whom a monstrous adipose had failed to engender either sloth or good humor. A countenance patently designed for comedy arranged itself perpetually in a mask of circular malevolence, and recessed between protuberant cheek and brow his eye revealed itself direct and diamond-hard. Facing its challenge John Webscott had an instant of panic, but his resolution held. He laid a single sheet on the desk slide between them with the air of one who immolates himself to duty.

Mr. Harrison's distended fingers lifted it and the bright unfriendly eye sped down the damning columns. It rose again to Webscott's devoted aspect.

"What's all this?" Mr. Harrison spoke with a breathless effect of high-speed processes within him, his words merging together.

"It's my latest cost analysis on—on Limo Squares." Webscott gulped the name. "It shows a loss of eight per cent, net, you'll notice."

"I've noticed. But why bring it to me? I don't quite see the idea."

John Webscott seized a dwindling courage firmly. "I've made a dozen reports to Mr. Forbush and nothing's been done

(Continued on Page 181)

Men Should Act

on this teeth-cleaning question

All statements approved by high dental authorities

This is a question on which men should act. Not for themselves alone, but for their families. It is a rather scientific question. And men's teeth, more than women's, are discolored by a film.

Men will see results more clearly.

Men should make this test and show to others what this method means.

The fight on film

Dental science is conducting an almost world-wide fight on film.

It is found that film causes most tooth troubles — that viscous film which you feel with your tongue.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Your dentist removes it in his periodic cleanings, but in the months between it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors — not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and they cause countless troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

A daily combatant

After years of searching, science has found an efficient film combatant — one for daily use. Able authorities have amply proved it. Years of tests have confirmed all expectations.

The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. This tooth paste also meets two other great requirements. Leading dentists everywhere are now urging its adoption, and millions have come to employ it.

Based on pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. The discovery which has made it possible is a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be used as a daily film combatant.

Not beauty only

Brilliant teeth aid beauty, so everyone desires to end that dingy coat of film. But this means also cleaner, safer teeth. It removes a breeding place of germs. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Tooth protection, above all, suggests this simple test.

Used by millions

Pepsodent is new, but millions already employ it, largely by dental advice.

Wherever you look you see the results. Men, women and children exhibit glistening teeth. It is evident on every hand that a new era has come in teeth cleaning.

To spread the facts more quickly, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. Also a book explaining all the unique results. This is to urge that you get it.

This fight on film is of vast importance. Film is the teeth's great enemy, and one must combat it. Its effects are too serious to risk. Its removal means too much to overlook.

Soon or late, through friends or dentists, you will come to Pepsodent. But we urge you to prove it now.

Watch them whiten

This 10-day test will be a revelation to you. Results are visible and quick.

You will know in a week what this new method means to you and yours.

Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

PAT. OFF.

Pepsodent

REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Large tubes supplied by druggists.

Millions have made this test

This simple test has converted millions to this new teeth cleaning method.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 494, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

_____

_____

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

DUPLEX TRUCKS
BUILT FOR BUSINESS

The Duplex 4-Wheel Drive

A Wonderful Truck for Economical Heavy Hauling

THERE is a great demand this year for the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive—for this year there seems to be a definite determination on the part of truck users to limit their selection more and more to those trucks which are known to be right.

Here is a point worth remembering by any man who uses a truck for heavy hauling—*the Duplex is the Originator and today the chief exponent of the 4-Wheel Drive Principle.*

The Duplex 4-Wheel Drive, in fact, has introduced *successful motor transportation* into those fields where the motor truck was not used for years after its general adoption.

It is a fact—as thousands of owners testify—that the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive Truck is more economical for heavy hauling and hard going than any means of transportation at present in use. Lumber and Logging Companies; Road Builders; Coal Companies; Grocery Companies; Oil Companies; Trucking Companies—many of these never had a successful truck till they got their first Duplex 4-Wheel Drive.

Write for booklets. Talk to the Duplex dealer—have him show you the facts.

The Duplex Limited

High Speed—Pneumatic Tired—Medium Capacity
Full Electrical Equipment—Here is a Truck
That Does Its Work Economically

HOW can a man tell beforehand whether his truck will be a paying investment?

Now when you get right down to facts, it must be admitted that the basis of truck value is first established by the *success and character of the company that makes it.*

Look at the success of the Duplex Limited. Already it is an established success — with a steadily growing demand coming from all sections and from men in all lines of business.

Why is this so? The answer, without question, is that the Duplex Limited is made by an Institution that all during its history has never had a bad model—an Institution that is today one of the oldest and most successful truck companies in America.

One of the significant developments of these times in the truck industry is the increasing tendency for men to *buy* their trucks—and to let fewer and fewer be sold to them.

Here is a development that is throwing the spot-light of increasing success on the Duplex Truck Company — for ever since its inception, this Company has been building trucks that a man can buy with the fore-knowledge that they are safe investments.

If you contemplate buying a truck of medium capacity, look over the Duplex Limited. Have your local Duplex dealer show you the truck and give you the facts. The Duplex facts have saved money for many truck users.

You will find that Duplex dealers are practical truck men—with established businesses and established reputations.

Write us direct for folders describing the Duplex Limited in complete detail.

DUPLEX BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Duplex Truck Company
Lansing · Michigan

One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America

(Continued from Page 178)

about it. I—I felt that it was my—my duty to bring this one to you. I thought I ought to make sure that you knew just how the matter stands."

Harrison regarded him intently. There was a strained moment of silence.

"I see. What else? Go on. I'm listening."

"What else?" Webscott lifted bewildered brows. "Why—why, nothing, sir. I've brought you the figures. They speak for themselves, don't they?"

"They show the loss. What do you want me to do about it?"

There was unquestionably a dawning hostility in the voice now, and the eye was harder and more unfriendly than ever. John Webscott shook his head and forced an appeasing smile.

"Why, I hadn't thought about that, Mr. Harrison. It's not in my line. I supposed that when you found out we were losing money on this scheme you'd just stop it. You see the overhead's ——"

A blast of hurrying words shriveled the sentence.

"Overhead! That's the right name, sure enough. There's one good reason why we can't squeeze a decent profit out of this business any more. We've loaded it up with mathematical experts who can use some calculus and algebra and dope it out that we're losing money! All we need now is a few dentists round here to tell us when we've got toothache! How much are we paying you?"

"Fif—fifty dollars a week." The sum suddenly acquired an accusing enormity in Webscott's sight. He retreated two steps.

"Fifty a week! And your idea of earning it is to butt in here and tell me we're losing money on Limo Squares! That's almost funny!" Harrison's bulk quivered angrily. "I suppose you think losing a few thousand a month wouldn't attract my notice unless I had a staff of men to tell me about it!"

"No, sir, I ——"

A swoop of the cushioned hand silenced him. "Out of your line to suggest doing anything but burning down the shop when we start losing money, eh? Well, it's in your line now. You use that mathematical intelligence of yours to figure out some nice straight short cut to some profits. You find out how to make money out of Limo Squares and come back here and tell me. That's your job—as long as you've got a job in this shop!"

Webscott found himself in the corridor, shaken to his toes. The injustice of it all left him faintly sick. He had done his duty, done it faithfully and bravely, and his thanks were abuse and a plain threat of dismissal unless he accomplished the impossible! He was a cost man, trained to one trade. There was no conceivable fairness in holding him responsible for a folly he had patiently condemned. He went back to his desk in a daze of injured innocence. It wasn't fair—the phrase lodged in his troubled thought and he found himself repeating it helplessly.

Gradually he realized the extent of the disaster. He was going to lose his place. That was certain. Harrison and Forbush would discharge him after this. And the prospect of separation from a pay roll, sufficiently horrible at any time and in any circumstance, became catastrophic when considered in relation to the present situation. Jobless, he faced the task of supporting Shirley for at least six months longer—constrained by common decency to provide adequately for Kenneth's daughter after having spent Kenneth's money on himself and Esther. The house, the car, the servants, the sudden and imperative demands of a wakened social self-consciousness—these things marshaled themselves along the fringes of his mind and admonished him frantically.

Of course he might get another place fairly soon. And there was money to his credit in the savings and loan, besides the miserable remnant of Ken's check. They wouldn't starve. They wouldn't even have to give up the new house and go back—why, they couldn't do that anyway. He realized that his own flat and furniture belonged, legally, to the lamp superintendent, and that his lease of the Elm Hill cottage contained no provision for cancellation on the ground of poverty. It became slowly apparent that he faced a choice between the impossible job of making Limo Squares yield a profit and the unthinkable device of drawing on his savings.

In this trapped mood he emerged for the noon hour, his feet carrying him mechanically to the basement lunch room wherein he had consumed coffee and doughnuts every day for eight unbroken years. It was a thrifty and frugal resort, its wares and utensils exposed on counters from which the patron supplied his needs without assistance and thus profited in the price if not in the quality of fare and service. Lunching here at a daily cost of fifteen cents had become almost a matter of creed with John Webscott. And he had carried the matter farther than this. Doughnuts and coffee were demonstrably the best of a bewildering array of liberal values. No other combination offered quite so much for the money. The fact that doughnuts failed to rouse any palatal enthusiasm did not affect the issue. One ate to satisfy hunger, not to tickle the unreasoning papillæ of the tongue.

To-day, as if to add the final touch to his sense of abuse, the doughnut counter stood barren. He made complaint to the proprietor, a gentleman of persistent optimism, who stood conspicuously in the center of his cork floor, an amiable eye on his guests and an admonitory influence on his hirelings.

"No sinkers?"

The outrage was investigated, the fact developing that early customers had succeeded in exhausting the supply. The proprietor apologized and recommended crullers as an alternative. John Webscott shook his head.

He was in no mood to submit to the minor extortion of paying the same price for the niggardly substance of three crullers as for the generous quantity of as many doughnuts. He said so, pungently, finding a certain relief in the expression of his view. The proprietor eyed him curiously. Then plucking him confidentially by the sleeve he led him to the counter and pointed a pink finger at a plate of crullers.

"I'm going to give you a trade secret," he whispered. "Every one of those crullers weighs an ounce and a quarter more than any sinker we ever had in the shop. You've been kidding yourself, brother. A sinker looks bigger because it's got a nice tender slice of air in the middle of it. You try an order of these and you'll find they fill up space better'n ——"

John Webscott shook his head again. It was a trivial affair, to be sure, but it came as the climax of too many wrongs. For eight years he had been robbing himself of a fraction of his midday nourishment. A strict sense of justice acquitted the proprietor of complicity in the premises. He had no one to blame but himself. He had jumped at a conclusion fallaciously founded on mere size—fallen into the delusion of the people he chiefly despised, people who parted with their money without considering what value came to them in return.

Quite suddenly the significance of that empty counter came to his understanding. Not he alone, but many others—enough to leave the counter bare before the noon hour was half sped—had been deceived by the appearance of bulk. The proprietor pointed the lesson.

"People are bound to kid 'emselves like that," he declared. "Mighty few of 'em ever stop to think of the hole in the middle of the sinker. We got to give 'em what they want in this business."

He found himself addressing the air. John Webscott was on his way back to the office, the great idea already taking form and substance in his whirling brain, his fifteen cents unspent, his need for the solace of food and drink utterly gone from him.

Four o'clock found him again in the president's office, a sheaf of penciled sheets before him on the slide, a dawning respect in the inset diamondlike eyes warming him through.

"We save eighteen per cent on the manufacturing cost," he was saying. "Making 'em with a hole in the middle reduces the raw-material expense without increasing the cost of shaping. And that's only the beginning, sir. We cut out the boxes altogether, if we make 'em round. The wrapping machines can handle 'em that way. There's a further saving there of between four and five per cent, as I figure it. On the basis of present sales those changes will show a net profit of something like twelve per cent, and this would increase proportionately as the sales increased."

"But the trade wouldn't stand for it," objected Harrison. "The other firms are giving 'em solid squares ——"

"That's one trouble with our goods," said Webscott eagerly. "They're just like all the rest. Take 'em out of the wrapper and you can't tell the difference between Limo Squares and the Continental crowd's

GRACE of line and simplicity of design have placed these shoes in the class of really distinctive footwear.

NUNN BUSH

"Faithful to the Last"

The painstaking care of the makers is at once apparent in the supple glove-fit and the lasting shapeliness. Their refinement and durability will be constantly gratifying to you.

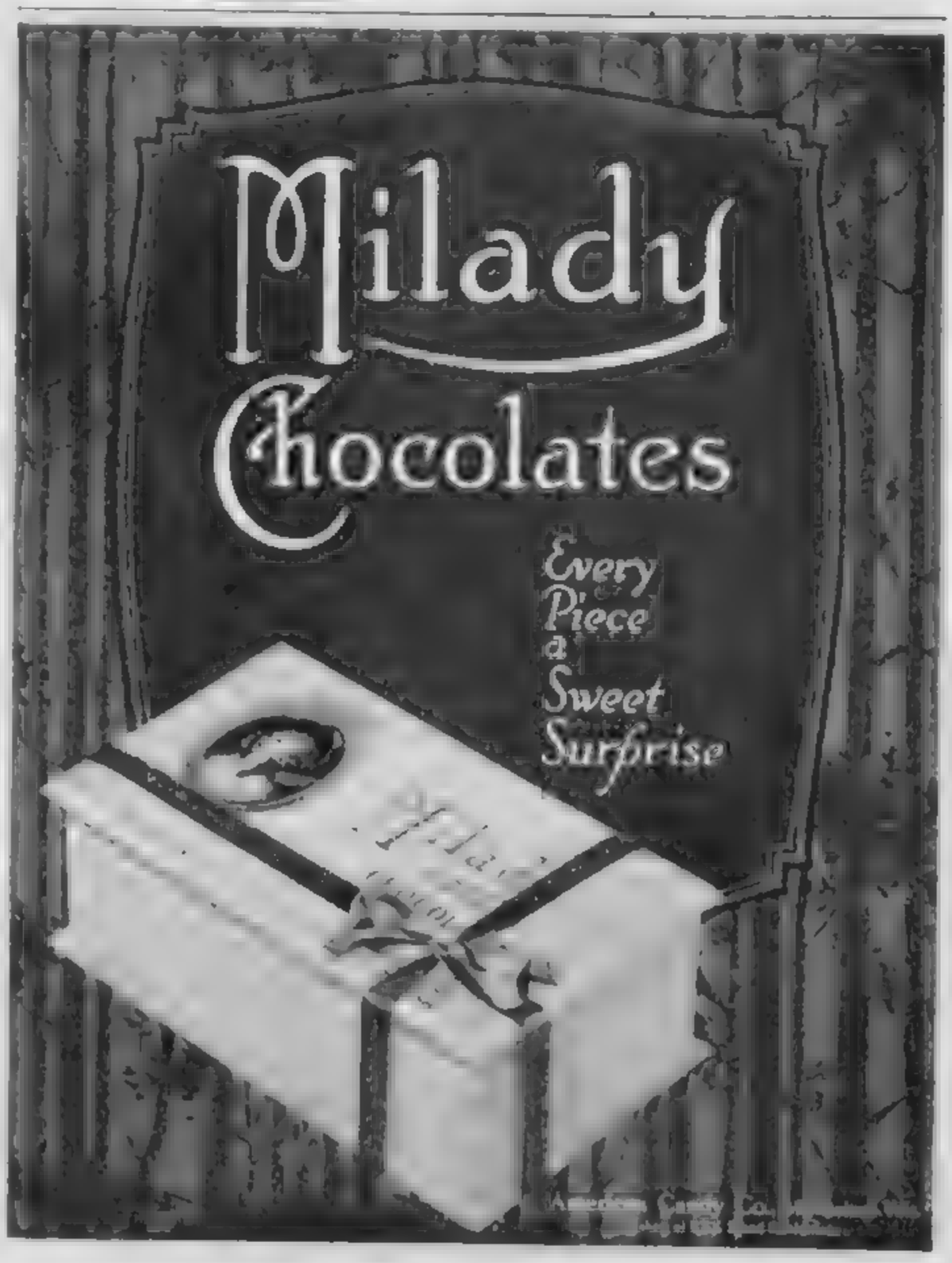
You will find this shoe on display in the larger exclusive shoe shops.

Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Nunn-Bush Style Book on request

Milady Chocolates

Every Piece a Sweet Surprise



Anchor Tops

A Quality Standard

That demand cannot change

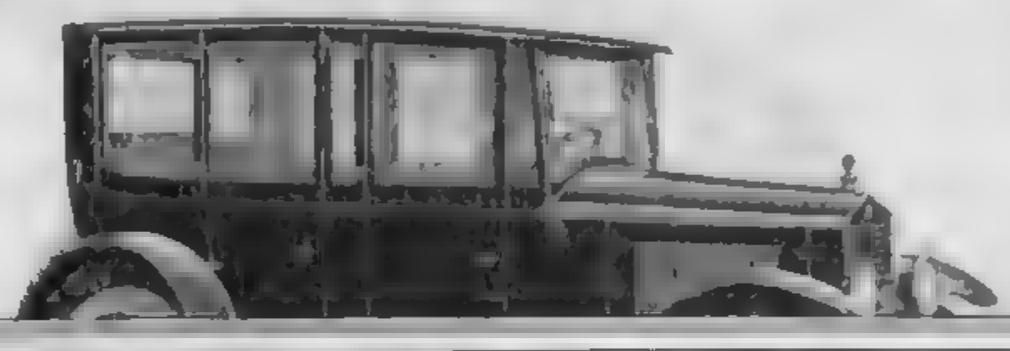
This year, as in preceding years, it will be impossible to meet the demand for Anchor Tops. Neither quality of material nor skilled craftsmanship can be sacrificed for greater production.

To the car owner who wants to transform his open car into a luxurious glass-enclosed model, we suggest placing his order now with the Anchor dealer to insure seasonable delivery.

Write for descriptive literature. Please give the name and model of your car.

ANCHOR TOP & BODY COMPANY
Coach Builders for 30 Years
343 South Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

Twenty Models
for the following cars
BUICK
ESSEX
FORD
DODGE
WILLYS-KNIGHT
OVERLAND
CHEVROLET



Health and happiness for your boy

Make your boy an outdoor boy. Guide him toward vigorous health and strength. Buy him this wonderful Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy outfit with which he can build for himself, with only a screw driver and a wrench for tools, strong, speedy coasters, gliders, speedsters, wagons and trucks. A splendid set at $10 (Canada $15) makes the geared speedster above and all the other toys. Other sets at $6.50 and $15 (Canada $9.75 and $22.50).

Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy

This fine toy will develop your boy's constructive ability while he is having the best of fun. It is one of many Gilbert Toys which are great boy teachers and helpers. Write today for a copy of my boys' magazine, the complete Gilbert toy catalog and facts about my Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys.

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GILBERT TOYS

Tablimes or the North American's Fruitettes. Make 'em round and put a hole in the middle and we've got a distinctive shape ——"

"But a quarter less candy," cut in Harrison. "They'd never pay the same price."

"Ask any restaurant man which sells better, a doughnut or a cruller," said Webscott. "The hole in the middle makes 'em look actually bigger. I never knew till to-day that a cruller weighs more than a sinker."

He stopped short, a slow smile expanding over his face. "The name's been bothering me. We'd have to change it, of course. I thought we'd have to call 'em Limo Circles or something like that, but I've just got the right idea there. Call 'em Sinkers!"

A fleeting wonderment possessed him as he realized that he was talking to Culver Harrison as one man to another, utterly without deference or awe; that he even felt distinctly superior to this fat fellow who had permitted a simple problem like this one to baffle him.

Self-confidence flooded high in him with the thought. He plunged on.

"You see everybody has a sort of friendly feeling for sinkers, no matter how long since he quit eating 'em. There's a homey, hungry sound to the word—makes you think of the hot spicy smell in the kitchen when you were a kid—appeals straight to the appetite. There's nothing tempting in a name like Limo Squares. It doesn't carry any message to a fellow's tongue. But Sinkers ——"

Harrison slapped a cylindrical trouser leg. "And you've been wasting your time adding up figures in the cost department! Get Forbush in here and have the girl phone Payton. We'll get the new advertising started before night—and you'd better call up McGee and have him see about registering that trade-mark. We're going to put this thing across after all!"

John Webscott wondered, as he departed on these errands, at the unfamiliar exultation which possessed him. He had never felt any similar emotion over his cost calculations.

Even a distant conviction that financial salvation lay beyond the kindling respect he had surprised in Harrison's eye failed to account for the new buoyancy in him, the sense of mastery and power. For the first time in his life he caught the spirit of business as a game instead of as labor.

He listened, actually acquiescent, to an hour's discussion of ways and means, in which horrific sums were lightly named. Young Mr. Payton, whose professional optimism had shown signs of marked degeneration during the Limo Squares fiasco, was an instant convert to the new gospel of the Sinker, and blocked out a campaign to which John Webscott lent a gravely critical ear, an ear unoffended by the mention of alarming figures. Payton turned to him deferentially.

"Don't you think so, Mr. Webscott? Twenty thousand dollars as a starter ——"

"Better make it thirty, hadn't we?" said Webscott, marveling at the words on his lips, the tone in which they found utterance. "It's not a question of how much we spend anyway. It's a question of what we get for it."

He flushed faintly as he remembered eight years of doughnuts and coffee in the crowded clatter of the Basement Buffet.

"Let's do this thing right or not do it at all," he continued. And he saw that both Harrison and Forbush regarded him with attention and respect. Somehow as his eye caught a glimpse of his sleeve he felt himself among equals. The new suit was every bit as impressive as that which young Payton was wearing. The price had troubled him till now. It became suddenly a remote and minor consideration. It wasn't what you paid that mattered—it was what you got for it.

VII

AS HE helped Shirley out of the taxicab at the Grand Central, John Webscott flung an impatient glance over his shoulder. It was miserable management, he informed himself, which failed to provide a plenitude of porters at the carriage entrance. He snapped his fingers at the redcap who approached, and spoke crisply:

"Twentieth Century."

An instant deference rewarded him. The man bustled satisfyingly with Shirley's dressing case. Webscott straightened his shoulders as they proceeded across the rotunda, agreeably conscious of notice. He paused at the news stand to provide reading matter for the journey, selecting half a dozen magazines. An illuminated card besought him not to forget his Sinkers. He smiled back at its superfluous injunction, and his chin protruded. The facial resolution carried him unchallenged past the conductors seated at the gate, who regretfully declined a similar privilege to ordinary humanity.

The porter of Car 2701 betrayed a solicitous interest. A lemon-tinted lissom maid in new-starched cap and apron swore herself eagerly to twenty hours of unremitting service. He consulted his watch and lowered himself to the seat opposite Shirley's.

"Aunt Esther and I are going to be lost without you," he said, the imminence of separation striking home to him. "We've enjoyed every minute of it. You must tell your father and mother that we wish they'd take one of these trips every year."

Shirley smiled affectionately and, after her habit, said nothing. He sobered.

"We—we've tried to make it a useful year for you, Shirley. A sensible year. We haven't preached at you, but we've been trying to give you an object lesson, all the same. Perhaps ——"

"I won't forget, Uncle Johnny." Shirley's smile softened. "I've noticed lots of things."

He surveyed her closely. He knew that the spoken word is perilous. It would be better not to diagram the moral. Shirley was a sensitive and observant child. She must have learned from mere contact with the sensible life. He kissed her cheek, feeling a queer poignant ache at the prospect of the cottage without her presence. It warmed him to reflect that he and Esther had some proprietorship in her now, some creative part in the woman she would be. A year had done wonders for her, just as they had known it would.

He watched the green lights swerve out of sight in the tunnel before he turned away. A sense of loneliness, oppressing him heavily, lightened a little as he emerged on the scurry of the street. He rode out to East Elmwood on the five-five, leaning back in a wicker chair in the club car and lending a vague attention to Martin Payne's conversation. No matter what happened to Shirley hereafter, she would always have the experience of this sane year to remember. It had been expensive, in one way, but on reflection he felt that the result justified the cost.

Presently, in the act of removing his vest, Esther's voice came to him through the doorway. He turned, finding her contemplating him from the threshold. Something swelled in his throat at the look in her eyes. Dimly, too, he was conscious of a change in his attitude toward this woman—an unfamiliar emotion blended of pride and possession and protective strength. He drew her into the bend of an arm, pressing his cheek against hers, aware of a pliancy, physical and spiritual, which he had never encountered in the Esther of the Poplar Place flat.

"We'll miss her, of course," he conceded as if in answer to unspoken words, "but we've got each other after all."

Somehow he seemed to regard this compensating mutual possession as a new and precious thing. His arm tightened.

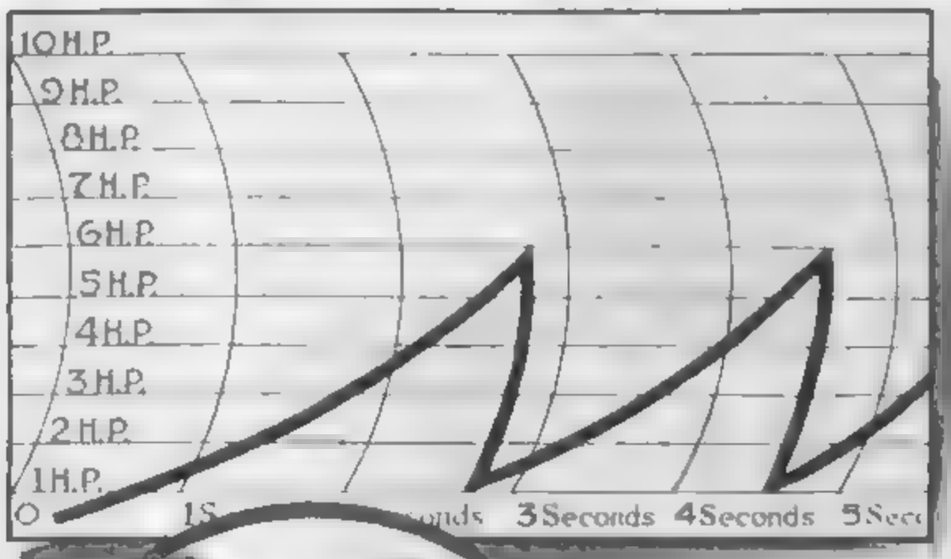
"It's been worth it," he decided. "There's no telling what this one sensible year will be worth."

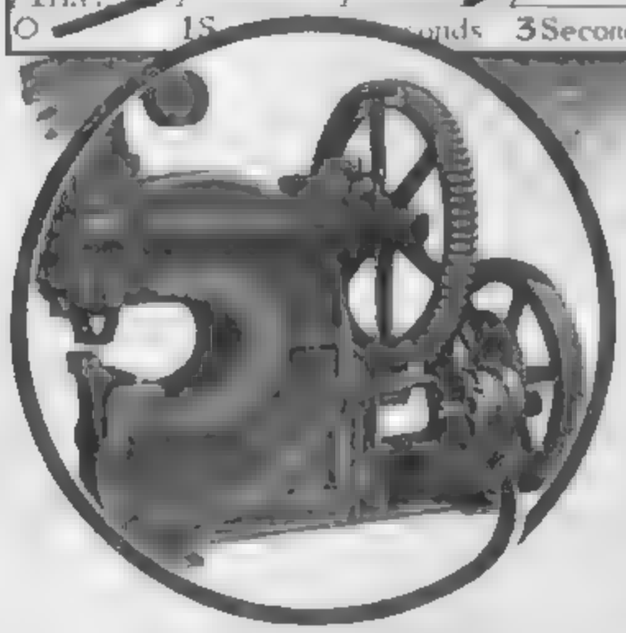
Esther disengaged herself, contriving to imbue the motion with the effect of a caress. She lifted finger tips to her hair. Curious that he had never noticed what fine slender fingers Esther's were. Her voice broke in on the thought.

"You'd better hurry, John. Dinner's at seven and the Reids always come early."

Thus admonished, John Webscott resumed the process of dressing for dinner.

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS





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Ordinary Motor	$210.00	$1.64
Lincoln Motor	97.00	.92
Savings	$113.00	.72

Lincoln Motors have been fitted to many machines in the following classes;

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Brick & Clay Machinery
Cranes
Crushers & Pulverizers
Conveyors
Elevators & Hoists
Fans & Blowers
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Here are two totally different kinds of work for an electric motor. One machine requires a steady, even flow of power—the other demands 5 horse-power one minute and almost no power the next.

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A machine fitted with a Lincoln Motor is thus doubly guaranteed—guaranteed by the manufacturer to do the work—guaranteed by Lincoln to have the right kind of power to do the work in the best way.

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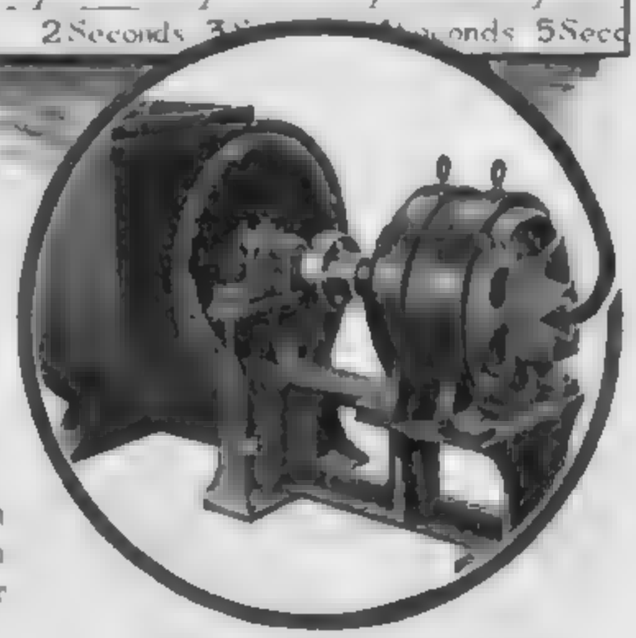

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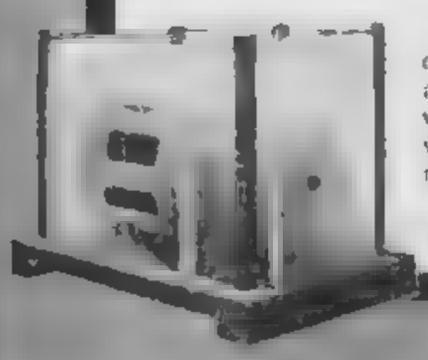

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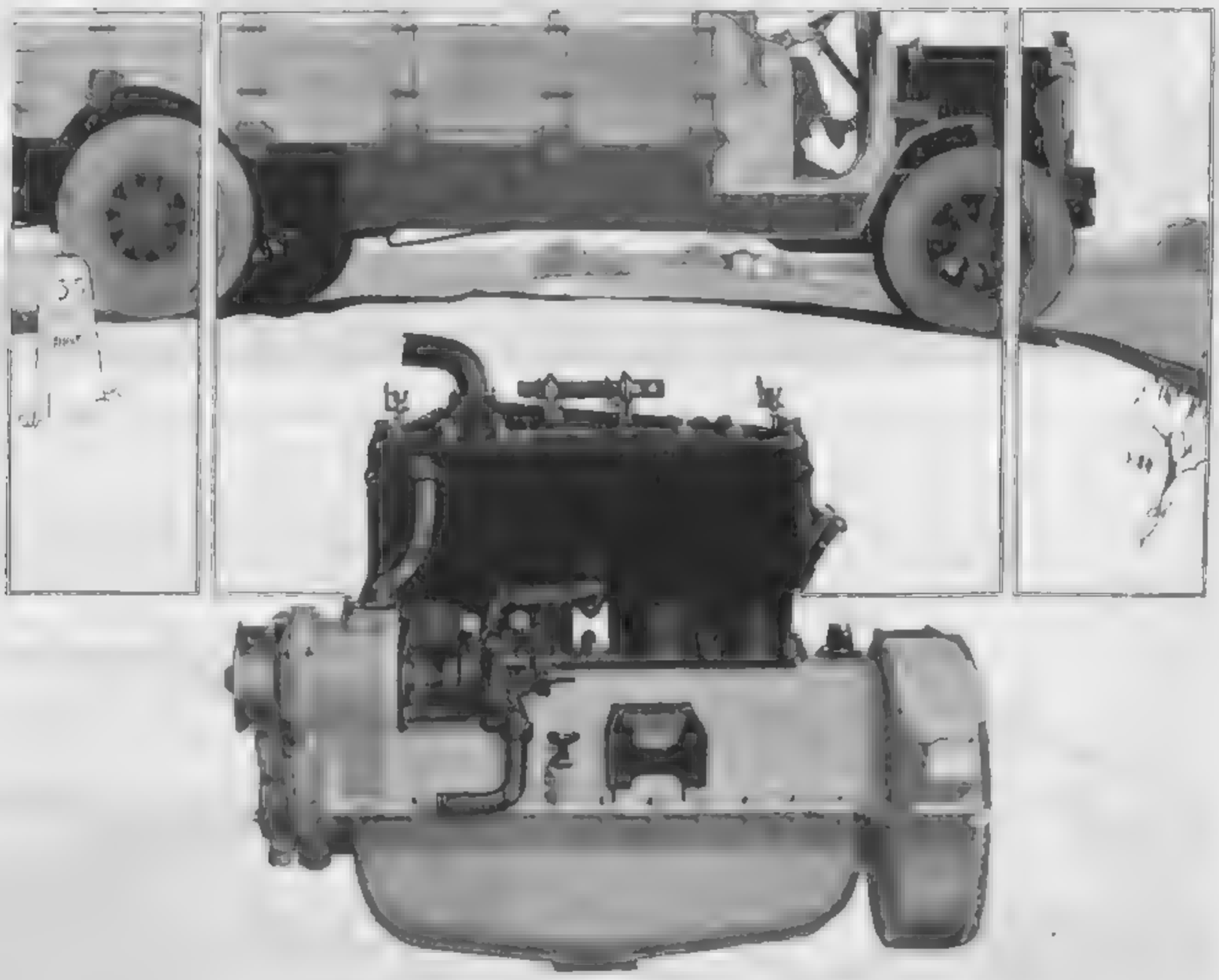

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There is not a freakish line in it, but only the clear symmetry of rugged strength. Its finely made working parts, machined to accurate limits, pledge trouble-free operation in heavy-duty service.

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THE BUDA COMPANY, HARVEY CHICAGO SUBURB ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1881

BUDA
The
ENGINE

LUCK OF THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 27)

She calmed herself and went on.

"I know you don't think it's anything. We poor girls living out of the world—we don't go anywhere or see anything. It's natural that we shouldn't suspect anything."

"Please don't!" he pleaded again. "It has been on my conscience terribly. I've wanted to write every day, but it was so hard to explain. I must have been quite mad. You see, we had been together so much ——"

"A great deal, hadn't we?" she agreed softly.

"Winnie, you're so unconscious. That's the most bewitching thing about you, I think. You don't realize how you work on a man's emotions. I had no intention ——"

It was just a tiny movement of her hand, but it had come toward his and he had seized it fiercely.

"Haven't you known how mad I've been about you?" he whispered. "Don't you know that I can't rest or think when I'm away from you? Can't you care for me a little, Winnie?"

"Care for you?" She opened her blue eyes wide. "You must have seen it."

"Seen what?" he asked with the eagerness of a distracted lover.

"That I haven't thought about anything else in the world since the day you first came into our house."

So the battle was over. He took her in his arms and they clung together—only to be jolted apart by a terrific roar from the road to the rear. A little delivery automobile was bumping desperately from rut to rut, and as it passed them Arthur McCracken turned his cloth-capped head the other way. As soon as the noise had subsided she looked again at her lover with tear-filled eyes.

"But how could a great man like you think of marrying a poor country girl like me?"

"I've thought of that," he admitted candidly. "Who's to prevent it, my darling?"

"But the fine people you know and your relatives. No, Fitz"—she was about to call him Mr. Colburn—"it wouldn't do."

"It's got to do," he declared sternly. "You'll know all the women in New York who are good enough to know you."

"Then you'll marry me?" she cried breathlessly. "I can't believe it!"

"Right away—now!"

"You mean we'll go in this car somewhere—never come back—the way Irma and her fellow did?"

"The very way!" he shouted, and put his foot on the self-starter.

This was almost a dream too much, thought she faintly as he turned the car and they started back toward the Bellport road.

And that is the reason that a chain of America's most sensational dailies was soon after permitted the poetic thrill of a purely alliterative headline: Millionaire Marries Milkmaid.

▼

BACK in the easy-going Middle Ages, when poesy was golden and every historian combined the charm of Lord Macaulay and Hans Christian Andersen, a mighty king, 'tis said, rode forth upon the highway and there he did espy a beggar maid, who after being superficially dusted proved to be passing fair.

"A fitting mate," quoth he in part, "for any Christian liege, and a murrain upon him who saith me nay!"

Wherefore the bells were rung right merrily, while second-grade calico was exchanged for dainty gossamer and cloth of gold. Blow now, ye silver bugles! Chant loud, ye holy prelates! Proclaim a true marriage of souls and the merit of a king who—as every despot prefers to think himself—is really quite democratic, don't you know, under the surface.

Democracy is a luxury in which only an autocrat can indulge and—as the saying goes—get away with it. A czar can promote a beggar lass to a throne, then send strong men with broadaxes throughout the land to proclaim that the czarina is not—as traitors might imply—very poor trash; that her father—now a grand duke—never robbed clotheslines; that the Perkinses of Perkinsville are descended straight and pure from King Perkino of Abyssinia. A few dozen executions and the case for democracy is absolutely proved.

But in these leaden times, especially in a republic like ours, the trick is harder to turn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Colburn came back from their honeymoon in Bermuda about the middle of January. Word was passed along the great whispering gallery between the Battery and the Bronx that the happy couple had honeymooned with an English governess whose duty it had been to teach Winnie—Winnie—of all names!—how to handle her verbs and her tableware. Such of his circle as remained sufficiently loyal to poor Fitz to receive him and his rural bride found nothing grotesque in her manners, save that her commonness was occasionally revealed in a sulking spell. But these manners, they agreed, were not quite good. The English governess, if one there had been, was nonapparent. There was no great fault to find with little Mrs. Colburn's grammar. Plenty of Western people who went everywhere spoke quite as badly.

The gray conservative people who were Colburn's relatives and friends wished that she would learn to wear clothes which might tone down rather than exaggerate her brilliant coloring. Fitz's mistake—and, of course, they thought of it as nothing else—was no worse than that of many another young patrician who had married out of the chorus. Stage marriages, like stage costumes, are made of poor stuff—to be worn a season and cast aside. The Colburns, they surmised, wouldn't get along.

It will be interesting to know what Winnie Colburn thought of her critics. That we are soon to see.

As far as Colburn was concerned he had ideals of Winnie as his wife which he began almost upon the day of their wedding trying to force into life. There had been a bricklayer somewhere far back in Colburn's ancestry and it was that rough old ghost, Fitz told himself, who had prompted him to choose a country girl and marry her out of hand. But there was also much conservative blood in Colburn's veins, and this blood was never satisfied with that set of easy pleasures which Mrs. Modderson rubber-stamped with the word "Bohemia." Bohemia is only a degree more hoydenish than society nowadays, yet, as Mrs. Modderson knew, it is not so much what you do as whom you are with when you're doing it.

Like a king grown democratic Colburn had theorized that Winnie being young could be easily molded into the usages of his caste. It pleased his æsthetic soul to see her peacocking in one garment or another of her almost limitless wardrobe. Prejudiced observers, their name being legion, called her loud. Colburn knew what they were saying, though he never acknowledged that he knew.

Then there was the matter of manners. The inside dog may be surly and arrogant as he pleases, but the outside dog must needs fawn a little and show breeding lest a tin can rattle in his rear and he be howled to the pound for the unlicensed mongrel that he is. Winnie wouldn't fawn or, if she did, she did it badly. All the Colburn connections, having given themselves time to think it over, at last decided that Winnie would have to do. She was taken to kneel before Mrs. Nathan Burke Colburn, dowager empress of a small empire, and that ancient lady had given Winnie every opportunity—so she thought—to prove that a Long Island milkmaid was in any way worthy of becoming the mother of Colburns.

The splendid old woman, who justly prided herself on her tact, had said not a word that was even less than cordial. She had merely fogged the air with an impression—a disagreeable impression—that Winnie wasn't quite right. Was it the way she wore her undoubtedly fashionable clothes or the way she managed her hands? Winnie was confused. It was as though she had brought an undesirable germ into the Colburn family. Mrs. Nathan Burke Colburn sent her away with an invitation to ride in her carriage next Sunday morning and hear Bishop Somebody's sermon. Winnie's manner was undoubtedly clammy.

"I didn't come to New York to go to church in a hack," Winnie scolded as they were speeding home.

"Grandmother would be pleased to hear her victoria called a hack," said Colburn, laughing bleakly.

"Who wants to please her? I don't."

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The handy green Clover Duplex can and these two Bulletins will make a success of your Spring overhauling and tuning up. Insist on Clover—the largest selling grinding compound in the world. For twelve years it has been putting "Pep" in old motors, and keeping "Pep" in new motors. Most automotive equipment and hardware jobbers and dealers sell Clover—if yours doesn't, money-order for 50 cents brings a 4-oz. Duplex can to you, postpaid, Bulletins included.

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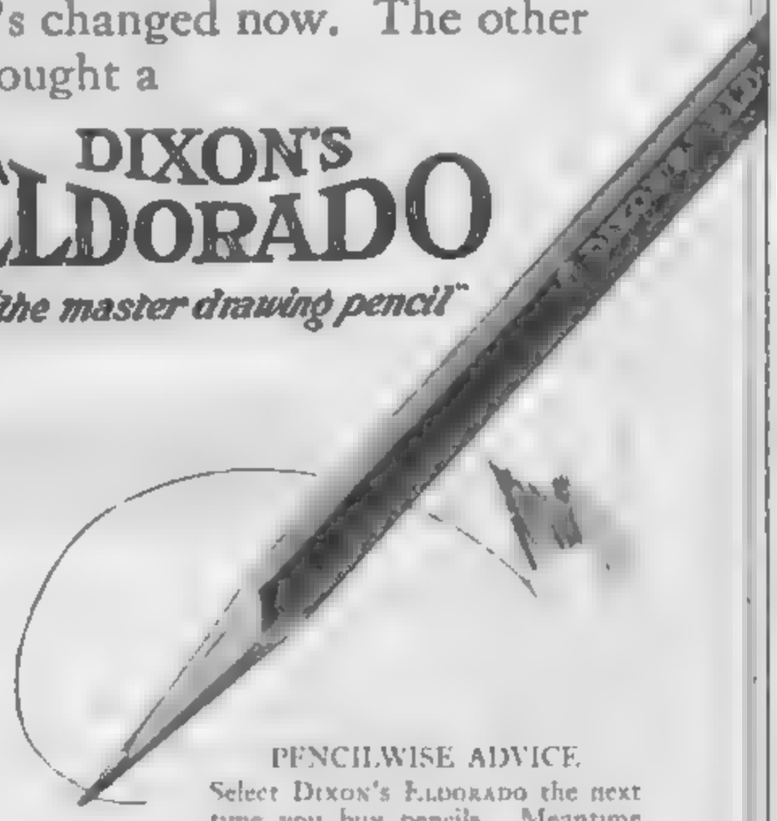

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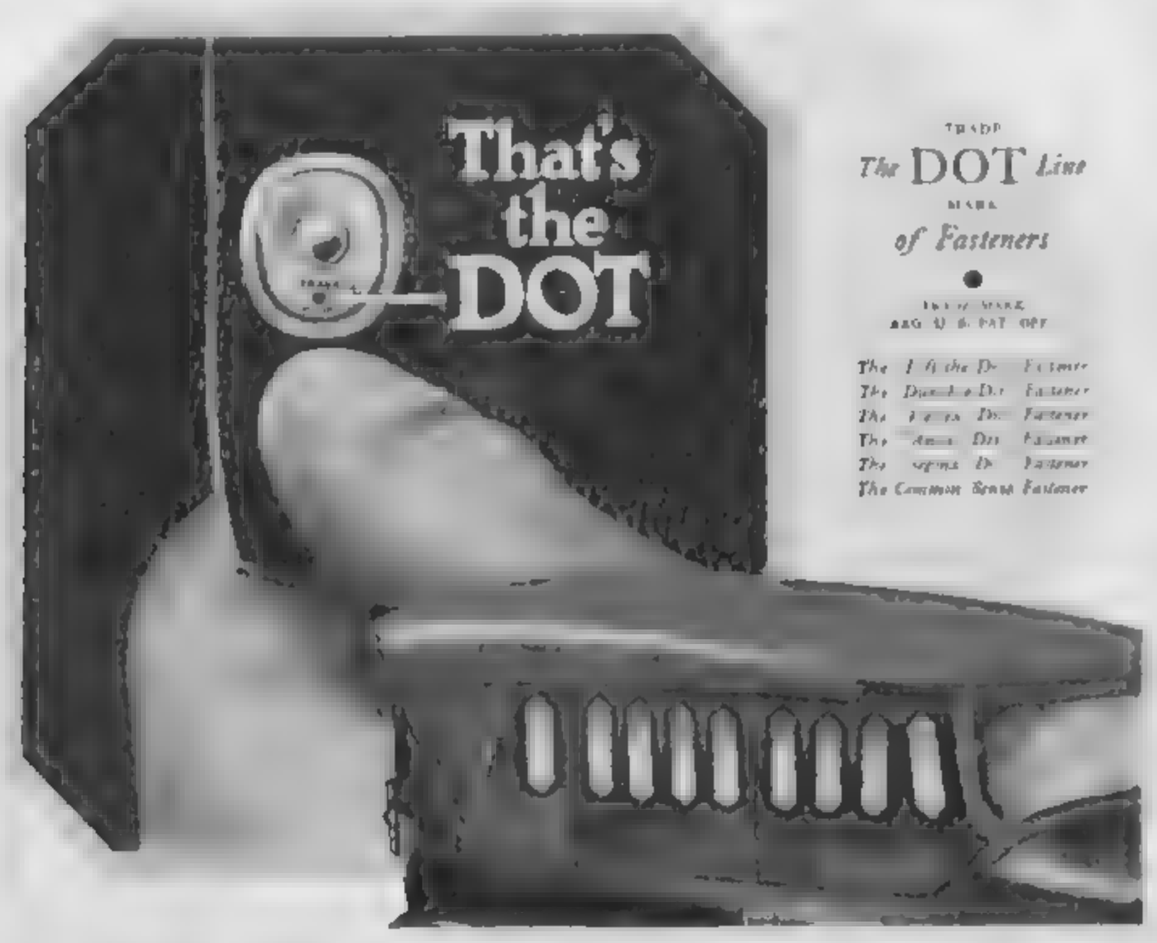

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The "Lift-the-Dot" is coming into more and more general use on luggage, sporting goods, instrument cases, and other articles of canvas and leather.

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CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

LIFT *the* DOT *Fasteners*

"Well, that ought to settle it."

"In my opinion she's stuck on herself."

"She's a very old woman," said Colburn quite solemnly, "and you've got to make allowances for the way she's been raised and all that sort of thing. She's a conservative of the conservatives. She's hardly changed a thing in her house for the last forty years. She drives to church in a carriage because she doesn't think it quite respectful to use an automobile on Sunday."

"How can people live like that?" Winnie asked on this occasion and on several similar ones.

The Colburn social connections were fortunately not all so joyless as Grandmother Colburn. But Winnie was continually surprised to find herself thrown among New Yorkers who regarded their city as a matter-of-fact dwelling place rather than a continual carnival of lanterns. Marriage no doubt brought out all the burgess in Fitz Colburn's character, all the gypsy in Winnie's. They dined out a great deal, sometimes in modest apartments, sometimes in great houses. But the atmosphere was uniformly sedate. Fitz liked it so. He loved to dine with elderly collectors and talk about pictures and numerous precious objects with foreign names. The collectors' wives were usually mousy little women who drove Winnie wild with their conventional manners. She had a morbid desire to shock such people and she usually did before the evening's early close.

Less than two months of this brought matters to a painful climax. One night—they had been dining with the eminently proper Kelso Stanleys—Winnie kicked over the silver-mounted traces, disagreed with everybody and was taken home weeping and declaring that she wanted to go back to Aunt Naomi, where at least the poultry could speak her language.

"But, darling," pleaded poor Fitz, conscience stricken even though he knew that his wife's behavior would be sped from tongue to tongue round the polite zone of New York. "I'm giving you everything I can think of. What is it you want? Don't cry like that—what is it you want?"

"J-j-just a little fun," she managed to get out.

Fitz had never thought of that.

"I'm sorry," he acknowledged. "I thought you'd like the people I like. You're just being introduced, you know, precious. After you get to know more people ——"

"More people like that?" she shrilled. "I'm tired of sitting in morgues listening to mourners talking about important dead ones. What's the use of good clothes or anything? I want j-j-just a little fun."

"You can have it, dear," he agreed gloomily. "What do you call fun?"

"You ought to know. You've lived in New York all your life"

"You mean dancing and that sort of thing?"

"The papers are full of advertisements for roof gardens and late shows and places to dance. I'm sick of being taken to grand opera and The Blue Bird and Bible plays like the Book of Job. I used to sit on the porch out on the farm and pray to go to New York and be alive. And here I am. And what do I get out of it? Poor Irma didn't make a very good marriage, I guess, but I'll bet her husband gives her something better to think about than high art."

Poor Irma indeed! Winnie never mentioned her save in outbursts like these. Since the day of her elopement she had not been heard of. It was as though the road had swallowed her up.

So a treaty—with reservations—was made between Fitz and his impetuous young wife. And we all know what reservations do to treaties. Colburn knew an architect, Wilton Greigg by name, who entertained not unwisely but a trifle too well. His house, an American basement beauty in the lower Thirties, was open at intervals to people commonly called interesting. Here art and society, mutually condescending at first, could become better acquainted in an atmosphere of Bohemia, which had she witnessed it might have sent Grandmother Colburn to her long-delayed funeral.

"One never meets the people one meets at Wilty Greigg's," as a celebrated tabby, who had gone once and never been invited again, clawingly expressed it. This was, of course, unfair, since everybody went occasionally. Fitz Colburn decided of Wilty Greigg's as a comparatively harmless relief from the atmosphere which Winnie associated with marble slabs and flowing crape. The architect was giving an informal after-theater supper on the Friday after Winnie's declaration of rights. Therefore they went, and here quite undramatically the fun period began in the history of Fitz and Winnie Colburn.

Wilton Greigg, a fussy little New Englander whose wealth of hair and mustache gave him a ferociously Italian look, greeted them finger to lip as they came in at half past eleven. Outland music was playing softly—curious nasal music cadenced to the thud-thud-thud of a kettledrum. Flashing jewels and white shirt fronts were just visible in the close human ring drawn round a cleared and lighted space in the center of the dim studio room. A little monkeylike yellow woman, skinny arms and legs bare, a golden cloth round her loins, a high peaked crown on her head, slitlike eyes flashing beadily, gestured and squirmed in poses grotesquely graceful. Her toes and fingers were tipped with pink. She wore large rings on the thumbs of the lovely little hands which she held tight fingered, her open palms expressive as she turned them in and out in time to the music.

"It isn't Egyptian," whispered the ignoramus from Brookhaven Township.

"Javanese," whispered a gentleman who had made a place for her. "That's Vasta, you know."

She would have thanked him, but her husband had reached out a hand and muttered "Hello, Terry!"

"Hello, Fitz!"

The music had stopped, the supple Java woman had squirmed away when Fitz took occasion to introduce the man at Winnie's side.

"How do you do?"

She looked curiously at the gray-salted hair, puffy features and prominent eyes of Terry Overbeek, whose expensive divorces and picturesque profligacy furnished unending material for the Sunday supplements. She felt a surge of resentment toward Fitz. Why had he been wasting her time with all those half-dead conservatives when he had but to call Terry Overbeek—and by his first name too—to give her association with people who in her opinion were worth while?

The agile Vasta squirmed in again to take a polite encore. Winnie had the feeling of Overbeek's opulent person close to her side. When the lights came up she found him there smiling admiringly and taking the trouble to ask her how she liked it. Her husband had withdrawn to another part of the room.

"It's wonderful," she told him. "It's different and awfully exciting. I get so tired of going to grand operas and trying to keep awake."

"This is grand opera too," he laughed. "She has danced at the Metropolitan several times this season."

"Oh, has she? But this is different. It's so intimate—just as though we were dancing with her."

"I'll bet you love to dance," he chuckled, and looked at her with a new curiosity.

She wondered if he was thinking that she was that country girl Fitz Colburn had married and tried to civilize.

"I adore it," she agreed. "But not the way they do it in New York—places where I've been. They seem so stiff and old-fashioned."

"I'll bet I can name the places," grinned Overbeek. "Commodore Plaisted's and Mrs. Edgerley Platt's ——"

"I didn't see you there," she broke in like the country girl she was.

"No, and you never will."

Overbeek interrupted himself to look over at a new group which had formed itself by the door. A jolly-faced man of fifty was apparently telling a funny story, for his hands flew all sorts of ways in comic gestures while his audience laughed immoderately.

"Blandino is in fine form to-night," said Overbeek, laughing as though he could hear every word the comedian was uttering.

"Blandino! You don't mean to tell me that's the famous opera singer!"

"Everybody comes here," he explained in a tone which sounded a trifle condescending. "The tall lady over there—the one with so many pearl bracelets—is Lucia Pasti, the soprano. The little one with her is Bridget Keep—you know the turn she does with the kid's scooter at the Follies?"

"Oh, yes."

Winnie was ashamed to tell him that Fitz was too old-maidish to go to the Follies.

Terry Overbeek had now assumed the gentle rôle of social guide and was showing

(Continued on Page 189)

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THAT morning when the milkman is late, would you pay two cents to know how to have fresh, rich milk for your cereal and coffee?

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The Balanced Six

AMERICAN

Miles of Smiles

(Continued from Page 186)

her everybody in the room. Throughout he maintained the kindly lofty air of a very rich man squandering his time on one who might or might not be worth while. Over in the corner under the large sculptured group, Winnie learned, was Lysander Royle, the portrait painter, paying ardent attention to someone's pretty wife. Breton, the theatrical manager, was paired off with Mrs. Friedheimer, the handsome wild lady who had gained popularity since her twenty-four-hour hunger strike in a Boston jail. Two American youths in British aviation uniforms accepted admiration from all sides. Names advertised and unadvertised passed in review.

At last Overbeek asked, "Going in to supper?" and offered her his arm.

There was now a general movement toward the dining room and conservatory, where small tables had been spread and any number of liveried men stood at attention. As she followed the throng she saw Fitz's pale face looking her way, but her eyes signaled him to keep his distance.

Near the door a pale-skinned, slender, flashingly beautiful woman turned her Spanish eyes upon Overbeek and said, "Oh, Terry, do sit with us and save our lives!"

"All in the same boat!" agreed Terry. "Mrs. Sannis, Mrs. Colburn—and Baron Santianna."

"Mrs. Ludgate Sannis, you know," whispered Overbeek to his pupil in the moment the two couples were separated.

"Oh, yes."

Yes indeed! No newspaper was without some account of her public works and charities—always in illustrious company. Patroness of artists, yogis, clergymen, politicians, actors, she had lived more lives than the lost Mona Lisa, who according to Walter Pater could give the vampire cards and spades. And Baron Santianna! Even in her dreams on the farmhouse porch Winnie had never considered the possibilities of barons. And to be sitting right down at the table with one! Winnie looked swiftly across the room to see Fitz taking his seat beside a nut-brown middle-aged lady who looked like the very person Fitz would choose out of that bright roomful.

Terrill Overbeek's party chose a table for four in a corner farthest away from the high Chinese screen behind which romantic music played. Winnie's baron proved to be something of a stick, taking him by and large. He was well favored physically, blond and northern of type, rather Germanic in his carriage. But what he had to say, granted that it was worth saying, was quite unintelligible. Now and then Mrs. Sannis would laugh teasingly, scold him in French and translate for him.

She was a wonderful being, this Eideline Sannis. Almost before they were seated she had whipped out a jeweled cigarette case, snapped it open under Winnie's nose, taken one herself and sucked a cloud of smoke deep into her lungs. She smoked and talked almost constantly throughout the supper, gesturing—as you might say—with her beautiful eyes. Now and then she told a story which would have stunned all Brookhaven Township, but only brought a short laugh from Terry Overbeek and from Santianna a supplication that it be repeated in French.

Winnie was immensely attracted by her. Here was a genuinely fashionable figure, just such a figure as Mrs. Ludgate Sannis should be—perfectly sure of her position, spectacular, picturesque, independent.

"Wilty does himself frightfully well for a struggling artist, doesn't he?" she rippled on as soon as glasses were bubbling and everybody had been helped to a variety of hot things out of silver dishes.

The gesture of her eyes proclaimed that there was a world of scandal behind Wilty's doing so well.

"But in times like these it's good policy to speak no ill of the prosperous. No, Santy, I'm not going to translate that for you. It's time you learned English, if you ever will. Terry, you shouldn't gorge yourself with that mess of sea food. Unless you take to wearing corsets you'll never keep your figure. I've thrown mine away."

"Your figure?" asked Overbeek innocently.

"Beast! How can you say such a thing when you had your opera glasses on me every moment I was being Democracy in Wilty's *tableaux vivants*. Here comes the man with another chafing dish, Terry. Don't fail to take a large helping. Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we diet."

Winnie was smoking one of Mrs. Sannis' smooth little cigarettes. She was sorry she couldn't flourish it in a long ivory holder, as Mrs. Sannis did. She had a feeling that Fitz was looking at her with eyes of disapproval, but she was free from care. The place was enchanted. The whole room seemed to be soaring gently, somewhat giddily, on magic wings. Santianna was making a long speech, which, of course, she could not understand. She had asked him so often to repeat his remarks that now she merely smiled.

"Ah yousmiled enoughsweet forme!" the distinguished Castilian burbled.

"Make him let you alone," advised Mrs. Sannis.

Then with one of those lightning shifts which conceal their impertinence by their very swiftness: "My dear child, you're extremely lovely. How in the world did Fitz Colburn ever get up the courage to take you out of your glass case?"

Winnie had opened her mouth for a reply, but Mrs. Sannis was there first as usual:

"Poor Fitz is such a careful soul, you know, that the town marveled to hear that he had actually committed matrimony. And when it got out that he had chosen something besides an elderly maiden miniature painter or somebody's aunt or an esoteric Buddhist——"

"Eida!" cut in Overbeek severely.

"What's wrong with that, Terry?" she took him to task. "If we can't talk about our husbands, what can we talk about? I'll tell volumes about mine, but you might not be interested in ancient history. The last I saw of Lud he was on his way to Paris collecting porcelain. You know the sort of porcelain collections that would take Lud to Paris."

And so she rattled on, charming, audacious, impertinent, candid. A demoniac blare of trombones and saxophones from the studio room proclaimed that the floor had been cleared for dancing. It takes but a few bars of jazz to carry civilization back to the jungle.

"Will you?" asked Terry Overbeek.

And as soon as Winnie was comfortably locked in his arms he said: "You needn't be afraid to dance. This isn't Mrs. Edgerley Platt's, you know."

Subsequently Winnie danced a great deal with Overbeek and Santianna and several limber cavaliers. This was certainly not Mrs. Edgerley Platt's.

It seemed but an instant before Fitz, looking sleepy and bored, had touched her on the shoulder:

"Time to go now, don't you think?"

"Why, the party's not breaking up!"

"Half past four," said her husband, looking at his wrist.

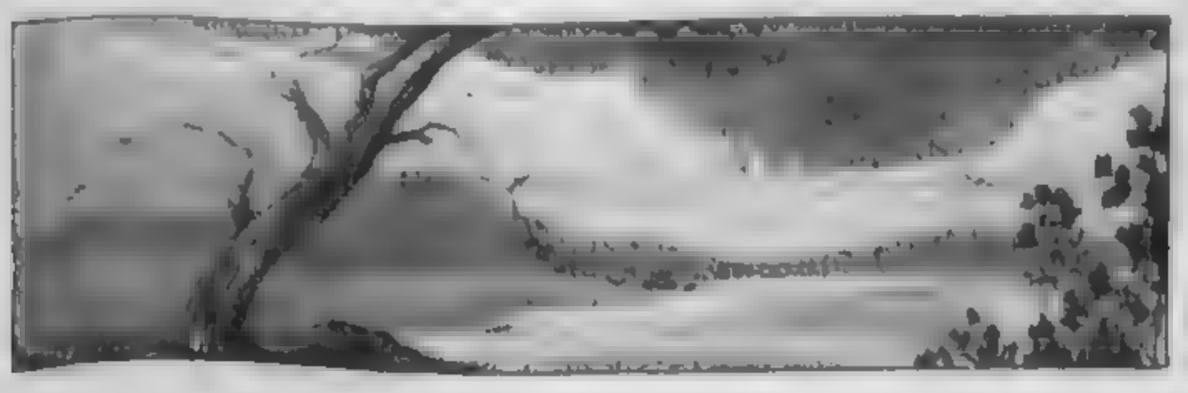
When they had said good night to their host and were pressing through the throng Winnie heard Mrs. Sannis saying to Colburn: "You will come to us soon, won't you, Fitz? She's lovely. But you'd better look out or she'll make a human being out of you."

Half the ride home was devoted to reverie. Fitz had taken her hand and was holding it, his fingers locked in hers.

"You liked it, didn't you?" he asked finally.

"Oh, Fitz, dear," she cried in a sudden gust of gratitude, "it was so good of you to take me!"

"How did you like this Mrs. Sannis?"



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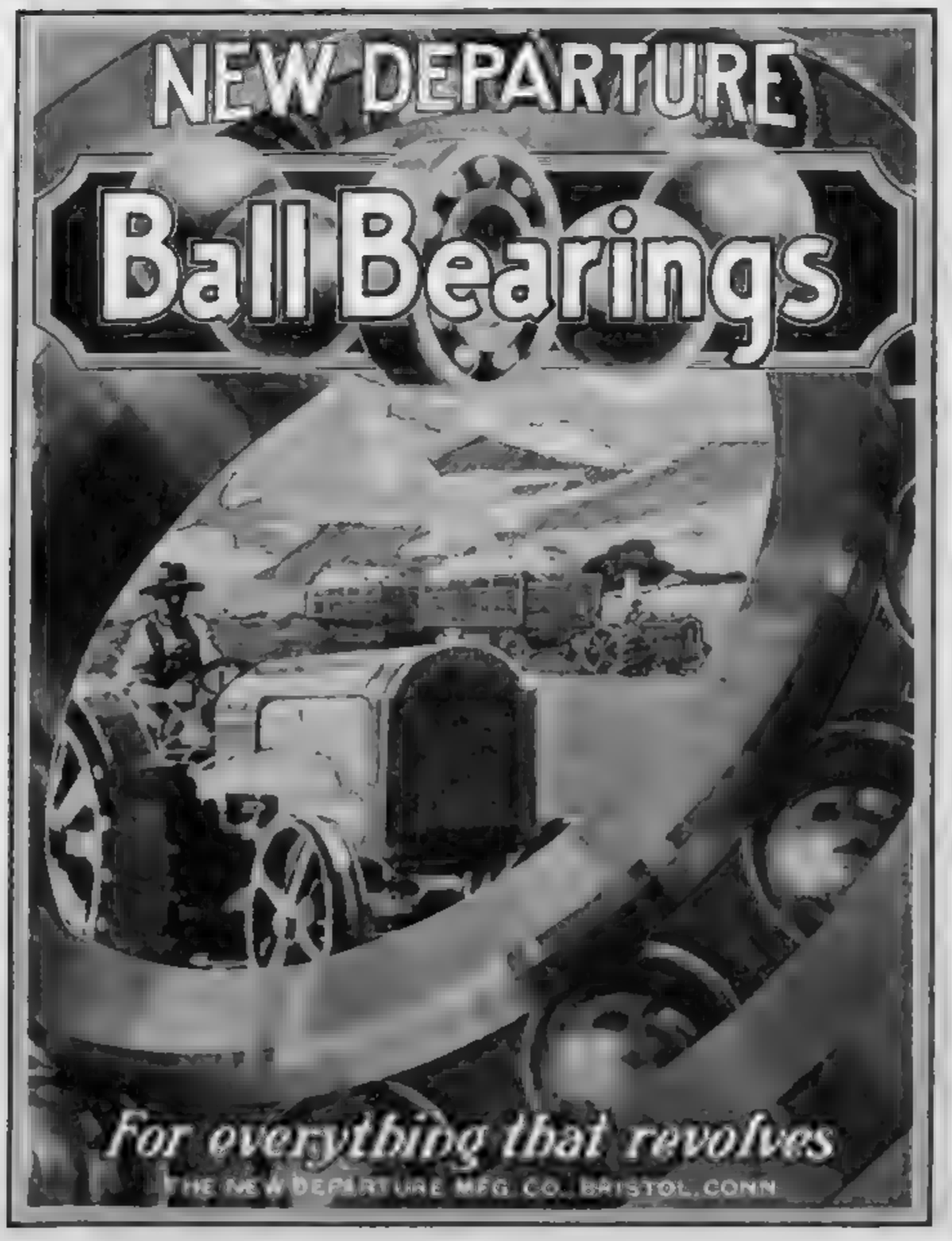

"Splendid! She's just the way I thought she'd be."

"How's that?"

"So fascinating! So smart!"

"Yes, I should call her that."

"And the party, Fitz! It's the very thing I've always wanted. Always, always!"

He had lowered a window just a crack and delicately poked a cigarette stub out into the slushy street before he spoke.

"If that's the case," said he, "let's go."

HUMAN character is not so plastic as some people think. It is hard to mold, easy to cramp. High-souled gentlemen who marry young women with the idea of modeling their characters for them are usually fooled. In the few successful cases the product is either insipid or deformed.

It is hard to say what Fitz Colburn thought he was doing with his wife after the comparatively sedate party at Wilton Greigg's had ushered in the fun period. He ceased to theorize, but being set in his love as in all his ways he followed her about with the conviction that she would have her fling and come back to the normal. She had become out of the question, of course, with the sober-sided New Yorkers among whom he had been raised.

The case of Winnie and Fitz had now become a favorite topic in Gossip's Weekly, where young Mrs. Colburn played the part of The Merry Milkmaid, while Fitz was cast in a comedy rôle as Our Worthy Idealist. The Colburns were always good for a sprightly paragraph. Our Idealist met the Milkmaid over a pitcher of buttermilk—according to the Weekly's report—and swore he loved her truly. And so they were married and would have lived happy ever afterward in a cottage by the sea had not Eideline Sannis happened along with tickets to the Circus Set. You know how country people are about a circus. The Milkmaid went wild to follow the show and now she's riding bareback with the rest of them while Terry Overbeek and a certain haughty don and any number of bigwigs clown round her in the sawdust.

And so on week after week. Grandmother Colburn, whose religion precluded Gossip's Weekly and all its works, managed to learn these paragraphs by heart. Possibly the servants repeated them to her. She saw Fitz about it at last, and to her horror he lost his temper and declared his wife was under his personal management. The closing of his grandmother's mid-Victorian door was like the shattering of timbers.

He had burned that bridge behind him—a dull old bridge, perhaps, but built of honest oak on sound engineering principles.

Fitz never painted any more. He dabbled. His eyes were becoming red from the late hours into which his insatiable wife led him and he hated to acknowledge how much he was growing to like the life. Once or twice, conscience reviving faintly, he would outline plans for reconstructing their affairs. If only Winnie could be interested in something simple and human.

At such times Fitz always thought of her sister. Irma Pollard, in spite of her headlong flight down the road from Bellport, had appeared to him to be a sensible and reasonable person at heart. He had only caught glimpses of her during those days of illness, but he remembered her as kind and brown-eyed. A sympathetic person upon whom one could rely. He was sure that Winnie had relied upon her.

"What's become of your sister?" he asked her one night after they had quarreled and made up and were driving away to a party.

"How do I know?" queried Winnie impatiently.

"I should think you'd have some curiosity."

"She'd have no trouble finding me if she wanted to," replied his wife in the same irritable tone.

"Of course, but how would she get your address?"

"She could certainly write to Aunt Naomi."

"Hasn't Aunt Naomi heard from her?"

"No."

"Well, I should think you'd want to see her sometimes."

Winnie turned her clear blue eyes upon him and the flicker of a street lamp assured him that they were bright with tears.

"What would I want to see her for?" she asked.

A curious girl!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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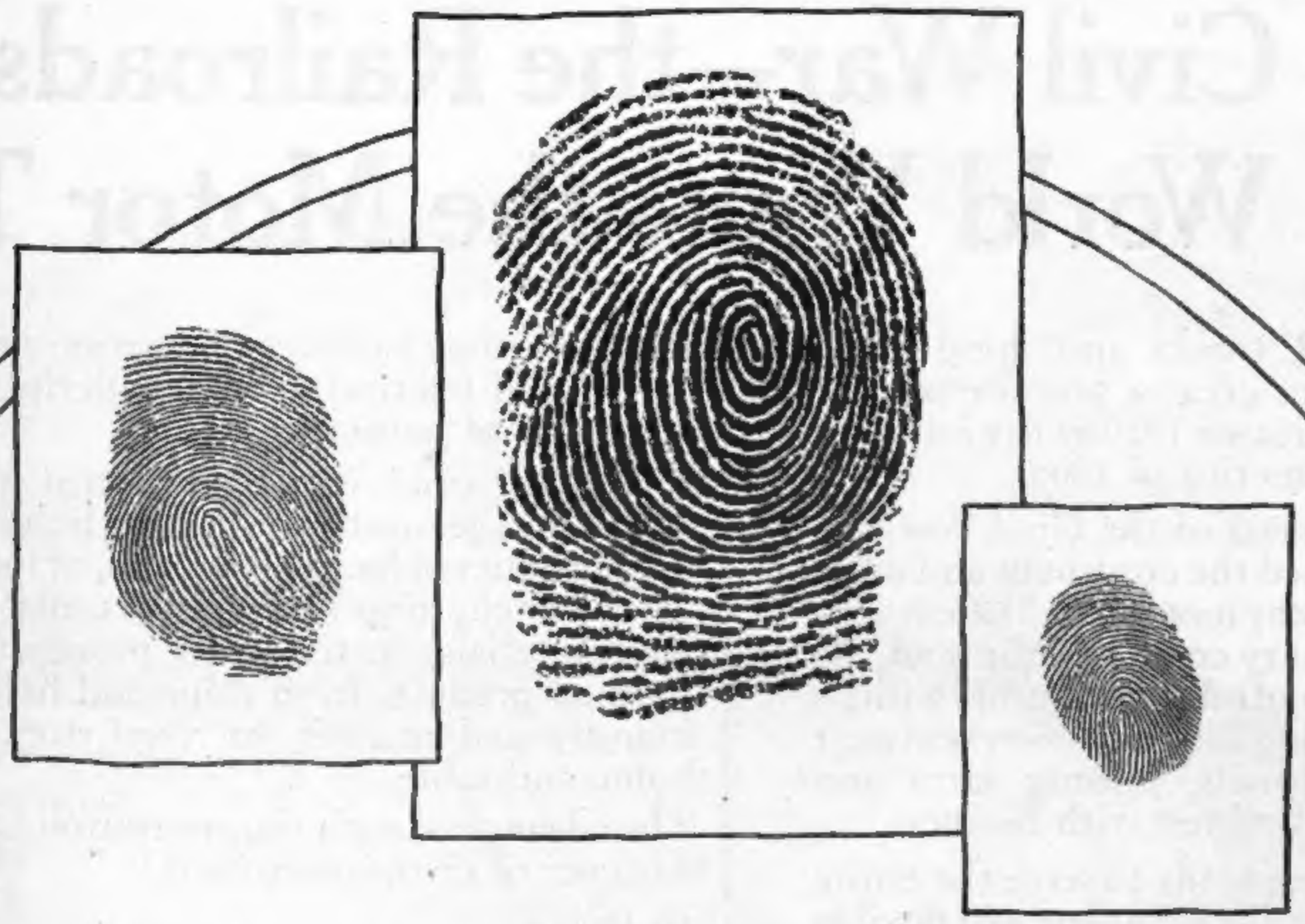

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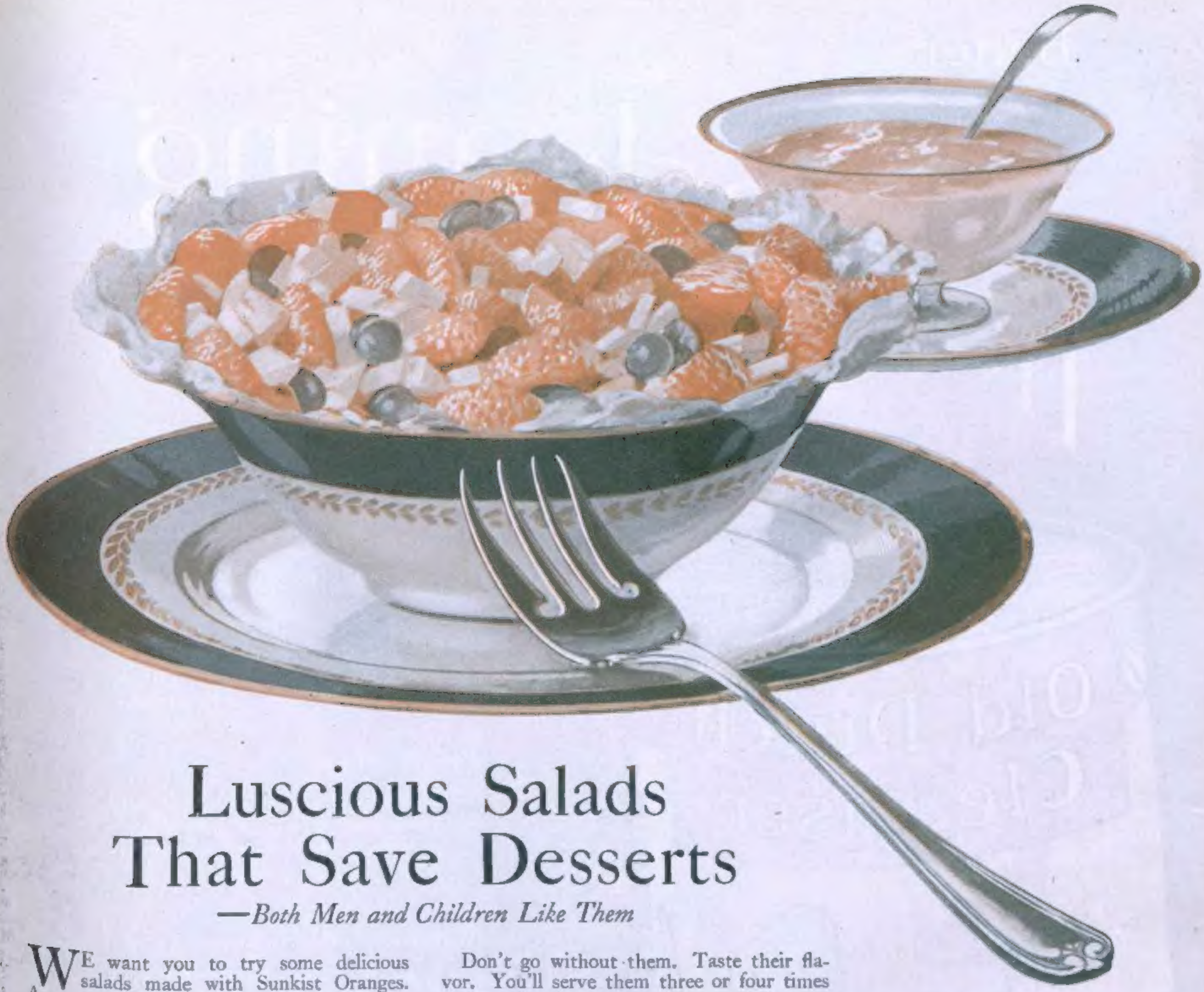

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